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HISTORY OF ART

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME ONE



ELIE FAURE

HISTORY OF ART

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME ONE

*Ancient Art Mediaeval Art
Renaissance Art*

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY WALTER FACH

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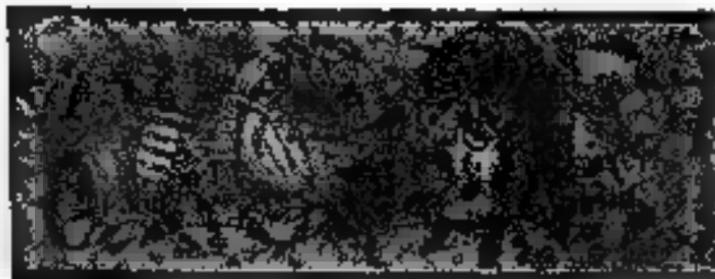


MYRON. The discus thrower. Copy of the Greek.
(National Museum, Rome).

ELIE FAURE
HISTORY OF ART

ANCIENT
ART

To My Wife



Pompeian mosaic (*Museum of Naples*).

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

ART history is, in its essentials, the history of man, for no one can write the story of art in more than a superficial way without following out the relation of each school to the ideas of its period and its people. But it is even more than that—it is the history of the development of man as revealed by his art. The *Paule*, in the present history, pursues this idea with a fidelity and an understanding that it has never received till now. Indeed, one may almost say that such a work as this could not have been written earlier for it has been only gradually that we have come to understand the relation of art to the character and surroundings of the races it represents. Various works on isolated artists and schools have dealt with their subject from this standpoint, but there existed no survey of the world's art as a whole until the four volumes of this series were written.

The professional, whether critic, teacher, or artist, will find in these pages the fullest application of the modern theory of history (for the governing idea here is one that goes beyond the limits of art history), while the layman will follow the epic of man a development in company with a passionate lover of beauty who has the gift of communicating his enthusiasm. It is a fallacy to believe that a book for the general reader

should dilute the ideas of works addressed to specialists. The contrary is true — to meet the needs of persons of diverse interests, more intensity of idea is required, more breadth of scope, than is demanded of a treatise for specialists, whose concern with their subject will cause them to overlook dryness and dullness if a valuable theory is established or new facts are arrived at.

For a comparison of the older and the newer views of art history the reader can scarcely be referred to anything clearer than M. Faure's own discussion in the preface to the new edition of this work (page xxxv). His brief reference there to the synoptic tables at the back of each volume may be supplemented by the assurances received from various close students of the special schools and epochs, who agree in vouching for the thoroughness with which this most objective compilation of names and dates has been made. A reference chart is thus constantly before the reader, serving him as a road map does a traveler. The text of most art histories does little more than amplify such tables. The characteristic which distinguishes M. Faure's *History of Art* is that it shows the mass of facts functionally — as the living brain and heart of mankind.

The loyalty with which, in the preface mentioned, M. Faure defends the work of the archaeologist is due in part to his appreciation of the material that the researchers for detail have placed at his disposal, but doubtless in part also to the fact that he himself knows the labor of obtaining the first-hand information on which the history and interpretation of art

are built. At no one place, however (and one need not fear to lay too much stress on this point), does he fall into the error of imagining that an assembling of facts is history. Even when writing of arts like the Egyptian and the Greek, as to which his study on the historic sites has given him a special authority, even when treating of the Gothic period, as to which his knowledge is so profound as to make Mr. Havetock Ellis apply the word "unsurpassable" to the chapters of this history on Gothic art, his modern understanding of his task causes him to refer constantly to the philosophy, social life, and ideals of the people under examination, and not to their art alone. He goes farther and by a series of dramatic confrontations makes us realize the differences among the arts and their debt to one another. Thus in the pages on the Gothic he has before his eyes the color of Mohammedan art which was of such importance to western Europe when its returning crusaders brought back to the glassmakers of the cathedrals their memories of the Orient. Yet M. Faure's main guide in this part of his study is the life of the mediæval community—he shows its relation to the appearance or nonappearance of great cathedrals in the French cities and its use as a basis for an explanation of the difference between English and French Gothic. We are thus relieved in very large measure from the tyranny of taste and of arbitrary assertion that plays so large a part in most art writing.

In the present volume, again, the rise and decline of Greek art are not treated as matters that have

been permanently decided by experts, neither does the author justify his statements in terms of aesthetics to be followed only by those persons who have had a special experience in the arts. The sources of Greek art are studied with a view of allowing anyone interested in the subject to see the reason for the "fascinum" that would be produced when the elements of the eight were fused, the golden period is considered with relation to the ideas of philosophy and liberty which had so great an effect on the arts, and in Greece turns to the Dusk of Mankind with which variant of Wagner's word "Götterdämmerung" M. Faure entitles his chapter on the decline we are again shown, in the ideas at work in the race, the reasons for the new phases of its art—and not simply true that one statue is better or worse than another, or involved in technical intricacies from which we only escape with the classic "*de quilibus*."

A feature of the history which the English reader will recognise with the four volumes before him is the scope of the work. It is one of the proofs of its right to represent the modern idea of art. Beginning with the accessions to our knowledge a century ago, when important Greek works came to northern Europe, we have for a hundred years been extending the boundaries of the art considered classic. The masterpieces of Japan, China, and India have been reaching us only since the middle of the nineteenth century. The last of the exotic arts to affect Europeans has been that of the African sculptors. No other history approaches that of M. Faure in its full and clear

study of the contribution of these more lately recognized arts to the widening of our horizon and to the changes in our understanding which they have caused.

It is not alone that the art of the last half century is different from that of earlier times because it is so; it is a wider issue, but that to-day we see the whole of the past with new eyes. As our thought evolves there will unquestionably be further changes in our estimate of the past, but the summary resulting from the present work may confidently be expected to hold its rank as an important one in the history of the subject. For we have here the idea of a period of intense research and criticism, and a point in that period when our thought has attained at least a temporary tranquillity through its grasp of the new elements at its command and through an outlook on art that represents the creative men of the epoch.

It is to be doubted whether later critics will differ, to a radical degree, from the judgment of the Renaissance to which M. Faure points in his volume on that period, for the great critical activity of the last half century has been specially occupied with the Renaissance, and M. Faure knows well the results of this study. Perhaps it will be around the volume on *Modern Art* that after discussion will mainly center, for here the currents of interpretation sometimes issue from conflicting sources. M. Faure's analysis, however, must have a permanent interest for it is based on too deep an understanding of the political and social structure of the European countries ever to be entirely superseded. It is the philosophy of a

man whose rôle in the drama of his time is enriched by the great breadth of his activities and who has drawn on them all in his writing on art—the central interest of his career.

The Faure is a physician, and the scientist's knowledge and point of view is to be traced in his *History of Art* as well as in his masterly essay on Lamarck. He is one of the founders of the Université Populaire and one of its lecturers. The thought on social questions which informs those books by M. Faure that treat of economic and racial evolution, of ethics and of war, recurs when he writes of art or rather he looks on all of these things as inextricably mingled.

As we reach his pages on the later nineteenth century and the twentieth (for the last volume carries us to the art produced since the war) we find the author giving not only the original judgments that characterize his history from its beginning but transmitting to us the ideas of the arts etc themselves, for as a result of his personal acquaintance with many of the chief workers of his time, he is enabled to speak not only of them but for them.

And yet the tone of these pages is but little different from that of the remainder of the work, the arts of the past have been so naive for the writer that his words seem to come most often from one who had seen the work produced. While searching untiringly for the facts of history and presenting their essentials in the order and relationship that the most modern scholarship has made available, the idea behind the

whose work must (as M. Faure himself explains in the preface to the new edition before cited) be tinged with the personality of the writer and by the character of his time. "The historian who calls himself a scientist simply writes a piece of folly." In these matters judgment is inevitable, for to write the history of art one must make one's decisions as to what it is. The writing of it is in itself a work of art—as the style of Elie Faure is there to prove. Only one who feels the emotions of art can tell others which are the great works and make clear the collective poem formed by their history. It is precisely because Elie Faure is adding something to that poem that he has the right to tell us of its meaning.

WALTER PACI.





INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST FRENCH EDITION

ART, which expresses life is as mysterious as life. It escapes all formular, as life does. But the need of defining it pursues us, because it enters every hour of our existence, aggrandizing the aspects of that existence by its more elevated forms or discrediting them by its lower forms. No matter how distasteful it is for us to make the effort to hear and to observe, it is impossible for us not to hear and to see; it is impossible for us to refrain wholly from forming some kind of opinion of the world of appearances—the meaning of which it is precisely the mission of art to reveal to us. Historians, moralists, biologists, and metaphysicians—all those who demand of life the secret of its origins and its purposes—are sooner or later compelled to ask why we recognize ourselves

in the works which manifest life. But the too restricted limits of biology, of metaphysics, of morality, and of history compel us to narrow the field of our vision when we enter the moving immensity of the poem that man sings, forgets, and has begun again to sing and to forget ever since he has been man. It matters not which of these studies has interested us, the feeling for beauty will be found to be identical in all of them. And without doubt it is this feeling that dominates them and draws them on to that possibility which is the goal of human activity and which alone makes that activity real.

It is only by listening to the heart that one can speak of art without belittling it. We are all in some measure partakers of the truth, but we cannot know truth itself, unless we desire passionately to seek it out and, having found it, feel the enthusiasm to proclaim it wide. Only he who perceives the divine voices to sing within him knows how to respect the mystery of the work which inspired him to induce other men to share in his emotion. Michelet did not betray the Gothic workmen or Michael Angelo, because he himself was consumed by the passion which uplifts the nave of the cathedrals and that other passion which unchains the storm in the vaults of the Sistine. Baudelaire was a great poet because he penetrated to the central hearth from which the spirit of the heroes radiates in force and in light. Moreover if the ideas of Time did not die with him, it is because his artist's nature is greater than his will, and because his dogmatic stiffness is continually over-

flowed by the incessantly renewed wave of sensations and of images.

Taine came at the hour when we learned that our own quest by was bound up with the acts of those who have preceded us on life's road and even with the very structure of the earth from which we spring. He was, therefore, in a position to see the form of our thought issue from the mold of history. "Art sums up life." It enters us with the strength of our soil, the color of our sky, through the atavistic preparation which determines it, as well as through the passions and the will of men—which it defines. For the expression of our ideas, we employ the materials which our eyes can see and our hands touch. It is impossible that Phidias, the sculptor who lived in the South in a clearly defined world, and Rembrandt, the painter who lived in the mist of the North, kind a floating world—two men separated by twenty centuries during which humanity lived suffered and aged—should use the same words. Only, it is necessary that we should recognize ourselves in Rembrandt as well as in Phidias.

"Not until we have expressed in some sort of language the appearance of the things about us do these things exist for us and retain their appearance. If art were nothing more than a reflection of societies, which pass like shadows of clouds upon the earth, we should ask no more of art than that it teach us history. But it recounts man to us, and, through him, the universe. It goes beyond the moment, it lengthens the duration of time, it widens the comprehension of man, and ex-

tends the life and limit of the universe. It fixes moving eternally in its momentary form.

In recoupling man to us, art teaches us to know and understand ourselves. The strange thing is that there should be any need for art to do this. Tolstoi's book¹ meant nothing else. He came at a painful moment when strongly fortified by the results of our research work but bewilder'd by the horizons which it opened, we perceived that our effort was becoming disfused and sought to compare the results attained in order to unite in a common faith and march forward. We think and believe what we need to think and to achieve and it is this which gives to our thoughts and beliefs, throughout our history that indestructible foundation of humanity which they all have. Tolstoi said what it was necessary to say at the moment when he said it.

Art is the appeal to the instinct of communion in men. We recognize one another by the echoes it awakens in us which we transmit to others by our enthusiasm, and which resound in the deeds of men throughout all generations even when those generations may not suspect it. If, during the hours of depression and lack of comprehension only a few of us hear the call, it is that in those hours we alone possess the idealistic energy which later is to reanimate the heroism asleep in the multitudes. It has been said that the artist is sufficient unto himself. That is not true. The artist who says so is infected with an evil pride. The artist who believes it is not an

¹Tolstoi. *What is Art?*

artist. If he had not needed the most universal of our languages, the artist would not have created it. He would dig the ground to get his bread on a desert island. No one has more need of the presence and approbation of men. He speaks because he feels their presence around him, and lives in the hope—sometimes despaired of but never relinquished—that they will come at last to understand him. It is his function to pour out his being, to give as much as he can of his life to demand of others that they also give him as much as they can of themselves, to realize with them in an obscure and magnificent collaboration a harmony all the more impressive that a greater number of lives have participated in it. The artist, to whom men give everything, returns in full measure what he has taken from them.

Nothing touches us except what happens to us or what can happen to us. The artist is ourselves. He has behind him the nine depths of humanity, whether enthusiastic or dispassionately, he has about him the same secret nature, which each of his steps broadens. The artist is the crowd, to which we all belong, which defines us all, with our consent or despite our resistance. He has not the power to gather up the stones of the house which he builds us (at the risk of crushing in his breast and of tearing his hands), on any road save that on which we travel at his side. He must suffer from that which makes our suffering and we must make him suffer. He must feel our joys and he must derive them from us. It is necessary that he live our griefs and our other victories, even when we do not feel them.

The artist can feel and dominate his surroundings only when he considers them as a means of creation. Only then does he give us those permanent realities which all acts and all moments reveal to those who know how to see and how to live. These realities survive the changes in human society as the mass of the sea survives the agitations of its surface. Art is always a "system of relations," and a synthetic system. This is true even of primitive art, which shows the passionate pursuit of an essential sentiment, despite its incalculable accumulation of detail. Every image symbolizes in brief the idea which the artist creates for himself of the unlimited world of sensations and forms. Every image is an expression of his desire to bring about in this world the reign of that order which he knows how to discover in it. Art has been, since its most humble origins, the realization of the presentiments of certain men who answer the needs of all men. Art has forced the world to yield to it the laws which have permitted us to establish progressively the sovereignty of our mind over the world. Emanating from humanity, art has revealed to humanity its own intelligence. Art has defined the races, more it bears the testimony of their dramatic effort. If we want to know what we are, we must understand what art is.

Art initiates us into certain profound realities whose actual possession would enable humanity to bring about, within and around itself the supreme harmony which is the fugitive goal of its endeavor, we do not desire such possession, however, as its effect would

be to kill movement and thereby kill hope. Art is surely something infinitely greater than it is imagined to be by those who do not understand it. Perhaps also it is more practical than is thought by many of those who feel the force of its action. Born of the association of our sensibility and our experience, formed in order that we may be the masters of ourselves, it has, at all events, nothing of that disinterested goodness to which Kant, Spinoza, and Guyau himself attempted to limit its sphere. All the images in the world are useful instruments for us, and the work of art attracts us only because we recognize in it the formulation of our desire.

We admit freely that objects of primary utility—our clothing, our furniture, our vehicles, our roads, our houses seem to us beautiful when they serve their purpose adequately. But we stoutly persist in placing above that is, outside of Nature, the superior organisms in which she proclaims herself—our bodies, our forces, our thoughts, the infinite world of ideas, of passions, and of the landscapes in which these organisms live, and by which they are mutually defined so that we are unable to separate them. Guyau did not go far enough when he asked himself if the most useful gesture were not the most beautiful, and with him we recoil from the decisive word as if it would stifle our dream. Yet we know our dream to be imperishable, since we shall never attain that realization of ourselves which we pursue unceasingly. Let me quote a sentence uttered by him among all men whose intelligence was freest, perhaps, from any material

similation "Is it not the function of a beautiful body" said Plato, "is it not its utility which demonstrates to us that it is beautiful? And everything which we find beautiful—faces, colors, sounds, professions—are not all these beautiful in the measure that we find them useful?"

Let our idealism be reassured! It is only by a long accumulation of emotion and of will that man reaches the point on life's road where he can recognize the forms which are useful to him. It is this choice alone, made by certain minds, which will determine for the future in the instincts of multitudes what is destined to pass from the domain of speculation into the domain of practice. It is our general development, it is the painful but constant purification of our intelligence and of our desire, which create and render necessary certain forms of civilization which positive minds translate into the direct and easy satisfaction of all their material needs. What is most useful to man is the idea.

The beautiful form, whether it be a tree or a river, the breasts of a woman or her smile, the shoulders or arms of a man, or the cranium of a god—the beautiful form is the form that adapts itself to its function. The idea has no other role than that of defining the form for us. The idea is the lofty outlook and the infinite extension in the world and in the future of the most impetuous of our instincts. It sums up and proclaims this instinct as the flower and the fruit sum up the plant, prolong it and perpetuate it. Every being, even the lowest, contains within himself, at

least once in his earthly adventure when he loves all the poetry of the world. And he whom we call the artist is the one among living beings who in the presence of universal life, maintains the state of love in his heart.

The obscure and formidable voice which reveals to man and to woman the beauty of woman and man, and impels them to make a decisive choice so that they may perpetuate and perfect their species, never ceases to resound in the artist, strengthened and multiplied by all the voices and the murmurs and the sounds and the tremblings which accompany it. That voice—he is forever hearing it, every time that the grasses move, every time that a violent or graceful form proclaims its life along his pathway. He hears it as he follows, from the roots to the leaves, the rise of the sap from under the earth to the trunks and the branches of the trees, every time that he looks at the sea rising and falling as if to respond to the tide of billions of life-cells that roll on it, every time that the fructifying force of heat and sun overwhelms him, every time that the generating winds repeat to him that human hymns are made up of the calls to voluptuousness and hope with which the world is filled. He seeks out the forms which he foresees, as a man or an animal in the grip of love seeks them. His desire passes from one form to another, he compares them pitilessly, and from his comparisons there springs forth, one day the superior form, the idea whose recollection will weigh on his heart so long as he has not imparted his own life to it. He suffers until

death, because each time that he has made a form fruitful brought an idea to light the image of another is born in him, and because his hope, never wearied of reaching out for what he desires, can only be born of the despair at not having attained his desire. He suffers, his tyrannical disquietude often makes those around him suffer. But around him and fifty centuries after him, he consoles millions of men. The work he will leave behind him will assure an increase of power to those who can understand the logic and the certitude of his thoughts. In listening to him, men will enjoy the illusion which he enjoyed for a moment the illusion often formidable but always enabling, of absolute adaptation.

It is the only divine Illusion! We give the name of a god to the form which best interprets our desire-sensual, moral, individual, social, no matter what,—our vague desire to comprehend, to utilize life, ceaselessly to extend the limits of the intelligence and the heart. With this desire we invade the lines, the projections, and the volumes which proclaim this form to us, and it is in the meeting with the powerful forces that circulate within the form that the god reveals himself to us. From the impact of the spirit that animates the form with the spirit that animates us, life springs forth. We shall never be able to utilize it unless it responds wholly to those obscure movements which dictate our own actions. Rodin sees quivering in the block of marble a man and a woman knotted together by their arms and their legs, but we shall never understand the tragic necessity for

such an embrace if we do not feel that an inner force, desire,mingles the hearts and the flesh of the bodies thus welded together. When Carrière wrests from the matter of the universe a mother giving the breast to her child we shall not understand the value of that union if we do not feel that an inner force, love, dictates the bending of the torso and the curve of the mother's arm, and that another inner force, hunger buries the infant in her bosom. The image that expresses nothing is not beautiful and the finest sentiment escapes us if it does not directly determine the image which shall translate it. The pediments, frescoes, and epics, the symphonies, the loftiest architectures, all the sweep of liberty, the glory and the irresistible power of the infinite and living temple which we erect to ourselves, are in this mysterious accord.

In every case, it is this agreement which defines all the higher forms of the testimonies to confidence and faith which we have left on our long road. It defines all our idealistic effort, which no finalism in the 'radical' sense which the philosophers are giving to the world has directed. Our idealism is no other thing than the reality of our mind. The necessity of adaptation creates it and maintains it in us, that it may be increased and transmitted to our children. It exists as a possibility at the foundation of our original moral life, as the physical man is contained in the distant protozoan. Our research for the absolute is the indefatigable desire for the repose that

'H. Bergson, *Creative Evolution*.

would result from our decisive triumph over the group of blind forces which oppose our progress. But for our salvation the farther we go, the more distant the goal becomes. The goal of life is living and it is to ever-moving and ever-renewing life that our ideal leads us.

When we follow the march of time and pass from one people to another, the forms of that need seem to change. But what changes, basically, is the needs of a given time or the needs of given peoples whose future alone can show across the variations of appearance, the identity of their nature and the character of their usefulness to us. Scarcely have we left the Egyptian-Egyptic world before we see stretching before us like a plain, the kingdom of the mind. The temples of the Hindoo and the cathedrals break into its frontiers, the empires of Spain and the poor of Holland invade it without troubling even one of those types of general humanity through which the first artists had defined our needs. What does it matter? The great dream of humanity can recognize there again, the effort toward adaptation which has always guided it. Other conditions of life have appeared, different forms of art have made us feel the necessity for understanding them in order to meet us in the path of our best interests. Real and simple, the life of the people, and the life of the middle class, arrive and powerfully characterize the aspects of every day into which our soul, exhausted with its dreams, may retire and refresh itself. The appeal of misery and despair, even, is made, that we may get back to ourselves, know ourselves, and strengthen ourselves.

If we turn to the Egyptians, to the Assyrians, the Greeks, the Hindoos, the French of the Middle Ages, the Italians, and the Dutch, one after the other, it is that we belong now to one group of surroundings, now to one epoch now to one minute, even of our time or of our life, which has need of a given people more than of another one. When we are cold we seek the sun, we seek the shadow when we are warm. The great civilizations which have formed us are each entitled to an equal share of our gratitude because we have successively asked of each the things we lacked. We have lived tradition when it was to our interest to live it, and have accepted revolution when it saved us. We have been idealists when the world was abandoning itself to discouragement or was fore-seeing new destinies, realists when it seemed to have found its provisional stability. We have not asked for more reserve from passionate races or more ardor from positive races, because we have understood the necessity of passion and the necessity of the positive spirit. It is we who wrote the immense book wherein Cervantes has recounted our generous enthusiasm and our practical common sense. We have followed one or the other of the great currents of the mind, and we have been able to invoke arguments of almost equal value to justify our inclinations. What we call idealistic art, what we call realistic art, are momentary forms of our eternal action. It is for us to seize the immortal moment when the forces of conservation and the forces of revolution in life marry for the realization of the equilibrium of the human soul.

Thus, whatever the form in which a thing is offered to us, whether true now or true in our desire or true only in its immediate appearance after its possible destinies, the object as itself and the fact by itself are nothing. They count only through their infinitesimal relations ipsi with infinitely complex surroundings. And all of these relationships, never twice the same, which translate universal feelings of infinite sympathy. Each fragment of the work, because it is adapted to the end however humble that end may be, just extends itself a silent echo throughout the whole of the depth and breadth of the work. Its sentimental tendencies are, in reality, secondary. "Hence his painting," said Michael Angelo, "are grand in the f. for the soul is elevated in the effort it has to make to attain perfection and to merge with God; beautiful painting is a reflection of that divine perfection, a shadow from the mouth of God."

Idealistic or realistic, a thing of the present day or of general conditions, let the work live, and in order to live, let it be one first of all! The work which has not this oneness dies, like the ill-formed creatures which the species, evolving toward higher destinies, must eliminate little by little. The work which is one, on the contrary, lives in the least of its fragments. The breast of an ancient statue, a foot, an arm, even when half devoured by subterranean moisture, quivers and seems warm to the touch of the hand, as if vital forces were still modeling it from within. The unearthed fragment is alive. It bleeds like a wound. Over the gulf of the centuries, the

mind finds its relations with the pulverized debris. It initiates the organism as a whole with an existence which is imaginary, but present to our emotion. It is the magnificent testimony to the human importance of art engraving the effort of our intelligence on the seals of the earth as the bones we find there trace the rise of our material organs.

To realize truly in the mind and to transmit it to the world is to obey that need of general and durable order which our universe imposes on us. The scientist expresses this order by the law of continuity, the artist by the law of harmony, the just man by the law of solidarity. These three essential instruments of our human adaptation—science, which defines the relations of fact with fact; art, which suggests the relations of the fact with man and morality which seeks the relations of man with man—establish for our use, from one end of the material and spiritual world to the other, a system of relations whose permanence and utility demonstrate in logic to us. They teach us what serves us, what harms us. Nothing else matters very greatly. There is neither error nor truth, neither ugliness nor beauty, neither evil nor good outside of the use in human problems which we give to our three instruments. The mission of our sensibility, of our personal intelligence, is to establish the value of them, through searching out, from one to the other, the mysterious passages which will permit us to grasp the continuity of our effort, in order to comprehend and accept it as a whole. By so doing we shall, little by little, utilize what we call error, ugliness, and evil,

INTRODUCTION

as threats to a higher education and realize harmony in ourselves, that we may extend it about us.

Harmony is a profound law which goes back to primitive unity and the desire for it is imposed on us by the most general and the most impetuous of all the realities. The forms we see live only through the transitions which unite them. And by these transitions the human mind can return to the common source of the forms, just as it can follow the nourishing current of the sap starting from the flowers and the leaves to go back to the roots. Consider a landscape stretching back to the curve of the horizon. A plain covered with grasses, with clump of trees, a river flowing to the sea, roads bordered with houses, villages, wandering beasts, men, a sky full of light or of clouds. The men feed on the fruit of the trees and on the meat and milk of the beasts which yield their fur and their skins for clothing. The beasts live on grasses and leaves, and if the grasses and the leaves grow it is because the sky takes from the sea and the rivers the water which it spreads upon them. Neither birth nor death, life, permanent and confused. All aspects of matter interpenetrate one another; general energy is in flux and reflux, it flowers at every moment, to wither and to reflower in endless metamorphoses, the symphony of the colors and the symphony of the murmurs are but little else than the perfume of the inner symphony which issues from the circulation of forces in the continuity of forms.

The artist comes, seizes the universal law and renders us a world complete, whose elements, characterized by

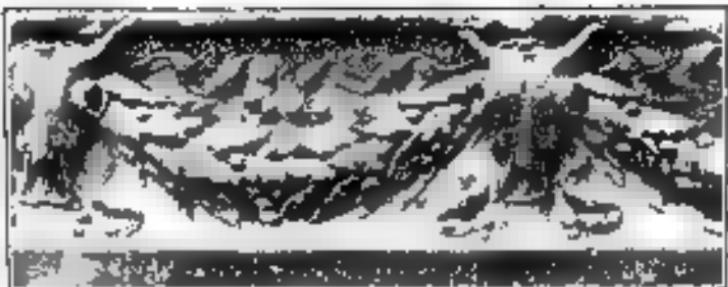
their principal relations, and participate in the harmonious accomplishment of the ensemble of its functions.

Spencer saw the bare heavenly bodies escaping from the nebulae, solidifying little by little, the water condensing on their surface, elementary life arising from the water, diversifying its appearances, every day lifting higher its branches, its twigs, its fruits, and, as a spherical flower opens to give its dust to space, the heart of the world expanding in its multiplied forms. But it seems that an obscure desire to return to its origins governs the universe. 'The planets, issue of the sun, cannot tear themselves from its encircling force, though they seem to want to plunge back into it.' Atoms, packets atoms, and all living organisms, coming from the same cell, seek living organisms to make that cell again through burying themselves in each other. This is the just man contented himself with living, that the scientist and the artist delve into the world of forms and feelings and cause their consciousness to review its steps along the road where that world traveled, to pass from its ancient homogeneity to its present diversity. And thus, in a heroic effort, they re-create primitive unity.

Let the artist therefore be proud of his life of illumination and of pain. Of these heralds of hope he plays the greatest role. In every case he can attain this role. Scientific activity, social activity bear within themselves a significance sufficiently defined for them to be self sufficient. Art touches science through the world of forms which is the element of its work, it enters the social plane by addressing

tsell to our faculty of love. There are great savants who cannot arouse emotion in us, men of great honesty who cannot reason. There is no hero of art who is not at the same time (through the sharp and long conquest of his means of expression) a hero of knowledge and a human hero of the heart. When we feel living within him the earth and space and all that moves and all that lives, even all that seems dead to the very base of the stones—how could it be that he should not feel the life of the emotions, the passions, the sufferings of those who are made as he is? Whether he knows it or not, whether he wants it or not, his art is of a piece with the work of the artists of yesterday and the artists of to-morrow; it reveres to the men of to-day the solidarity of their effort. All act on in time, all action in space have their goal in his action. It is his place to affirm the agreement of the thought of Jesus, of the thought of Newton, and of the thought of Lamarck. And it is on that account that Plutus and Rembrandt must recognize each other and that we must recognize ourselves in them.





PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION

I HAVE been on the point of suppressing the pages which serve as an *Introduction* to the first edition of this book. I judged them. I still judge them boyish and tearful in their philosophy, and obscure and badly written as well. I have given up my intention. After all, those pages represent a moment of myself. And since I have attempted to express that moment, it no longer belongs to me.

Perhaps one ought to write works composed of several volumes in a few months, their documentation once finished and the ideas they represent having been thoroughly set in order. The unity of the work would gain thereby. But the ensemble of the worker's effort would doubtless lose. Every time he thinks he has been mistaken, a living desire awakens in him, which pushes him on to new creations. In reality, each writer writes only one book, each painter paints only one picture. Every new work is destined, in the mind of its author, to correct the preceding one, to complete the thought—which will not be completed. He does this work over and over again,

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wherever his sensation or thought was rendered imperfectly in the preceding work. When man interrogates and exerts himself, he does not really change. He only rids his nature of what is foreign to it, and deepens that portion that is his own. Those who burn their work before it is known, because it no longer satisfies them, are cred ted with great courage. I ask myself whether there is not still greater courage in admitting that one has not always been what one has become, in becoming what one is not yet, and in permitting to remain alive the material and inflexible witnesses of the variations of one's mind.

I have therefore, no more suppressed the *Introduction* of this volume than the chapters which follow it; where, however, turns will also be found that I have great difficulty in recognizing to-day.⁴ I can not change the face that was mine ten years ago. And even if I could, should I exchange it for the one that would be at the present day? I should lose, doubtless, for it is less young now. And who knows if one does not hate—just because one is older—the signs of youth in one's mind, as one abhors because one regrets them—the remembrances of youth in one's body? In any case, hateful or not, one cannot modify the features of a face without at the same time destroying the harmony of the old face and thereby compromising the features of the future face. For the greater part of the ideas which we think constitute

⁴The variants that I have introduced into the new edition—additions or omissions, neither add to nor subtract anything from the general meaning of the work. They bear almost exclusively on the first

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our present truth have as their origin precisely those which we believe constitute our past error. When we consider one of our early works, the passages which strike us the most are those which we love least. Soon we see no more than these, they fascinate us, they mark the entire work. On closing the book again they still pursue us, we ask ourselves why, and the result is—however little our courage—that we open roads for ourselves which we had not suspected. Thus it is that the critical spirit, made sharp and subtle by the disappointments and sufferings of one's intellectual development, becomes, little by little, the most precious, and doubtless the most active auxiliary of the creative spirit itself.

I am a 'self-taught' man. I confess it without shame and without pride. This first volume, which weighs on me, has served at least to inform me that if I was not yet, at the moment when I wrote it, out of the social herd, I was a ready repelled from entering the philosophic herd. The fact is that preconceived notions of aesthetics were so far from presiding over my education in art that it is my emotions as an artist which have led me, progressively, to a philosophy of art which becomes less and less dogmatic. In many of these old pages there will be found traces of a fanaticism which, I hope, has almost disappeared from my mind. The reason is that I have evolved with the forms of art themselves, and that, instead of imposing on the idols I adored a religion, I have asked these idols to teach me religion. All, in fact, revealed the same one to me, as well as the fact that

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It was quite impossible to fix it precisely because it is universal.

I have had to make an effort in order to realize a harmonious conception of the plastic poem in which such combination. Even now it remains an undemonstrable, an intuitive, even a mystical conception if you like to call it that. Yet in consideration of the effort expended, I hope that I may be pardoned the cautious soberly of the beginning of my book. It is the work of the thirtieth year among those, at least who have not the privilege of being free, age at twenty and slaves at forty. When a man begins to suppose one's early illusions, one draws oneself together; one wants to keep them, in fact, one defends oneself against the new illusions which are outlining themselves. One trusts on retaining faithful to ideas and images, to means of expression that are no longer a part of one. One surrounds oneself with a hard mold which hampers one's movements. Is not that, in all aesthetic and moral evolutions of the past and the present, exactly the passage from the first instinctive ingenuousness to the free discovery of a second ingenuousness, exactly such a passage as we see in the artfulness of all archaism? If I am not mistaken in this, I should be very well pleased if the tense character of the beginning of my book corresponded even a little to the tenseness of the first and most innocent among the builders of temples, the painters of tombs, and the sculptors of gods.

I have been reproached with having written not a "History of Art," but rather a sort of poem concern-

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ing the history of art. That reprimand has left me wondering. I have asked myself what, outside of pure and simple chronology, the recital of inner events could be, when the material expression of those events consists entirely of affective elements. In the sense in which the historians understand history, no tables suffice, and I have prepared them. There is no history event that summed up by these tables which is not fully submitted to the interpretation of the historian. What is true of the history of man's actions is probably true so of the history of his ideas, his sensations, and his gestures. I cannot conceive a history of art otherwise than made up of a poetic transcription not as exact but no longer as rough of the plastic poems conceived by humanity. I have attempted that transcription. It is not my place to say whether I have succeeded with it.

To state the question a little differently, it seems to me that history should be understood as a symphony. The description of the gestures of men has no interest for us, no use, no sense even, if we do not try to seize on the profound relationships of these gestures to show how they link together in a chain. We must try especially to restore their dynamic character, that unbroken germination of nascent forces engendered by the ceaseless play of the forces of the past on the forces of the present. Every man, every act, every work is a musician or an instrument in an orchestra. One cannot regard, it seems to me, the cymoral player or the triangle player as of the same importance as the

Or rather, what history is there that the historian does not obey?

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violoncellos or of the mass of violins. The historian is the leader of the orchestra in that symphony with the multitudes composed with the collaboration of the artists, the philosophers, and the men of action. The historian's rôle is that of making clear the essential characters, to indicate their great lines, to make their volumes stand out, to contrast their lights with their shadows, to shade off the passages and harmonize the tones. It is so for the art-historian far more than for the historian of action because the importance of action registers itself automatically in its results and traces, whereas the importance of a work of art is an affair of appreciation.

The historian should be partial. The historian who calls himself a scientist simply it is a piece of folly. I do not know, nor he either, any measuring instrument which shall permit him to graduate the respective importance of Leoclitus and Pythagoras, of Bernini and Michael Angelo. It seems that this is admitted with regard to letters history, and that no one thinks of getting wrought up if the historian of letters forgets Paul de Kock, voluntarily or not, to count upon Baudelaire. Neither is anyone surprised if the professor at the Sorbonne, writing a history of France, gives more importance to the gest area of Napoleon than to those of Clarke or Maret. The purists protest only when the party of sentiment intervenes to judge Napoleon, Clarke or Maret. They do not realize that the mere statement of facts already supposes a choice made by men as a whole or by the events themselves, before the historian begins to intervene.

When the question is one of contemporary history, the part of the orchestra leader is much more arduous to perform. The view of the facts as seen from a distance, the more or less strong or persistent influence of the events on "moods," the memory that they have left, all these impose on him who writes a commentary of the past, certain summits, certain depressions, visible to all. And to recreate a living organism from them he need do no more than join them with a curve. From nearer by intuition alone decides, and the courage to make use of it. So much the worse for him who does not dare and cannot leave to the future the task of saying whether he has done well or ill in dealing with the works and the men of his time, as an artist does with the light and shade which he distributes on the object. It is possible that from the orthodox point of view of history, it is a heresy to affirm that the slightest study by Renoir, the slightest water color by Cézanne belongs much more effectively to the history of art than the hundred thousand canvases exhibited in ten years in all the salons of painting. And, notwithstanding, one must risk that heresy. The poet of the present makes the history of the future.

Let us go farther. The gesture of a hungry man who stretches out his hand, the words that a woman murmurs in the ear of the passer-by on some eventuating evening, and the most infinitesimal human gesture have a much more important place in the history of art itself than the hundred thousand canvases in question, and the associations of interest which try

to impose them on the public. The orchestral multitude brings into prominence the playing of artists like Cézanne and Renoir, and it is they, in turn, who make clear to us the value of the multitude, which is composed, only to an insignificant degree, of the mass of mediocre works. Amid them the voice arises like a cry in a silence full ofnd street numbers and excessive gestre. Our orchestra takes its elements from the widely scattered manners and customs from the whole of their action on the evolution and exchange of ideas at it is in the discoveries, the needs, the social conflicts of the moment, the courage and formidable aphorisms that love and hunger provoke in the depths of collective life and the hidden springs of the individual conscience.

I am quite willing to mention even the movement called "artistic," which floats on the surface of history by means of institutes, schools, and official doctrines, like a rouge badly applied to a woman's face. It plays its little part in the great plastic symphony wherein Renoir and Cézanne in our time, for example, like Rubens and Rembrandt in another, play the most illustrious role. But it is only by indirect means that the spirit created in the crowds by this "artistic" movement, reacts on each new affirmation of a great artist who is unaware of practically all its manifestations. I think that if the risk is greater for the modern historian who gives prominence to Cézanne and Renoir in his narrative, his attempt is as legitimate, from the "scientific" point of view as—for the historian of the past—the custom of quite candidly giving more importance to Phidias than to Leochares.

The fact is that we have been for more than a century—since Winckelmann approximately—for too much inclined to tolerate a growing confusion between art history and archaeology. One might as well confuse literature and grammar. It is one thing to describe by their external character, the monuments that man has left on his journey, to measure them, to define their functions and style, to locate them in place and time—it is another thing to try to tell by what secret roots these monuments plunge to the heart of men, how they sum up the most essential desires of the races, how they form the recognizable testimony to the sufferings, the needs, the illusions and the energies which have hallowed out in the flesh of all, then, living and dead, the bioccy passage from separation to union. It is thus that in writing to write a history that should not be a dry catalogue of the plastic works of man—but a passionate narrative of the meeting of his curiosity and education with the forms that lie in his path. I may have committed—I have committed—errors of archaeology. Although I know worse errors, and although I have not failed to commit some of these besides, I will not go so far as to say that I do not regret them.

Archaeology has been profoundly useful. By seeking and finding original sources, by establishing family likenesses, filiations, and the relationships of works and of schools, little by little, in the face of the diversity in the form of the images from which so many warring schools of aesthetics have been inspired to create silly exclusivisms, archaeology has defined the

original analogy of these works and schools and the almost constant paraleipsis of their evolution. Everywhere, behind the artist, it has aided us to rediscover the man. Those among us who have to-day become capable of entering into immediate communion with the most unexpected forms of art evidently do not take note that such communion is the fruit of a long previous education, for which archaeology is doubtless the best preparation, however convinced of the fact it is itself. Those who rise up with the greatest contempt against the insensibility of the archaeologist are probably those who owe him the greater part, if not of their sensibility, at least of the means which have permitted them to refine it. To-day we laugh at the worthy persons who grant scarcely a pitying look at the lofty spirituality of Egyptian statues or who recoil in disgust before the grandiose bestiary of Hindu bas-reliefs. Notwithstanding, there were artists who felt like those same worthy persons. I should not affirm that Michael Angelo would not have shrugged his shoulders before an Egyptian column, and I am quite sure that Phidias would have thrown Rembrandt's canvases into the fire. Archaeology, in plastics, is classification in sociology. Unknown to itself, it has fundamentally recreated the great inner unity of the universal forms and permitted the universal man to affirm himself in the domain of the mind. That this universal man will one day realize himself in the social realm is a thing I shall beware of maintaining, although it is a possible thing. But that some men, among the great diversity of the idols,

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can seize upon the one god who animates them all, is a thing as to which I may be permitted, I hope to rejoice with them. Doubtless I shall even try soon to draw forth from the ideas some of the features of this god.

But not here. The scope is not broad enough. And I hope my reader is too impatient to approach the recital of the adventures which I have tried to relate for him, to consent to pick up flower before we have had the joy of breathing its perfume together. However, I should not like to have the slightest misunderstanding exist between him and me, as we stand at the threshold of this book. I have already warned him that I scarcely recognized myself in these opening pages of a work already old. They constitute, moreover, an obscure and often common plea for the utility of art. I want to dispel the ambiguity. I have not ceased to think that art is useful. I have even strengthened my feeling as to that point. Not only is art useful, but it is, without the least doubt, the only thing that is, after bread, really useful to us all. Before bread perhaps, for if we eat, it is really that we may keep up the flame which permits us to absorb

that we may reheat it and spread it forth: the world of beneficent alograms which reveals itself and modifies itself, without a break around us. From the caveman's or the lakeman's necklace of bones to the *image d'Epinal* tacked to the wall of the country tavern, from the schourtie of the aurochs dug in the wall of the grotto in Périgord to the ikon of the bed-

room before which the mazik keeps his lamp burning from the war-dance of the Sioux to the "Heroic Symphony," and from the gravest designs tinted with vermilion and emerald hidden in the night of the hypogees to the gigantic fresco which shines in splendor in the festive hall of Venetian palaces, the desire to arrest in a definite form the fugitive appearances wherein we think to find the law of our universe, as we, as our own law, and through which we keep alive in ourselves energy, love and effort, is manifested with a constancy and a continuity which have never abated. Whether this be in dance or song, whether it be in art, in the narrative recited to a circle of visitors, it is always the pursuit of an inner ideal, which we think, each time, to be the final pursuit and which we never end.

Philosophers, in speaking of this disinterested play, affirm the irresistible need which has urged us from the earliest times, to externalize the secret existences of our spiritual rhythm in sounds or in words, in color or in form in gesture or in steps. But the need asserts itself from this point of view as, on the contrary, the most universally interested of the deeper functions of the mind. Moreover, no games in themselves, even the most childish, are attempts to establish order in the chaos of confused sensations and sentiments. Man in his movement thinks that he adapts himself unceasingly to the surrounding world in its movement. And he believes that this adaptation takes place through the fleeting certitude he has of describing it forever in the intoxication of expression.

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as soon as he imagines that he has grasped a phenomenon as a whole. Thus, what is most useful to men is play.

The love of play and the search for it and the infant curiosity which is a condition of play create civilization. The civilizations I should have had those cases down the length of time or dispersed in space, now alone now interpenetrating, living at other times, attempting schemes, one after another for a unanimous spiritual understanding among men.

A possible probable understanding but one that is undoubtedly destined, if it be realized, to decline to die to seek within itself and around it the elements of a renewal. A civilization is a civic phenomenon, and it is by the monuments which it raises and leaves after it that we appreciate its quality and its grandeur. It is defined to the extent that it imposes itself upon us through an impressive, living, coherent, and durable style. What men understand almost unanimously as "civilization" at the present hour has nothing at all to do with it. The tools of industry—the railroad, the machine, electricity, the telegraph—is only a tool. Whole peoples can employ it for immediate and materially interested purposes without any opening up in them, by that employment of the deep springs of attention and emotion, of the passion for understanding, and the gift for expressing which alone lead to the great aesthetic style wherein a race communes for a moment with the spirit of the universe. From this point of view the Egypt of five thousand years ago, the China of five centuries ago are more civilized

than the America of to-day, whose style is still to be born. And the Japan of fifty years ago is more civilized than the Japan of to-day. It is even possible that Egypt, through the squalor, the unity, and the unequalled variety of its artistic production, through the enormous duration and the sustained power of its effort, offers the spectacle of the greatest civilization that has yet appeared on the earth and that all manifestations we call civilized since Egypt are only forms of dissolution and disintegration from her style. We should have to live ten thousand years more in order to know.

Style—in any case—that clear and harmonious curve which defines for us on the road we follow, the actual steps established by those who preceded us, style is but a momentary state of equilibrium. We cannot go beyond it. We can only replace it. It is the very negation of "progress," which is possible only in the realm of tools. Through the latter and in proportion to the number and the power of the means invented by man, "progress" increases the complexity of life and—by the same tokens the elements of a new equilibrium. The moral order and the aesthetic order can, thanks to these tools, make up vaster syntheses, more mixed and complicated with influences and echoes, and served by a far greater number of instruments. But "moral progress," like "aesthetic progress," is merely bait which the social philosopher offers to the simple man in order to incite and increase his effort. Evil, error, ugliness, and folly will always, in the development of a new style, play their indi-

pensable role as a real condition of imagination, of meditation, of idealism, and of faith. Art is a lightning flash of harmony that a people or a man conquers from the darkness and the chaos which precede him, follow him, necessarily surround him. And Prometheus is condemned to seize the fire only that he may light up for a second the living wound in his side and the cabin of his brow.

ANCIENT ART





VISITORS AT ESTATE

Chapter I. BEFORE HISTORY

1



THE dust of bones, primitive weapons, coal, and buried wood—the old human as well as solar energy—come down to us tangled like roots in the fermentation of the dampness under the earth. The earth is the giver of life and the murderer, the diffused matter which drinks of death to nourish life. Living things are dissolved by her, dead things move in her. She wears down the stone, she gives it the golden patina of ivory or of bone. Ivory and bone before they are devoured become rough as stone at her touch. The wrought flints have the appearance of big triangular teeth, the teeth of the engulfed monsters are like pearly tubercles ready to sprout. The skulls, the vertebrae, and the turtle shells have the genic and somber patina of the old sculptures with

their quality of absoluteness. The primitive engravings resemble those fossil imprints which have revealed to us the nature of the shell formations, of the plants



Austria (Cavern of Willendorff). Statuette
of a woman, olive limestone (Vienna)

and the insects which have disappeared, of turbans, arborescences, ferns, elytra, and nerved leaves. A prehistoric museum is a petrified garden where the

slow action of earth and water on the buried materials magnifies the work of man and the work of the elements. Above lies the forest of the great deer—the open wings of the mind !

The discomfiture which we experience on seeing our most innocent bones and implements mingled with a soil full of tiny roots and insects has something of the religious in it. It teaches us that our effort to extricate the rudimentary elements of a social harmony from animalism surpasses, in essential power all our subsequent efforts to realize in the mind a superior harmony which moreover, we shall not attain. There is no invention. The foundation of the human edifice is made of everyday discoveries, and its highest towers have been patiently built up from progressive generalizations. Man copied the form of his hunting



Chipped flint
(Museum of Saint-Germain)

* The illustrations of this chapter having presented special difficulties, we offer our warmest thanks to Messrs. Capitan and Breuil, on the one hand, and to the Firm of Masson et Cie., on the other, without whom we should not have been able to carry through our task. The works of Abbé Breuil, most of all, constitute the basis which will henceforth be indispensable for the artistic illustrating of any book devoted to the prehistoric period. It is, thanks to his admirable pastels, that the cro-magnon bronzes of Périgord and of Spain have been given back to us in what is most probably their original character.

who makes no implements from beaks, teeth and claws; from fronds he borrows their forms for his first pots. His awl and needles were at first thorns and fishbones, he grouped in the overlapping scales of the fish in the articulation and setting of bones, the laws of structure of joints and nerves. Here is the sole point of departure for the principle of abstraction, for forms that wholly purified of all trace of experience, and for the highest ideal. And it is here that we must seek the source at once of our beauty and strength.

The weapon, the tool, the vase, and, in harsh climates, a coarse garment of skins such are the first forms foreign to his own substance, that primitive man fashion. He is tormented by beasts of prey and is assailed continually by the hostile elements of a sky chaotic nature. He sees enemy forces in the storm in the slightest trembling of foliage or of water, in the seasons even and in day and night until the seasons and day and night with the beating of his arteries and the sound of his steps have given him the sense of rhythm. Art is, in the beginning, a thing of immediate utility, to be the first stirrings of speech, something to designate the objects which surround man, for man to imitate or modify in order that he may use them. Man goes no further. Art cannot yet be an instrument of philosophic generalization, since man could not know how to utilize it. But he forges that instrument, for he already abstracts from his surroundings some rudimentary laws which he applies to his own advantage.

The men and youths range the forests. Their

weapon is at first the knotty branch torn from the oak or the elm, the stone picked up from the ground. The women, with the old men and the children, remain hidden in the dwelling an improvised hunting place or grotto. From his first stumbling steps man comes to grips with an ideal—the fleeing beast which represents the immediate future of the tribe—the evening meal devoured to make muscle for the hunters' toil for the mothers. Woman, on the contrary, has before her only the near and present reality—the meat to prepare, the child to nourish, the skin to be dried later on the fire that is to be tended. It is she, doubtless, who finds the first tool and the first pot; it is she who is the first workman. It is from her realistic and conservative role that human industry takes its beginnings. Perhaps she also assembles teeth and petals into necklaces, to draw attention to herself and to please. But her positive destiny closes the horizon to her, and the first veritable art is man. It is man, the explorer of plains and forests, the navigator of rivers who comes forth from the caverns to study the constellations and the clouds, it is man, through his idealistic and revolutionary function, who is to take possession of the objects made by his companion, to turn them, little by little, into the instruments that express the world of abstractions which appears to him confusedly. Thus from the beginning the two great human forces realize that equilibrium which will never be destroyed, woman, the center of immediate life who brings up the child and maintains the family in the tradition

necessary to social unity—man, the focus of the life of the imagination, who plunges into the unexplored mystery to preserve society from death through his meeting of it into the courses of unbroken evolution.



Cave of Bruniquel. "Tasselet-Horn" (Mammoth,
curved reindeer horn). Musée de Saint-Germain.

Masculine idealism, which later becomes a desire for moral conquest, is at first a desire for material conquest. For primitive man it is a question of killing animals in order to have meat, bones, and skins, and of charming a woman so as to perpetuate the species whose voice cries in his veins. It is a question of frightening the men of the neighboring tribe who want to carry off his mate or trespass on his hunting ground. To create, to pour forth his being, to invade surrounding life—in fact, all his impulses have their center in the reproductive instinct. It is his point of departure for all his greatest conquests,

his future need for moral communion and his will to devise an instrument through which he may adapt himself intellectually to the law of his universe. He already has the weapon—the plate of flint, he needs the ornaments, that charms or terrifies—bird plumes in the knot of his hair, necklaces of claws or teeth, carved bundles for his tools, tattoings, bright colors decorating his skin.

Art is born. One of the men of the tribe is skillful in cutting a form in a bone, or in painting on a torso a bird

with open wings, a mammoth, a lion, or a flower. On his return from the hunt he picks up a piece of wood to give it the appearance of an animal, a bit of clay to press it into a figurine, a flat bone on which to engrave a silhouette. He enjoys seeing twenty rough and innocent faces bending over his work. He enjoys this work itself which creates an obscure understanding between the others and himself between him and the infinite world of beings and of plants that he loves, because he is the life of that world. He obeys something more positive also—the need to set down certain acquisitions of primitive human science so that the whole of the tribe may profit by them. Words but inadequately describe to the old men, to the women gathered about, to the



SWITZERLAND (Kesslerloch). Reindeer grazing migration on reindeer horn
Museum of Science, Germany

children especially, the form of a beast encountered in the woods who is either to be feared or hunted. The artist fixes its look and its form in a few summary strokes. Art is born.

II

The oldest humanity known, which defines our entire race, inhabited the innumerable grottos of the high Dordogne, near the rivers full of fish and flowing through reddish rocks and forests of a region once thrown into upheaval by volcanoes. That was the central hearth but colonies swarmed the whole length of the banks of the Lot, of the Garonne, of the Ariège, and even to the two slopes of the Pyrenees and the



GROTTO OF CHAPARD (Vienne) Deer, engraved bone
(Museum of Saint Germain).

Cévennes. The earth was beginning to tremble less from the subterranean forces. Thickly growing green trees filled with their healthy roots the peat bogs that hid the great skeletons of the last chaotic monsters. The hardening of the crust of the earth, the rains and the winds that were regularized by the woods, the

Seasons with their increasingly regular rhythm, were introducing into nature a more apparent harmony. A surrier and more logical species, less submerged in primitive matter had appeared little by little. If the cold waters, where the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and the lion of the caves came to drink, still harbored the hippopotamus, there were great numbers of horses, oxen, bison, wild goats, and aurochs living in the woods. The reindeer, the friend of the ice which descended from the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Cévennes to the edge of the plains, lived there in numerous herds. Man had emerged from the beast in an overwhelming silence. He appeared about as he is to-day, with straight legs, short arms, a straight forehead, receding jaw and a round and voluminous skull. By the action of the mind he is to introduce that harmony which was beginning to reign around him, into an imagined world which, little by little, would become his veritable reality and his reason for action.

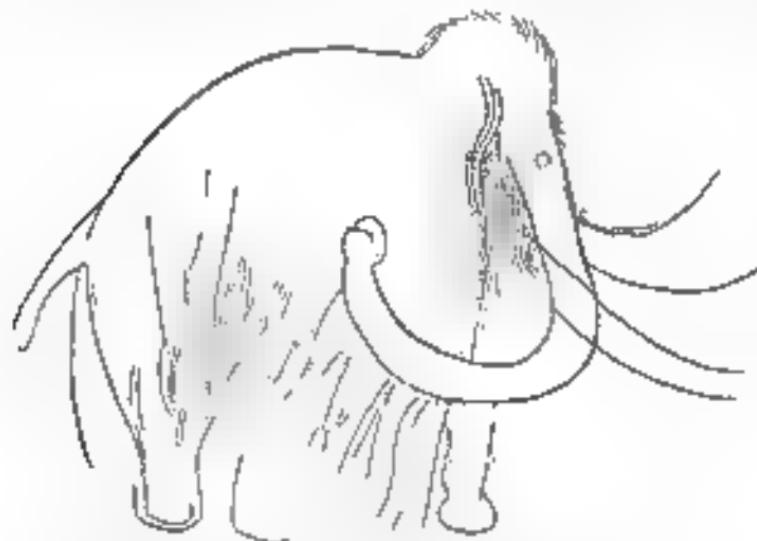
The primitive evolution of his conception of art is, as we may naturally understand, extremely obscure. At such a distance everything seems on the same plane, and the divisions of time we establish are doubtless illusory. The paleolithic period ended with the quaternary age, at least twelve thousand years before us, and the art of the troglodytes, at that distant epoch, had already attained the summit of its curve. The development of a civilization is slow in proportion as it is primitive. The first steps are those that are the most uncertain. The millions of

flaked axes found in the caverns and in the beds of rivers, the few thousands of vestiges engraved on bone or on reindeer horn, the curved huts and the frescoes discovered on the walls of the grottos, evidently represent the production of a very long series of centuries. The variations of the images preserved cannot be explained only by the differences of the varied temperatures. The art of the troglodytes is not made up of obscure gropings. It develops with a logic and an increasing intelligence about which we can only guess, one of which we can trace the great lines, but which we shall doubtless never be able to follow step by step.

What is sure is that the prehistoric artist belongs to a civilization that was already very old, one which sought to establish through interpreting the aspects of the surroundings in which it was destined to live, the very law of these surroundings. Now no civilization, however ancient, has any other incentive or any other purpose. The reindeer hunter is not only the most limited of primitives, he is the first civilized man. He possessed art and fire.

In any case, the farther we descend with the geological strata into the civilizations of the caverns, the more it reveals itself as an organism coherent in its extent from the Central Plateau to the Pyrenees, and coherent in its depth through its century-old traditions, its already ritualized customs, and its power of evolution in submission to the common law of strong, human societies. From layer to layer its set of tools improves, and its art, starting from the

humblest industry and culminating in the moving frescoes of the grottos of Altamira, follows the logical incline that proceeds from the ingenuous imitation of the object to its conventional interpretation. First



CAVES OF COMBIERELLES (Dordogne). Mammoth scratched on interior wall. *Bulletin de l'École d'Anthropologie*. 1912)

comes sculpture, the object represented through all its profiles, having a kind of second real existence than the bas-relief, which sinks and effaces itself until it becomes engraving, finally the great pictorial convention, the object projected on a wall.

This suffices for the rejection of the customary comparisons. The reindeer hunter is not a contemporary primitive, polar or equatorial, still less is he

Thus it is that the Venus of Willendorf, the most ancient human form in sculpture that we know, is probably several decades of centuries earlier, despite its admirable character, than the works of Vézère and of Altamira.

a child. The works that he has left us are superior to the greater part of the production of the Inuits, to all those of the Australians, and especially to those of children. The present-day primitive has not attained a stage so advanced in his mental evolution. As to the child, he does nothing lasting; it is on sand or on scraps of paper that he traces his first lines, by chance, between other games. He has neither the



FONT DE GAUME Dordogne. Bison, in polychrome, fresco, after the pastel by Abbé Breuil in *La Grotte de Font de Gaume* (Capitan, Bocourt, and Peyrony).

will nor the patience nor, above all, the deep need that must exist before he can imprint on one hard substance with another hard substance the image he has in his mind. James Sully¹ has very well shown this, the child adheres to an almost exclusively sym-

¹ James Sully *Studies in Childhood*.

bolic representation of nature, to a stammering series of ideographic signs which he changes at each new attempt, he has no care either for the relationships of the forms or for their proportions, or for the character of the object which he represents crudely, without



FOND DE GAUVREAU (Dordogne) Reindeer grazing, fresco (*Revue de l'Ecole d'Anthropologie*, 1902; after a pastel by Abbé Breuil).

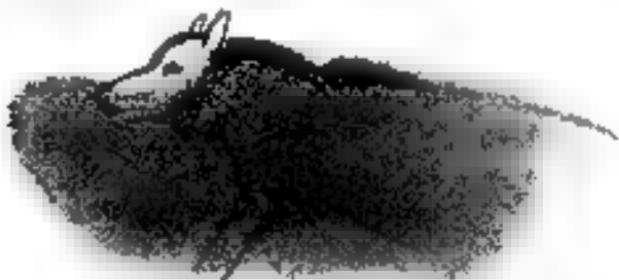
studying it, without even casting a glance at it if it is within range of his eye. It is probable that he draws only from a spirit of imitation, because he has seen people draw or because he has seen pictures and knows that the thing is possible. If he were not deformed by the abuse of conventional language which takes place around him, he would model before he painted.

Among the reindeer hunters it is quite rare to find an image of entirely infantile character. In fact, such an image must be the work of a bad imitator who has seen an artist of his tribe carving or engraving

Or else, as in the south of Spain, it belongs to a decadent school later than the great period of art. Atamia is doubtless the highest manifestation. It then presents, like all decadents, a double character of primitivity quite comparable to that of the slave-making attempts of the negroes of South Africa and of artistic refinement where the paecographic scheme is visibly pursued. The real childhood of humanity has left us nothing because it was impulsive. The childhood of a man of continuity in effort. The art of the troglodytes of Périgord is not this impossible art of human childhood but the necessary art of man in youth. The first synthesis which the work native in engrossed imposes on the sensibility of a man and which he gives back to the community. It is the synthetic intuition of the beginning of the mind which rejoins across a hundred centuries of analysis, the generalizations of the most remote geniuses. In the most civilized ages. Does not natural philosophy confirm the greater part of the preterients of the mythological cosmogonies?

Where should he find the elements of this first synthesis if not in his own life? Now the life of the renouer center is hunting and fishing. He characterizes it by his whole art—sculpture, bas-relief engraving, and fresco. Everywhere we find wild animals and fish. From these, which are associated with all his earthly actions, he draws that profound love for animal form which makes his work resemble animal sculptures—bone structures twisted by the play of muscles, beautiful skeletons sculptured by the

atavistic powers of adaptation to function. All day long he sees these animals living peaceful or hunted, grazing or fleeing, he sees the panting of their flanks, their jaws opening or shutting, their hair matted with blood or sweat, their skins wrinkled like trees or mossy like rocks. At evening, in his cavern, he skins the dead animals, he sees the bones appear under the torn flesh, the tendons shining on the hard surfaces, he studies the beautiful smooth vaults of the cavities and the heads of joints, the arch of the ribs, of the vertebrae, the round levers of the arms, the thick arrangement of the pelvis and of the shoulder blades, the



Fond du Géant (Dordogne). Wolf in polychrome fresco.
After the master by Alphonse Breuil in *La Grotte du Fond de
Gauvre Capitan*. Breuil and Peyrony

jaws sown with teeth. His hand, which works in ivory and horn, is familiarized by touch with skeletons, sharp ridges, rough curves, silent and sustained planes, and it is the joy of his hand to feel the same

projections and the same surfaces born of its own work. The art at, by great flakes, carves the handles of daggers, chisels the polished ivory into the forms of beasts, the mammoth with its four feet together, the reindeer, the wild goat and skinned or living heads. Sometime he even tries to rediscover in his material the forms of the woman he loves, of the female troglodyte whose haunches are broad, whose body is covered with hair and broken down with maternity, whose warm flesh welcomes the fulfillment of his desire or lulls his fatigue.

Later with the more rapid process of engraving, the field of exploration widens. The whole of the glacial fauna invades art. The mammoth, the cave bear, the bison, horse,urochs, and especially the reindeer—the reindeer in repose or walking slowly its head to the ground to crop the grass, the reindeer galloping, its nostrils to the wind, its horns on its back, fleeing before the hunter, sometimes the hunter himself, quite naked, hairy armed with a spear and creeping toward the animal. Nothing surpasses the direct force of expression of some of these engravings. The one is drawn with a single stroke and bites deeply into the horn. The artist is often so sure of himself that he does not even join his lines, but merely indicates the direction of the principal ones which portray the attitude and mark the character. We see a horse's head made up simply of nostrils and jaws, the delicate legs of a reindeer with sharp hoofs, its horns spreading like seaweed or like great butterflies, sharp of breast and thin in the hump, hairy mammoths, on

their massive feet with vast curving spines, long trunk small skull and sharp little eyes, bison with their mountainous backs, those formidable oxen and hard backs fighting breasts, rushing heads, intense

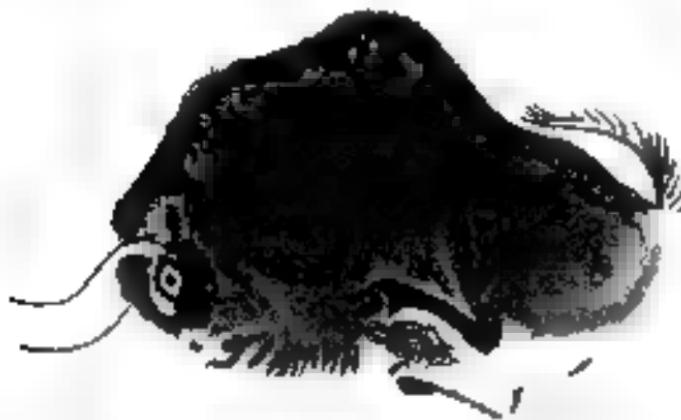


*Poem by Frédéric Théodore. Black frame after the panel
by Abbé Breuil. Kunsthalle zu Kiel, 1931.*

able masses, wildights under the branches, all the violent life of the hunter is evoked by these strong images, with their rude frame of rivers, great cool woods, grottos, dry days and the cold ventilation of the night.

Never was a human society so thoroughly a part of its surroundings as the tribes of reindeer hunters. Hunting and fishing are at once the means and the purpose of life, and the rude existence is pursued even in the evening in the caves which form part of the crust of the earth, and from which it was necessary to dislodge the lion and the bear. The tales of the hunt

ers, the questions of the children, the work of the artists, the workmen in stone and in wood, the women all tell the story of the forest and the water from the skins and the furs stretched on the ground, from the implements of bone and ivory, the vegetable fibers, the beds of dry leaves, and the fagots of dead branches to the stalactites of the vault from which moisture drops. On winter evenings, the evenings of fires and legends, the dying or rekindling lights



ALTAMIRA (Spain). Female bison charging, fresco; after the pastel by Abbé Breuil in *La Grotte d'Altamira* (Cartailhac and Breuil)

sketch fleeting apparitions on the shadowy background. They are the dead beasts who return the beasts to be killed who defy the hunter, those of whose meat the tribe has eaten so much, of whose bones it has wrought so much that they become protecting divinities for the tribe. From that time it was thought

proper to set up their image in the most distant and dark corners of the cavern, whence their power would be increased by obscurity and mystery.¹ Fresco appears, broad synthetic paintings, ochreous, black, sulphurous, almost terrifying to behold in their shadows and through their unfathomable antiquity reindeer and bison, horses and mammoths, sometimes composite monsters, men with the heads of animals. Sometimes, as at Altamira, we find all the beasts in a disordered troupe and, amid them, admirable figures that only a great artist could create, through definite epitomized purposeful drawing, through subtle modeling that undulates like watered silk, and through skillful transitions. the life of it is violent, the character prodigious.

III

The fresco of the caverns is, therefore, the first visible trace, probably of religion, which will henceforth pursue its course in common with art. It is born, like art, of the contact of sensation and of the world. At the beginning, everything, for the primitive, is natural, and the supernatural appears only with knowledge. Religion, thenceforward, is the miracle, it is what man does not know, has not yet attained, and later, what he wants to know and attain--his ideal. But before the coming of the supernatural, everything in nature explains itself because man lends to all forms, to all forces, his own

¹Carsten Reinach, *L'Art et la Magie*

will and his own desires. It is to attract him that the water murmurs, to frighten him that the thunder rolls, to awaken his anxiety that the wind makes the trees tremble, and the beast is like himself filled with intentions, with Justice, with envy. He must propitiate and adore its image, that it may let itself be captured and eaten. Religion does not create art on the contrary, it is developed by art and is planted triumphantly in the sensuality of man by giving a concrete reality to the happy or terrible images through which the universe appears to him. At base what he adores in the image is his own power to render the abstraction concrete, and through it to increase his means of comprehension.

But religion is not always so docile. It sometimes revolts, and, to establish its supremacy orders art to disappear. That is doubtless what happened in the Neolithic periods, sixty centuries perhaps after the waters of the deluge had engulfed the civilization of the reindeer. For a reason that is not yet well known, the air becomes warmer, the ice melts. The ocean currents doubtless modify their original course, western Europe grows warmer and the tepid water of the oceans, drawn up by the sun and carried by the winds towards the mountains, falls in torrents on the glaciers. Water streams through the valleys, the swollen rivers drown out the caverns, the decimated tribes flee from the disaster, follow the reindeer to the polar regions, or wander poverty-stricken and at random, driven from one resting place to another by the deluge or by hunger. With the daily struggle against elements

too strong for them, with the dispersal of families, the loss of traditions and of implements, discouragement comes, then indifference and the decline toward the lower grades of animalism, which had so painfully been climbed. When the surroundings become more favorable, when the earth dries in the sun, when the



ALTAMIRA (Spain). Wild boar galloping, traced after the pastel by Abbé Breuil in *La Caverne d'Altamira* (Cartailhac and Breuil).

sky clears and the withdrawing of the glaciers permits the grass to grow green and flourish in the moraines, everything is to be re-established—the supply of tools, shelter, social relationships, and the slow, obscure ascent toward the light of the mind. Where are the reindeer hunters, the first conscious society? The prehistoric muddle ages give no answer.

We must await another dawn to reveal the new humanity which has elaborated itself in the night

It is, moreover, a paier dawn, chilled by a more positive art industry, a less powerful life, its religion is already turned from its natural source. The weapons and implements of stone that are found by millions in the mud of the lakes of Switzerland and eastern France, over which the re-established human tribes erected their houses to get shelter from hostile attacks,



Pottery of the lake-dwellers
Museum of Saint-Germain

are now polished like the purest metal. Gray, black, or green, of all colors, of all sizes, axes, scrapers, knives, lances, and arrows — they have that profound elegance which always comes from close adaptation of the organ to the function which created it.

The lake dwelling society, which manufactured textiles and raised wheat and was able to discover the ingenious system of dwellings built on piles, offers the first example of a civilization of predominantly scientific tendencies. The organization of life is certainly better regulated, more positive than in the ancient tribes of Vézère. But nothing appears of that ingenuous enthusiasm which urged the hunter of Périgord to recreate, for the joy of the senses and in the search for human communion, the beautiful moving forms among which he lived. There are, indeed, in the mud, among the polished stones, necklaces, bracelets, some potteries and numerous other witnesses to a very advanced industrial art testifying to the economic

character of that society, but not a sculptured figure, not an engraved figure, not a bibelot which would lead us to believe that the man of the lakes had any presentiment of the common origin and vast solidarity of all the sensible forms which fill the universe.

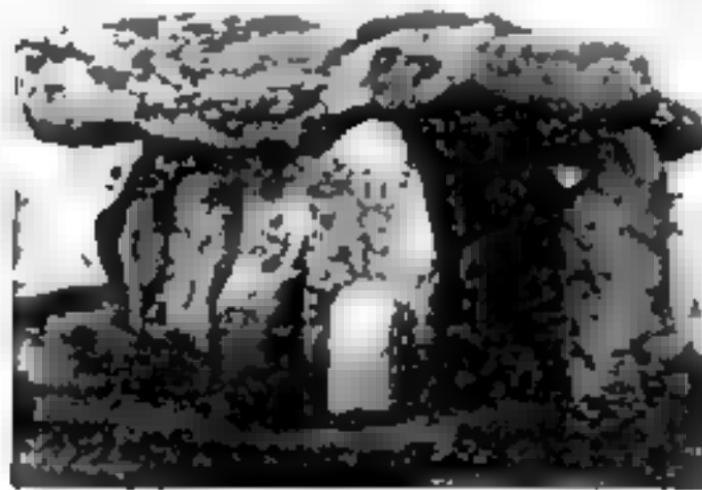
Doubtless when men had retired to the cities on the lakes, the beneficent contact with the tree and with



Menhirs at Plouhermel (Morbihan).

the beasts of the forest occurred less frequently than in the days of the spit stone, unquestionably men were less often inspired by the spectacle of the living play of animal forms. But there is, in the failure of these men to reproduce these forms, more than a sign of indifference. There is a mark of reprobation and probably of religious prohibition. Already at the same epoch there appear in Brittany and in England those somber battalions of stone menhirs, dolmens, cromlechs, which have not told their secret, but which

could scarcely signify anything else than an explosion of mysticism, a phenomenon which would be perfectly compatible moreover, especially in a period of hard life—with the positive spirituality which the daily struggle for bread and shelter necessitates. The double, the primitive form of the soul, has made its appearance behind the material phantom of beings.



Dolmen at Erdeven Morbihan

and objects. From that time onward the spirit in everything—the form is to be disregarded, then condemned first because the dwelling of the evil spirit is seen in it, then—much later at the dawn of the great ethical religions—because in it will be seen the permanent obstacle to moral liberation, which is, all things considered, the same thing. Even before the beginning of history there appears in groups of men, that need to destroy the equilibrium between our

science and our desires, a need that is perhaps essential for the demolishing of a worned society in order that a field may be left free for newer races and conceptions.

However that may be, nothing that suggests the human form has been picked up under the dolmens, which also shelter flint axes and some jewels and—ten or twelve centuries before our era

the first metallic arms, helmets, and bucklers, bronze and iron swords. There is, indeed, in Aveyron, a sculptured menhir that represents, with extreme puerility, a female figure; there are, indeed, at Gavrinis, in Morbihan, on other menhirs, moving

arabesques like the ones on the surface of low water, undulations or the tremblings of seaweed, which must be signs of conjuring or of magic. But, aside from these few exceptions, Celtic architecture remains mute. We shall never know what force it was that raised



NEOLITHIC AGE. Polished flint
(British Museum).

these enormous tables of stone, erected these while emblems to the sky, this whole hard army of silence which seems to have grown suddenly from the soil, as if to reveal the exhalation of the lava which makes the earth tremble.

With the last-raised stones ends the story of the prehistoric period in the Western world. Rome is coming to clear off the forests, bringing in its steps the Orient and Greece dying Greece and Ionia and Egypt already dead after each had attained an incomparable summit. Such is the rhythm of history. Oh that we fifteen thousand years ago, lived a civilized society! It dies without leaving visible traces, five or six thousand years are needed for another rudiment of a social organism to be born in the same countries. But already in the valley of the Euphrates and the Tigris, a powerful human harvest has grown up which flourishes for a moment, only to wither little by little. Athens mounts to the peak of honors at the hour when the moors of Brittany were being covered with their dull bowers of stone. Rome comes to reap them. Rome goes down in the flood that rolls from the north; then the rhythm quickens—great peoples grow up on the cadavers of great peoples. In duration and in extent, history is like a boundless sea of which men are the surface and whose mass is made up of countries, climates, the revolutions of the globe, the great primitive springs, the obscure reactions of peoples, one on the other. When humanity shall begin to write its annals, the abysses will be filled up, the sea will seem quiet.

But perhaps this is nothing but illusion. A people is like a man. When he has disappeared nothing is left of him unless he has taken the precaution to leave his imprint on the stones of the road.





Tut Nus

Chapter II EGYPT

I



EGYPT is the first of those undulations which civilized societies make on the surface of history—undulations that seem to be born of nothingness and to return to nothingness after having reached a summit. She is the most distant of the defined forms which remain upon the horizon of the past. She is the true mother of men. But although her achievement resounded throughout the whole duration and extent of the ancient world, one might say that she has closed herself within the granite circle of a solitary destiny. It is like a motionless multitude, swelled with a silent clamor.

Egypt sinks without a cry into the sand, which has taken back, successively, her feet, her knees, her thighs,

and set flanks, with only her breast and brow projecting. The sphinx has lost in his crushed visage but expulsive yes, outlined by rigid hair, which look inward as well as outward into the dis-



ANCIENT EGYPT. XXX or XXV Century B.C. - Wadjet
Kneeling. Florence Archaeological Museum.

tance, from elusive abstractions to the circular line where the curve of the globe sinks downward. To what depth do his foundations go, and how far around him and below him does history descend? He seems to have appeared with our first thoughts, to have followed our long effort with his mute meditation, to be destined to survive our last hope. We shall prevent the sand from covering him entirely because he is a part of our earth, because he belongs to the appearances amid which we have lived, as far back as our memories go. Together with the artificial mountains

with which we have sealed the desert near him, he is the only one of our works that seems as permanent as the circle of days, the alternation of the seasons, and the stupendous daily drama of the sky.



ANCIENT EGYPT (XXV to XXV Century B.C.) The seated scribe (Louvre)

The immobility of this soil, of this people whose monotonous life makes up three-quarters of the adventure of humanity seems to have demanded lines of

stone to bind it, and these lines define the soil and the people even before we know their history. Everything around the pyramids endures. From the Cata-



ANCIENT EGYPT (ca. 1500 B.C.E.). Hawk's head, in gold. Cairo Museum. After an illustration in *Die Plastik der Egyptianen*, published by Caenier.

mbs to the Delta, the Nile is alone between two identical banks, without a current, without a tributary, without an eddy, rolling on, from the depths of the centuries, in regular mass of water. Fields of barley, of wheat, of corn, palm trees, sycamores. A pitless blue sky, from which the fire flows ceaselessly



in sheets, almost dark during the hours of the day when the eye can look at it without difficulty lighter at night when the rising tide of stars spreads its light there. Torrid winds rise from the sand. In the light where the hot air vibrates, shadows are sharply outlined on the ground and the unutterable colors indigos, baked reds, and sulphurous yellows, turned to molten metal by twirling ts of flame have only as their transparent veil, the periodically changing green and gold of the cultivated land. A silence in which voices hesitate as if they feared to break crystal walls. Beyond these six hundred leagues of fixed and powerful life, the desert—without any other shade than the absolute crete which is also the horizon of the sea.

The desire felt there to seek and give form to eternity, imposes itself on the mind the more despotically since nature retains death itself in its necessary acts of transformation and recasting. The granite is unbroken. Beneath the soil are petrified forests. In that dry air wood that has been abandoned retains its living fibers for centuries, endavours dry up without rotting. The inundation of the Nile, the master of the country symbolizes, each year, perpetual resurrection. Its rise and fall are as regular as the apparent march of Osiris, the eternal sun, who arises each morning from the waters and disappears each evening in the sands. From the 10th of June to the 7th of October he pours on the calcined countryside the same fat, black mud, the mud which is the father of all.

The Egyptian people never ceased to contemplate



Immortality which succeeded theirs, did the desire of the Egyptians for immortality escape the irresistible need to assure a material envelope to the everlasting spirit? It was therefore necessary to construct a secret lodging where the embalmed body should be sheltered from the elements, from beasts of prey and especially from men. It must have with it its familiar objects—food and water. It was necessary above all that its image—the unchangeable envelope of the double whirling soul which could not leave Egypt—should accompany it into the final shadow. And since nothing does, it was necessary to shelter forever the symbolic certainties expressing the immutable laws and the resurrection of appearances—Osiris, fire and the heavenly bodies, the Nile and the sacred animals which regulate the rhythm of their migration by the rhythm of its tides and its silences.

Egyptian art is religious and funerary. It began with the strangest collective madness in history. But since its poem to death lives, it touches the highest wisdom. The artist saved the philosopher. Temples, mountains raised by the hands of men, the Nile's own cliffs cut into sphinxes, into silent figures, dug out into subterranean hypogeums, make a living alley of tombs to the river. All Egypt is there, even present-day Egypt which has required the most unchanging of the great modern religions—all Egypt, with its broken enigmas, its cadavers buried like treasures, perhaps a billion mummies lying in the darkness. And that Egypt which wanted to eternalize its soul with its bodily form is dead. The Egypt that does



MIDDLE EMPIRE (XVII Century B.C.). Colossus of
Senebkhotep III (*Louros*).

not die is the one which gave to stoneware to granitite, and to besuit the form of its mind. Thus the human soul perishes with its human envelope. But as soon as it is capable of casting its imprint in an external material—stone, bronze, wood, the memory of generations—the paper which is reprinted, the book which is reprinted and where thousands from century to century the heroic work and the songs—it acquires that relative immortality which endures so long as those forms shall endure in which our world has continued long enough to permit us to define it and through those forms to define ourselves.

II

The temple which stands up Egypt has the categorical force of the primitive syntheses which knew no doubt and by that very fact expressed the only truth we know as durable—that of instructive life in its irresistible affirmation. Formed by the oases, the Egyptian soul repeated the essential teachings of the oasis on the walls and in the cornices of the temple. It shaped the granite of the temple into rectangular masses which rose in a block to the hard line of the angles, with the profile of the cuffs with the straight-lined course of the river with the hot sap that made the palm trees tower over the fields of emerald, of gold, and of vermilion. Dogma, which is a step, an ancient certitude confined within formulas open to our senses for the repose of our spirit assumes invincible power when it is submitted for the adora-

tion of the multitudes in a garb in which they find again their true life, their familiar horizons, and the very material of the places where they pass their lives and whence their hope is born. The priest can make his house of the dogma, which the desire of men has materialized. He can insure his power by installing the god in the smallest, darkest, most secret retreat of the edifice. The worshiper will accept it, if he recognizes the visible face of his accustomed existence in the thousands of other mute gods that border the rigid avenues leading to the giant pyramids, that people the courts and the porticos, and that are mingled with the monsters of the oasis and the desert, lions, rams, jackals, cynocephalus, and hawks. Amid the thick columns, laid low to-day by conquerors and covered by the waters and by sand or still lifting the formidable dislocated skeletons of the



MIDDLE EMPIRE (XVI CENTURY B.C.). The bearer of offerings (Louvre).

If he travel far afield above the desert, he will find himself in a monotonous palm grove. It has strange woods, has thickets with open spaces, the straight, thick-trunked trees of our treasuries, towns



New Empire (14th Century BC).—The best mural painting from Thebes. British Museum.

and opulent palms, fiber, crushed between the hardened mud of the ground and the vertical rays of the sun. The columns have the gathered thrust, the rough-grained roundness of the palm trees and the short flattened surface of their tops. Leaves of lotus assembled into bouquets, leaves of the papyrus, palms, and rows of dates swell the capitals with the compact and powerful life of tropical vegetation. On looking beneath his feet he will see again the water lilies, the lotus, the heavy plants, the floes of the fecund river where moor hens and ducks thrive, as well as fish and crocodiles. He will perceive the lizards,

the snakes, the ureus that warms itself on the hot sand where the red-brown elytra of the scarabs sow bits of metal. And when he raises his eyes it will be to divine, below the familiar constellations that sow the blue space the birds of the solitudes, the slender



New Empire (XV century B.C.) The birds, mural painting from Thebes. British Museum.

ibis, the vulture, the symbolic hawk suspended on rigid wings between the sky and the desert. Everywhere, on the heights of walls, columns, obelisks, everywhere—living script will flower for the joy of his senses, in painted bas-relief, in hieroglyphic inscriptions. Its opaque emeralds and its somber turquoises, its burnt reds, its sulphur, and its gold will repeat

to him the science, the literature, and the history which his ancestors were so long in linking with their blood, their bones. Let us love their memory and the fearful or charming forms which we have painted them.

Entrenched behind this formal language, the priest may surround his action with a mystery by which he



New Empire (XV Century B.C.) Colossal head of Amun-Ra
III (lower)

profits. He knows much. He knows the movements of the heavens. He arranges his temple as an observatory protected by lightning conductors. He possesses the great principles of geometry and triangulation. But his science is secret. All that these people know of it is revealed by certain tricks of

spiritualism and of magic which mask the sometimes puerile and often profound meaning of the occult philosophy which the hieroglyphs and the symbolic figures are meant to eternalize on the face of the desert.

The Pharaoh, the human form of Osiris, is the instrument of the theocratic caste—which overwhelms him with power so as to domesticate him. Below it and him with some intermediaries, officers, chiefs of cities or of villages, governors armed with their batons, is the multitude. For a few hours of repose in the burning night, on the ground of hardened mud, for bread and water they have nothing but the life of the enslaved plowman or reaper mason or stonemason—forced labor and blows. A hundred generations are used up to build the pyramids, men are broken at tasks beyond the strength of man, women are deformed before their age because they have been too miserable and have borne too many children, children are turned aside and warped before birth under the weight of a servitude centuries old. A frightful nightmare. In the far background there is the bare hope of future metamorphoses, a troubled and flickering light for the poor man who will have no tomb.



NEW EMPIRE HAWK
(Lower)

How is it that, in this land, the Egyptian did not seek and find the dangerous consolation of absolute spiritualism? The living lesson is stronger than death. Naturalistic and polytheistic from its origin, his religion retained the love of the form upon which we base our hope. His statues gave to mystery an indestructible skeleton, and he never adored his gods save under animal or human forms. The surroundings in which he had to live did not permit him to become absorbed in unrestrained contemplation. The daily struggle for bread is the surest of post-vast educations. As a matter of fact, what are we engratified in Egypt? It is only by incessant effort and thanks to resources constantly renewed in their ingenuity and courage, that the Egyptian learned to appropriate to his profit the periodical exercises of the Nile. He had to put into practice a study kept dies oīd. of the habits of the river of the consistency and the quantities of the mud, he had to undertake formidable works, dikes, embankments, artificial lakes, irrigating canals, the cutting of sandstone and of granite, he had to continue these works ceaselessly and begin them again to prevent them from being buried under the deposits of the river from being swallowed up and disappearing. The pyramids reveal the incomparable power of his engineers. And if the hardness of his life turned his mind toward death, at least during his passage over the earth he left the impress of a profound genius for geometry.

A strange people, expressing in theorems of basalt the most vast, the most secret, the most vague aspira-

tions of its inner world! The spirit of Egypt is absolute and somnolent like the colossuses stretched out on the stone of its tombs. And yet, outside of the mystery of ever-renewing life, forever like itself in all epochs, under all skies, there is nothing that is not



New Empire. This, bronze statuette (*Louvre*)

human and accessible to our emotion in the radiant silence which seems to well up from these motionless figures with their definite planes. The Egyptian artist is a workman, a slave who works under the baton like the others; he is not initiated into the mystic sciences. We know a thousand names of kings, of priests, of war chiefs, and of city chiefs, we do not

know one name of those who have expressed the real thought of Egypt that which lives forever in the stone of the tombs. Art was the anonymous voice, the silent voice of the crowd, gazing down and observing within itself the tremor of the mind and of hope. Sustained by an irresistible sentiment of the life it was forbidden to spread out. A power that sentiment to burn with all the power of its compressed faith into depth.

It is not true—startling and illusory nothing as are the metaphysical intuitions that with their power, like priestly rashes pass on through Time, in Egypt as in China; it is not true that the mysterious images which symbolize these intuitions owe to them their beauty. With the artist, just not as at the beginning of everything. It is life in its prodigious movement wherein matter and mind merge without his breaking of disuniting them, that lights the spark in him and directs his hand. It is for us to disengage from the work of art its general significance as we disengage it from sensuous, social, and moral life, which it sums up for us in a flash. The Egyptian artist followed certain ideas, more often restrictive than active, which the priest dictated to him. When the priest demanded that a lion with a human head be cut in granite, or a man with the head of an eagle and open hands through which the flame of the spirit seemed to pass into the world he jealousy kept to himself the occult meaning of the form and the gestures, and the sculptor drew the enthusiasm which made the material quiver from the material alone and from the faith he had in



NEW EMPIRE (XIV Century B.C.). Sekhmet (Lower.)

the myths he animated. If the monster was beautiful, it was because the sculptor was living. The profound occultist counted for nothing in it, the naïve artist for everything.

We know really only what we have learned by ourselves, and personal discovery is our sole source of enthusiasm. The highest generalizations have started with the most obscure and strongest sentiment, to purify themselves step by step as they rise to intelligence. They are open to the artist who must, logically and fatally, take his course toward them. But the faculty of giving life to the language in which philosophers communicate these generalizations to us is not logically and fatally imparted to the intellect. The generalization is never a point of departure; it is a tendency, and if the artist had begun with occultism, his work would have been condemned to the stiffness of death. Now even when stiff as a cadaver, by the will of the priest, the Egyptian statue lives through the love of the sculptor. Only human evolution proceeds in a block, and the instinct of the artist accords with the mind of the philosopher in order to give to their abstract or concrete creations the same rhythm which expresses a general need felt in common.

III

However that may be, it was the crowd and nothing but the crowd which spread over the wood of the sarcophagi and over the compact tissue of the hypogees, the pure, living, colorful flowers of its soul. It was

pered to life in the deep shadows so that that life should shine in the light of our torches when we open the hidden sepulchers. The fine tomb was dug out for the king or the rich man, it is true, and his was the luxurious existence to be traced on the walls in funeral



New Empire. Great Temple of Thebes.

processions, in adventures of war or of hunting or in the work of the fields. He was to be shown surrounded by his slaves, by his farm workers, by his farm animals. It was necessary to tell how his bread was made, how his beasts were cut up by the butcher, how his fish were caught, how his birds were captured, how his fruits were offered him and how his wives made their toilet. And the crowd of artisans worked in obscurity they thought to tell the charm, the power, the happiness, the opulence, and the life of the master

they told above all their misery. It also there found activity at its, intelligence, inner wealth, and the furtive grace of their own life.

What marvelous painting! It is freer than the statuary, which is intended almost solely to render the image of the god or the deceased. Despite its abstract grand style it is familiar; it is intimate; sometimes it turns to caricature; always it is benevolent or tender like this naturally human and good people which is crushed little by little by theocratic force and which descends into itself to consider its humble life. In the modern sense of the word there is no science of composition, no sense of perspective. Egyptian drawing is a writing that must be learned. But let one know it well, with its silhouettes whose heads and legs are always in profile while their shoulders and breasts are always in front view, and then see how all these stiff silhouettes move with what ingenuousness they live, how their silence is profilled with an emotion and murmur! An extremely well-organized plan, sure, decisive, precise, but quivering. When the form appears, especially the male form, or as it is divided through a transparent sheet, the artist suspends his whole life in it that nothing but a light of the spirit may shine from his heart, one which shall illuminate only the highest summits of memory and of sensation. Truly that continuous contour, that single undulating line, so pure, so nobly sensual, which evinces so discreet and strong a sense of character, of mass, and of movement, has the appearance of being traced on the granite by the intelligence alone without



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the bottom be seen.



New Empire. Temple of Tuthmosis III at Karnak.

The intensity of the sentiment, the logic of the artist, to break the chains of hieratism and the impulse to style. These trees, these stiff flowers, this whole conventional world has the arid movement of the fruitful seasons, of the seeds as it returns to life. Egyptian art is perhaps the most impersonal that exists. The artist offends himself! But he has such an innate sense of life, a sense so directly moved and so impud that everything of life which he describes seems defined by that sense, to issue from the natural gesture, from the exact attitude, in which one no longer sees stiffness. His impersonality resembles that of the grasses which tremble at the level of the ground or of the trees bowing in the wind with a single movement and without resistance, or that of the water which wrinkles into equal circles as moving in the same direction. The artist is a plant that goes fruits and as to those of other plants, and as full of savor and of nourishment. And the convention which dogma imposes upon him is not apparent because that which issues from his being is animated by the very life of his being, healthy and swelling with juice as a product of the soil.

What he recounts is his life itself. The workmen with their tanned skin, their muscular shoulders, nervous arms, and hard skulls work wholeheartedly even when the rod is used, their faces remain gentle—the smooth-shaven faces with the prominent cheeks, and it is not without a kind of fraternity that the artisan decorator or statue maker who has represented himself so often, shows them busy at their task, rowers

sweating, butchers cutting and sawing, masons assembling bricks of baked mud, herdsmen leading their passive beasts or delivering the females, fishermen, hunters, joyful fowlers holding up frantic ducks



New Empire xiii Century B.C. Temple of Thamoudi.

by the tips of their wings and squirming rabbits by their ears, cramming fat geese, curving cranes in their arms and holding their beaks closed with a firm fist so as to prevent them from screaming. We see the rearing of the heads, the ambling or mincing gait, hear the bleating, the bellowing and the sound of wings. The domestic animals—the oxen, asses, dogs, and cats—have their massive or peaceful or joyous or supple look, their unceasing rumination, the tremor of the skin or of their tails, their undulation as they

creep, and the silence and surety with which they stretch their paws. The panthers walk as if on velvet, pushing out their flat heads. The ducks and geese waddle, digging and quacking with their flat bills. The stupid fish gape in the drawn nets. The trembling water is transparent and the women who come to dip it up in their jars or the animals who plunge into it are saturated with its coolness. Oranges and dates have their weight in baskets which are held up by arms as pure as the stem of a young plant and which are balanced like flowers. The women, when they bedeck themselves or moisten their skin brushes to rouge their tresses, have the air of reeds inclining down to the dew in the grass. The world has the silent shudder of the morning.

This natural poetry, fundamentally ardent and familiar is carried by the Egyptians into everything that comes from their fingers into their jewels, their little intimate sculpture, those innumerable knick-knacks which encumber their sepulchres, where they follow the dead person to whom they had belonged. And it is in the domestic objects of the kitchen and the workshop. All their fauna, all their flora live again there with that same very sensual and very chaste sentiment, all is motionless and alive, and all has the same profundity. Whatever their material—bronze or wood, ivory, gold, silver, or granite—they preserved, in the matter wrought, its weight and its delicacy, its freshness of the vegetable world, its grain of a mineral. Their spoons resemble leaves abandoned at the water's edge, their jewels, cut into



NEW EMPIRE (XIV CENTURY B.C.). Hypostyle Hall of Karnak.

the shapes of hawks, reptiles, and scorpions, have the look of those colored stones that one picks up on the bed of rivers, on the seashore and in the neighborhood of volcanoes. Underground Egypt is a strange name. It breeds living fossils which are like the crystallization of organic multitudes.

IV

But all the intimacy, all the furtive charm of its spirit is hidden there, like the felah in his mouse-warren, far from the palaces and the temples. On the surface of the soil we get the philosophic Egypt. Only under the Ancient Empire, five or six thousand years ago the Memphite school of sculpture essayed an expression of every-day existence. Egypt remembered old epochs of liberty, perhaps, before the sphinx himself, epochs of which we shall some day find traces under ten thousand years of alluvial deposits, lower than the foundations of the pyramids. Art, moreover, is always realistic at its beginnings. It does not yet know how to form those synthetic images, made up of the thousands of forms encountered on the long ascending road toward civilization, which art tries to realize as soon as it gets to the threshold of the general idea. Primitive man is almost solely concerned with his own life. Certainly he makes his attempt at résumés of sensations, but at résumés of things before his eyes, not of those which pass beyond the vision of the moment. It is in order to characterize well visible forms that he leaves nothing of them

but the summits of their uncertainties and of their expressive projections. The "bearded Scribe" which is of that animal epoch, is of a terrifying truthfulness, in the man's direct application to the task he assumes.



New Empire, 19th Century. Amduat of Horemheb (II) detail. Louvre

places. He is not yet a type of average humanity; he is already the average type of a profession and a caste. His attention to his work, his suspended energy, that arrested life which makes his face flame like a

torch and that no mates his fixed body are due to the planes which define him, and to the trenchant mien free of disquietude of the man who cut them. Of the same period are the peasants who march stick in hand, the men and women who start side by side on the voyage of death as they embarked on the voyage of life.

The Egyptian of that time possessed the equilibrium of his functions. Each wheel of the social machine acted, at that moment with a vigor and an automatism which marked a life that was spontaneously developed, but free to define itself.

The classic sculpture came into existence only under the Middle Empire when Thebes had dethroned Memphis. From that moment and until the end of the world of the Nile, it was scarcely more than funerary and religious statues of gods and statues of deities. The story of the harvest of the active work of the men and animals of the plow of bocour and household cares, of the adventures of every-day life, was left to painting and to the workmen of art. The sculptor of the gods was indeed a workman too, but he was raised, by the importance of his task and the strength of his faith, well above his misery. One might say that he had turned his back on the oasis, that he contemplated only the regularity of the days and the years, the sleeping and the awakening of the seasons, of the river, the sad desert, the unpassable face of the sky.

We must not be too greatly surprised at seeing him thus different from the man who gave that account

of the scribe with so much passionate attention. From afar, Egyptian art seems changeless and forever like itself. From near by, it offers, like that of all the other peoples, the spectacle of great evolutions, of progress toward freedom of expression, of researches in imposed hieratism. Egypt is so far from us that it all seems on the same plane. One forgets that there are fifteen or twenty centuries, the age of Christianity—between the "Seated Scribe" and the great classic period, twenty-five or thirty centuries, fifty, perhaps—twice the time that separates us from Pericles and Phidias—between the pyramids and the Saite school, the last living manifestation of the Egyptian ideal.

The arresting of Egyptian sculpture in the movement of free discovery, sketched with so much vigor by the Memphite school, was doubtless provoked by a long historical preparation whose elements are too little known for us to define them with sufficient precision. The Ancient Empire was peaceful. The Theban Empire is warlike. It draws its authority more directly from the priestly caste, in order to retain



New Empire. Woman seated, bronze statuette (Louvre).

the obduracy of the industrious and gentle people whom it wanted to use in its junction for conquest. The theological mystery becomes denser. Dogma growing more fixed, cuts the flight of sceptre and by imposing limits upon it condemns it to research of a restricted type which will narrow it more and more. It becomes the religious expression of a people of engineers. The statues will define the permanent aspect of Egypt, arrest life between regular dikes, cause the world to begin and end with them as the cultivated land ends and the desert begins with the limit of the river mud. Egyptian sculpture becomes a changeless architectonic frame. A cent re-old study of form, having penetrated the laws of its structure, has affixed this frame which will henceforth enclose the portrait of the god or the portrait of the deceased, the dwelling place of the double. Everything changes. Forms are born and effaced on the surface of the earth as easily as figures on a blackboard. There is nothing changeless save the almost mathematical relationships which animate them, binding them together with the invisible chain of abstraction. The great sculpture of Egypt materializes that abstraction and formulates in granite a geometrical ideal that seems as durable as the laws which govern the course of the heavenly bodies and the rhythm of the seasons.

Sculpture is at once the most abstract and the most positive of plastic expressions. Positive, because it is impossible to evade the difficulties of the task through verbal artifices and because the form will live only on condition that it be logically constructed, I am what-

and sole one remains it abject, because the joy of that reconstruction is revealed to us only by a series of more and more generalized mental operations.



National Museum, Cairo

Before it was an art, sculpture was a science, and an architect can produce dual artwork if he has not found the governing elements of it. No one believed that it was the Egyptians who taught us that, and it is

perhaps not possible to understand and to love sculpture if one has not first undergone the severe education they afford us.

The head of their statues remains a portrait to which style is given by the subordination of its characteristics to a few decisive planes, but the body is moulded in a canon of arch technical science which will not be reached again. One foot is in front of the other or beside it the statue, almost always crowned with the pschent, is and nude, standing with the arms glued to the sides or seated, the elbows at the thorax the hands on the knees, the face looking straight ahead the eyes fixed. It is forbidden to open its lips, forbidden to make a gesture, forbidden to turn its head to a side, to leave its pedestal in order to mingle with living beings. One would say that it was tied down with osseous. But yet it bears without a mark its visage, where thought wanders with far sight, and in its immobilized body the whole life spread out on the walls of the tombs, the bursting life of the shadow. A wave runs through it a subterranean wave, whose sound is stifled. The statue's profiles have the sureness of an equation of stone and a sentiment so vast that everything of which we are in ignorance seems to render it a silent. It will never tell its secret. The priest has enchanted its arms and its legs, sewn up its mouth with mystic formulas. Egypt will not attain the philosophic equilibrium, that sense of the relative which gives as the sense of the measure of our action and in revealing to us our true relationships with things in their ensemble, assigns

to us, in the harmony of the universe, the role of conscious center of the order which it imposes on us. She will not know the freedom toward which she was tending in the period of Memphis, and which the painters suspect as they grope about in the darkness of the tomba. The priest forbids her to demand of the confused movement of nature an agreement between his science and the aspirations of sentiment which she can not repress and which shine from the basalt as from an arrested sun.

Master of the soul, or at least holding by the wrist the hand that expresses it, the priest permits all things to the king, who permits all things to the priest. From the beginning of the Middle Empire to the end of

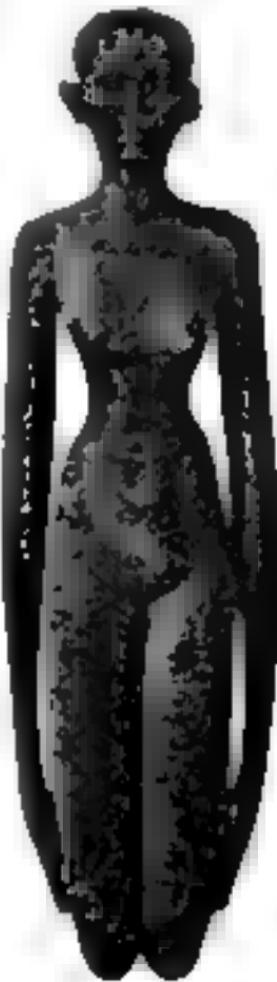


SAITE EPOCH. HORUS, BRONZE (Louvre).

the New, Egypt returns to the spirit that erected the pyramids. She will cover herself with giant temples and with colossuses, Ibsamboul, Luxor, Karnak, Ramesseum, Menmon, piles of stone, walls, pylons,

statues of disproportionate size, spurns the wheels of stone under which the king in his pride grins the maddest smile which, in turn, is consoled by its pride in mocking gods. At that moment everything is possible to the sculptor-groinometer. One does not know whether he cuts the rocks into colossuses or whether he gives to the colossuses the appearance of rocks. He penetrates into blocks of granite, scoops out in dense blocks there, covers them from top to bottom with immense bare ribs and painted heteroglyphs, gives their front which faces the Nile the aspect of giant figures as decisive as the first profiles he traced, figures whose great pure faces stare, for three or four thousand years without the turn of an eye, at the fertile sun, which sculpts them with absolute shadows and lights. The monsters he erects as the borders of avenues, the monsters which tell nothing and reveal everything are rigorously logical despite their man's or ram's head on a lion's body. That head is attached naturally to the shoulders, the muscles barely indicated have their normal insertions and direction, the bones their necessary architecture, and from the tips of the claws and the silent planes of the siues, from the rump and the back to the round cranium and to the meditative face, the vital forces circulate with one continuous flow. When the artist cuts straight from the block these absolute forms whose surfaces seem determined by geometrical volumes penetrating one another according to immutable laws of attraction, one would say that he retains, in the depth of his inexhaustible instinct, the remembrance of the common form from

which all others come—animal forms, and, beyond the animal forms, those of the original sphere whence the phantoms issued and whose curve was sculptured by the gravitation of the heavens. The artist has the right to create monsters if he can make of them beings which can conceivably live. Any form adapted to the universal conditions of life is more living even if it exists only in our imagination, than a form based on reality but fulfilling its function badly. The lined-out caravans, which the soul of Egypt will finally absorb bit by bit, are not the reality of her sphinxes and her fearful gods with men's bodies and the heads of hawks and panthers, where the spirit has laid its spark. In all directions and from whatever point one considers them, they undulate like a wave. One would say that an insensible line of light turns about them, slowly caressing an invisible form which its embrace reveals, itself searching out the place—without the intervention of the sculptor—where it is to be infected or where it is to insinuate itself barefacedly to modulate the undulating



Saqqara Brook (670 B.C.).
Doll, wood (British
Museum).

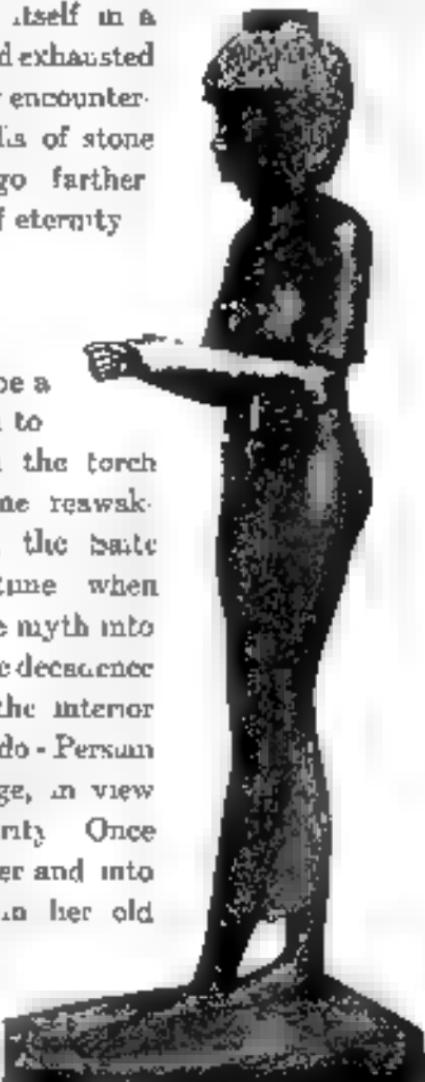
progression of the sculpture by imperceptible passages, as music does.

But this definitive sentence will eventually destroy the statue maker's art. An hour arrives when the mind directed along a single road can discover nothing more there. Doubtless the immobility of Egypt had never been more than an appearance. But the ideal of her mind, even if she tried to define herself in new forms, changed but little for the teachings of her soul scarcely varied, and it was always with the same surroundings that man had to reckon. And she had expended a prolonged effort to approach that ideal. It was for this reason that she had not died. She struggled. But the Theban empire was in trouble. The dogma no longer moved; the social order had been poured into its granite mold which the monarchs sealed. Evil insinuates itself out if it recommends the same conquests every day. Under the Ramessides, the overstrained effort of the preceding dynasties was disunited. Continual war with outside powers, invasions, and foreign influences disengaged and unsettled the spirit of the Egyptians. After fifteen centuries of uninterrupted production, the Theban statue maker handled his material with too great facility. Occultism was, however, cultivated as much by the priestly classes and was thus the master that directed the artisan. But he had lost the power of motion. He had lost that prodigious sense of mass that concentrates life in a decisive form of which all the surfaces seem to rejoin the infinite through their undulated curves. Each year he delivered by hundreds

statues manufactured in quantity from the same commercial model. The school was formed. Geometric idealism had fixed itself in a formula and sentiment had exhausted itself through continually encountering those unscalable walls of stone which forbade it to go farther. Egypt died of her need of eternity.

V

But her death was to be a slow one. She was even to have, before passing on the torch to younger hands, a fine reawakening to action. With the basic dynasties, about the time when Greece emerged from the myth into history, she profited by the decadence of Assyria and that of the interior organization of the Medo-Persian power, to recover courage, in view of her re-established security. Once more she looked about her and into herself, and discovered in her old soul infused with freshness by the confused presentiment of a new ideal: a supreme flower, as warm as an autumn. She endiled



Saint Enoch Queen Karomma, bronze statuette (Louvre).

nascent Greece with a farewell song still quite virile, and very graphic.

Spartan art returned to original sources. It was as direct as the ancient Memphite art. But it has almost rediscovered the science of Thebes, and if it seems softer than Theban art, it is because its tenderness is more active. Now, we no longer find only funerary statuary. Spartan art escapes the formula. It produces faithful portraits, precise and nervous—scribes again statuettes of women, personages seated on the ground, their hands crossed on their knees, at the height of the chin.

Egypt did not fail to obey that commanding law which decrees that every society about to die from exhaustion or which feels itself dragged into the current of revolution, shall turn back for a moment to address a melancholy farewell to woman, to her indestructible power which society, in the course of its vigorous youth has usually misunderstood. Societies rising in full flight are too idealistic, too much concerned with the conquest and the assimilation of the universe, to look in the direction of the hearth they are abandoning. It is only on the other slope of life that they look backward to bow their wiser or more discouraged enthusiasm before the force that conserves while everything around it wearies, droops and dies—beliefs, illusions which are presentments, and civilizing energy. Egypt at her decline caressed the body of woman with that sort of chaste passion which only Greece knew afterward, and which Greece perhaps did not express so religiously. Feminine forms, sheathed in



SAITE EPOCH (VI Century B.C.). Seated personage, bronze (Louvre).

a clinging material, have that pure liness of young plants that reach up to drink the daylight. The silent passage from the slim round arms to the shoulders, to the ripening breast, to the waist, to the belly, to the long, tapering legs, and to the narrow bare feet has the freshness and the quivering firmness of flowers not



PTOLEMAIC EMPIRE (3 Century B.C.). Temple of Denderah.

yet opened. The caress of the chisel passes and slips over the forms like lips brushing a closed corolla which they would not dare to press. Man, grown tender, gives himself to her whom till then he had thought only to take.

In these last works Egypt confides to us her most intimate thought about the young women and the men seated like the boundary marks of roads. Everything is a restrained caress, a veiled desire to penetrate universal life before Egypt abandoned herself unresistingly to its current. As a musician hears harmony the sculptor sees the fluid of light and shade that makes

The restoration would be passing from one form to another. [Presumably he means the perspective that we usually indicated by the being at some point of the diagramment which has had a single fold. The number



*Fragment of Stela. (Cairo, No. 10000.)—Temple of Denderah.
Hieroglyphic.*

of power like water over the most important materials. It was there before the flood to cover all a generation so completely. I hope the learned might notice that our flood was global. For the inundation of the sea always continues the hand of God until it brings him taking up from its surface the world and destruction that comes from its depths. The end of doing his job then to gather together the genera-

energy dispersed through the universe, that it may transmit it to men to come.

And that is all. The walls of stone that enclosed the soul of Egypt are broken by invasion which reconnoitres and finds her at the end of her strength. Her whole inner life runs out of the open wound. Cambyses may overturn her colossuses. Egypt cannot offer a virtue protest; her revolts are only on the surface and accentuate her decline. When the Macedonian comes, she willingly includes him among her gods, and the oracle of Amun finds it easy to promise him victory. In the brilliant Alexandrian epoch her personal effort was practically nil. It was the Greek sages and the apostles of Judaism who came to drink at her spring, now almost dried up, but still full of deep messages, that they might try, in the unsettled world, to forge from the debris of the old religions and the old sciences a new weapon for the idea. She saw, with an indifferent eye, the dilettante from Helles visiting and describing her monuments, and the Roman parvenu raising them again. She let the sand mount up around the temples, the mud fill the canals and bury the dikes, and the weariness of life slowly covered up her heart. She did not disclose the true depth of her soul. She had lived enclosed, she remained enclosed shut like her coffins, her temples, her kings, a hundred cubits high, whom she seated in her oases, above the motionless wheat, their foreheads in the solitude of the heavens. Their hands have never left their knees. They refuse to speak. One must consider them profoundly and seek in the depth

of oneself the echo of their mute confidences. Then their somnolence is awakened confusedly . The science of Egypt, its religion its despair, and its need for eternity—that endless murmur of ten thousand monotonous years—the whole of it is contained in the sigh which the colossus of Memnon exhales at sunrise.



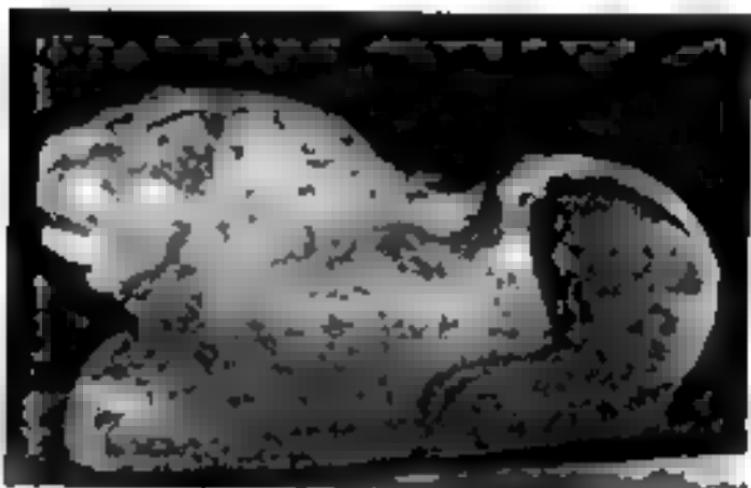
THE EUPHRATES AT BABYLON

Chapter III. THE ANCIENT ORIENT

I

HERE, between the two old rivers which empty into the burning sea after crossing the solitudes, there is no longer anything more than formless hillocks, choked canals, and a few poor villages. The sand has covered up everything. Doubtless it is not much deeper above the Chaldean palaces which have disappeared than around the temples of the Nile which are still visible at its surface, and the Greeks must have exaggerated when they assigned two hundred thousand years of antiquity to Babylonian civilization. But the material of the walls was less hard and their abandonment by men more complete. And what, then, does it matter? The true cradle of the human soul is wherever we can recognize the face of our earliest aspiration.

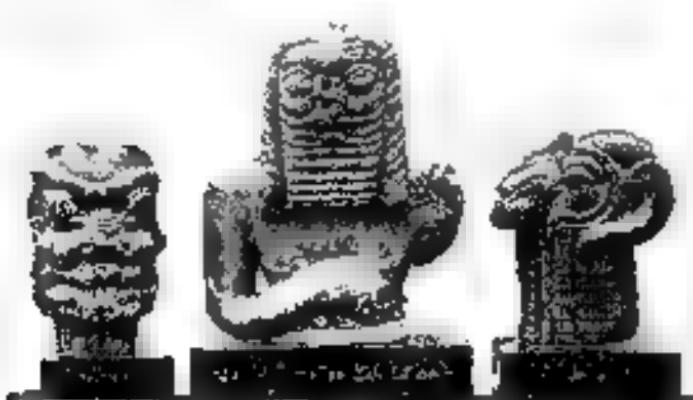
And yet how mobile this face is! There it glows with the light of an undying heart of contemplative aspirations; here we see concentrated the vigorous will to attain the visible and practical purpose and not to



CHAMPS ELYSEES CENTURY B.C. ? LIMA, PERU

go beyond it. The statues, which the dunes covered in the ruins of Tejo, bear witness to a mind infinitely more positive, if not more sure of itself than ever the Egyptian mind was, even at the time of the "Heated Sarcophagi"; their contemporary by a margin of a few centuries and in the old Orient centuries count no more than years. Egypt had probably built the Pyramids by then, and had given the Sphinx a visage to a rock; the next age was to plunge her still deeper into mystery and turn her gaze inward more and more. The statues of Tejo are neither gods nor symbols, they have nothing mysterious about them but their

antiquity and that silence which haunts the old stones found amid the relics of life beneath the ground. Here is the image of a dinner-prince, a rule across his knees. As in Egypt, it is true, these decapitated bodies are stiff rigid planes cut them into rectangular figures, and the limbs remain at rest, but the shoulders have



CHALDEA. Archaic figures (British Museum).

a terrible squareness, and the hands, instead of resting on the thighs in the abandon of thought, are joined and strongly clasped, as if to indicate the articulation of the bones, the moving relief of the muscles, the folds and the rough grain of the skin. Two heads found near them have the same energy. One would think they were natural rocks that had been rolled by the waters, such is their compactness, their coherence, their sustained roundness.

In facial feature primitive Mesopotamia was, however, the sister of the plain of the Nile. The Tigris

and the Euphrates, whose alluvial deposits nourish Mesopotamia, penetrate the country through hundreds of canals which cross one another across the cultivated fields. Littered with palm trees and date trees,

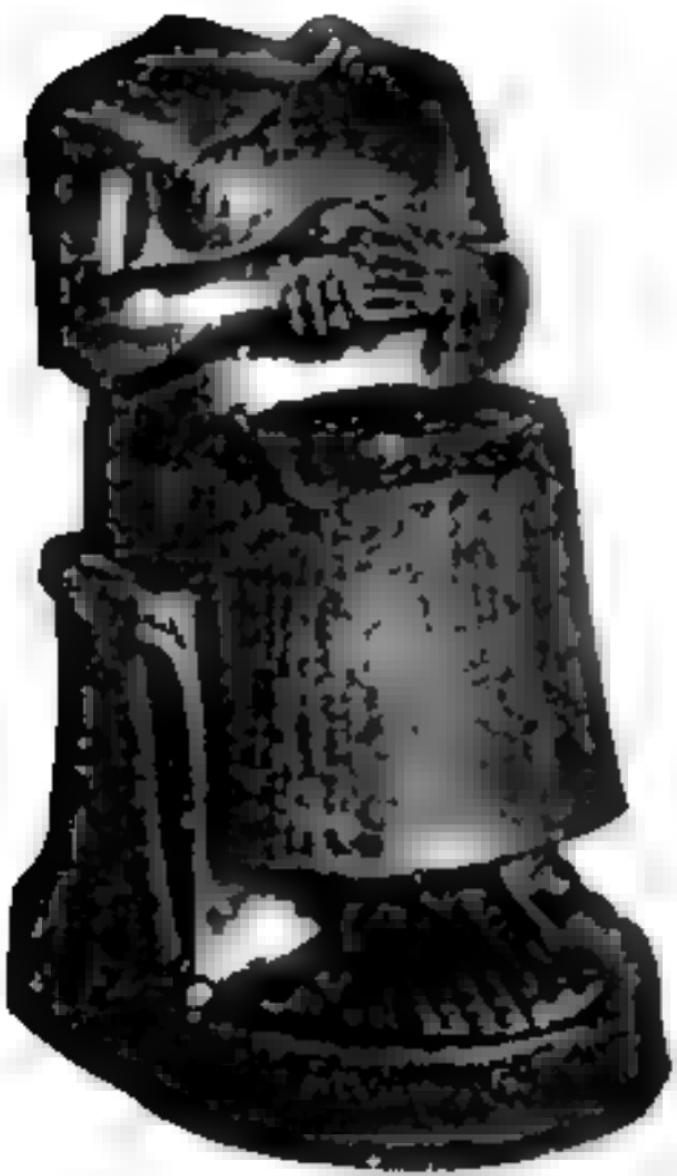


One and a half Century B.C. Prince of Tyre
Stone Bust

with fields of wheat and barley always at its harvest time, ancient at its seed time, Mesopotamia was the Eden of the Human legends, the granary of western Asia to which its sun and its rivers brought fruits and bread. By way of the Persian Gulf it numbered its boats on the sea. But returning its strength from the tribes which descended from the high plateau,

communicating by its rivers connected with the oceans of the south with Armenia and with Syria which bounds the European Sea, surrounded by more advanced and more accessible peoples, it remained less shut in than Egypt and did not, like the latter consume itself at its own flame. To the east it made frequent the Medo-Persian Empires, and through them penetrated into India and even into China. To the north it extended itself through Assyria until the dawn of the modern civilizations. To the west it awakened Phoenicia, which opened the route from Mesopotamia to the valley of the Nile and to the world of the archipelago.

Finally the Chaldean theocracy probably adhered more closely to primitive instincts than the priestly caste did that governed the people of the Nile. It was in Chaldea that astronomy was born, to which her engineers of hydraulic and her architects added the unerring instruments of geometry and mechanics. It was during her brilliant nights, when the earth prolongs its glow, which is due to the cloudless sky and the flatness of the sand, that the shepherds of the earliest times, as well as those who came later to seek the coolness of the upper terraces, had observed in the clear sky the turning of the constellations. The positivistic education of the Egyptians aimed at more material needs and, because of this, left untouched the source of the great moral intuitions to which the people turned for a consolation, and which the Chaldean people, less harshly governed, interpreted in terms of navigation and trade, while the king-priests



Carillon Bell Company B.C. - Master of Convocation
Lecturer

of Babylon interpreted it in the higher serenity which comes with the contemplation of the movements of the heavenly bodies.

Before the time of those powerful statues, which



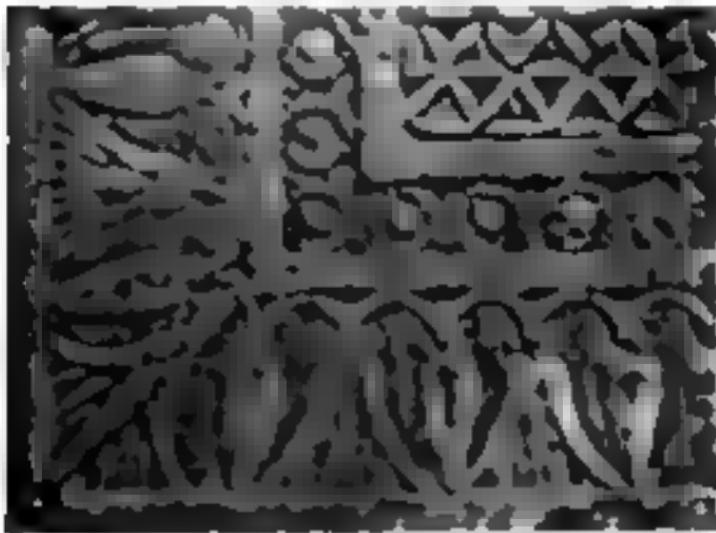
*Assyria. IX Century B.C. Genius with the head of an eagle bas-relief
Louvre*

Assyro-Chaldean positivism we find the distance which separates the consistency of baked clay from that of granite. Between the soul of the country and the intelligence of men, there

seem to foretell the end of this people's evolution and which are certainly the final flower of a culture centuries old. Chaldean art is almost an entire mystery. Its baked clay, less hard than the granite of the valley of the Nile or the marble of Pentelicus, has turned to dust, nothing is left but some sunken foundations. Only stone, which is scarce in Mesopotamia, can resist under the tide of earth that gnaws and corrodes like water and ends by reclaiming everything. From

to Egyptian idealism

The following is a list of the names of the members of the Board of Directors of the Bank of America, N.A., as of December 31, 2000:



— The end of a road.

the *lateral* element going to the side of the right and the *posterior* element going to the side of the left. These two elements are the *posterior* and *anterior* elements. The *anterior* element is the *posterior* element of the previous stage of development, and vice versa.

had so far compensated the net reduction of long-term care costs and shortened the mean survival period of the oldest-old and the most prevalent

in the modern sense of the word. Where Babylon rose there is nothing but palm groves on some vestiges of city walls, around which the sand heaps up. None the less, on the two banks of the Euphrates, Babylon encircled its multitudes in a belt of walls twenty-five leagues in length, ninety feet in thickness, bristling with two hundred and fifty towers and studded with gates of bronze. Built of bricks and bitumen, with its city walls, palaces, temples, houses, street pavements, the banks of its canals, its reservoirs, the bridges and quays of the river—uniformly blue, and reddish in color here and there touched with enamel—the city of Semiramis lifted toward the heavens its monotonous buildings, almost solid blocks with gardens on their terraces, thus resembling the Taurian foothills which are bare as far up as the cool plateaus, where forests and flowers grow. Above these artificial woods were towers, made up of stages built one upon the other. The plains call for gigantic constructions from which they can be surveyed from afar and commanded, and which shall be infinite like themselves. The tower of Babel was never to be finished and, as if to explore the ocean of the stars from nearer by, the temple of Bazi rose to a height of two hundred meters.

The tower of Babel is now a formless hill which the desert is absorbing little by little. Apart from the seas of hard stone which continued to be produced during the whole civilization of Nerevah there is perhaps no longer much that is solid under the sand, and it is possible that Chaldea has nothing more to

referred to us. The sand still gives up, at times, one or three cuneiform inscriptions which are the most ancient writing known, and by which the Chaldeans



Assyrian, 8th Century B.C.—Boat fighting. Louvre
Louvre Museum

wrote their legal documents, their acts of purchase and of sale, the great events of their history, the record of the divine history and legend intermingled. The scene has reliefs of Tello must have been an exception in the industry of the time. The desert is too bare to inspire in man the desire for multiple forms and luxuriant decoration. It needs, rather, the outer life of the Assyrians with their wars and hunts, to bring about a more prolonged contact with living forms. But it brings about nothing which is not strongly indicated in the base-relief of Tello, where vultures

carry off in their claws and tear with their beaks strips of human bodies, and in the dense black statues with prominent muscles.

II

The art of northern Mesopotamia inherits from Babylonian art just as Hebrew civilization did from Chaldean society. The language which its artists speak is about the same for the soil, the sky and the men are not very different. Only, with the transformation of the social order and the conditions of life, Chaldean positivism has become brutality. The priest-servant has given place to the military chief who has usurped to his profit and that of his class the temporary command which his companions in hunting and in battle intrusted to him. The king, in Assyria, is no longer as in Egypt, the figurehead and instrument of the priest, he is the *Sar*, the temporal and spiritual chief, obeyed under pain of death. The Assyrian astronomer knows Chaldean science, to be sure, but his rule is limited to compelling the heavenly bodies to voice the desires and interests of his master. Chaldean star worship, an essentially naturalistic and positivistic religion, has been transformed with the social state. The symbols have been personified just as political power was: the sun, the planets, and fire are now real beings—terrible devouters of men, and the *Sar* is their armed hand.

This *Sar* is saturated with hereditary vice, deformed, before he comes to reign, by an autocracy centuries old. He is developed in a frightful solitude by a



— — — — —

world of women, of eunuchs, of slaves, officers, and ministers. Luxury and the weight of material life have crushed his heart. He is a sadistic beast. He is exasperated with power, with indulgence and meanness.



Assyria, 9th Century B.C. — The Ishtar Gate, bas-relief
British Museum

with the smells of slaughter and of flowers. Men are burned or boiled for his gratification—he is shown living flesh which is being torn by the whip or cut by iron, and in which poison is producing lockjaw. His least impulsive is expressed by an order to kill. On the bas-reliefs of Khorsabad and Kouyoujik we may see him methodically putting out the eyes of chained prisoners; we may see his soldiers bowing with decapitated heads. Sennacherib, Sargon, or Assurbanipal orders his scribes to write on brick

My war chariots crush men and beasts and the bodies of my enemies. The monuments which I erect are made of human corpses from which I have cut the heads and the limbs. I cut off the hands of all those whom I capture alive."

Suffering exists in proportion to sensibility. It is



ASSYRIA (VIII Century B.C.). Lioness hunting, background
(British Museum)

possible that the Assyrian people did not feel the horror of living, since they never felt its real joy as did the Egyptian crowds, which confided to the granite of the tombs the sweetness and poetry of their soul. Killing is an intoxication. By dint of seeing blood flow by dint of expecting death, one grows to love blood, and everything that one does in life smells of death. Massacre always, battles, and the military tide rising or ebbing to carry devastation round about Nineveh or to turn it back upon the surrounding

peoples. Always the swarming of the nameless masses in putrefaction and misery in the poisonous vapors of the waters and the devouring fire of the heavens.

When this people is not cutting throats or burning buildings, when it is not decorated by famine and butchery it has only one function—to build and decorate palaces whose vertical walls shall be thick enough to protect the bar his wives, his guards, and his slaves twenty or thirty thousand persons—against the sun, invasion or perhaps revolt. Around the great central courts are the apartments covered with terraces or with domes, with cupolas, ranges of the absolute vault of the deserts, which the Oriental soul will rediscover when India shall have reawakened. Higher than these, observatories which are at the same time temples, the *guruts*, the pyramidal towers whose stages jutted with red, white, blue, brown, black, silver, and gold, above afar through the veins of dust where the winds whirl in spirals. Especially at the approach of evening, the warring hordes and the nomadic pillagers who see the somber confines of the desert streaked with this motionless living, must recoil in fear. It is the dwelling of the god, and resembles those steps of the plateau of Iran leading to the roof of the world, which are striped with violent colors by subterranean fire and by the blaze of the sun.

The gates are guarded by terrific brutes, bulls and lions with human heads marching with a heavy step. On the whole length of the interminable walls they herald the drama which unrolls within—the mytho-

logical and living hell, the slaughter of men in war, the men falling from the tops of towers into the shower of stones and spears, kings choking lions, the bloody epic whose cruelty is increased by its mechanical expression. These stiff legs in profile, those torsos



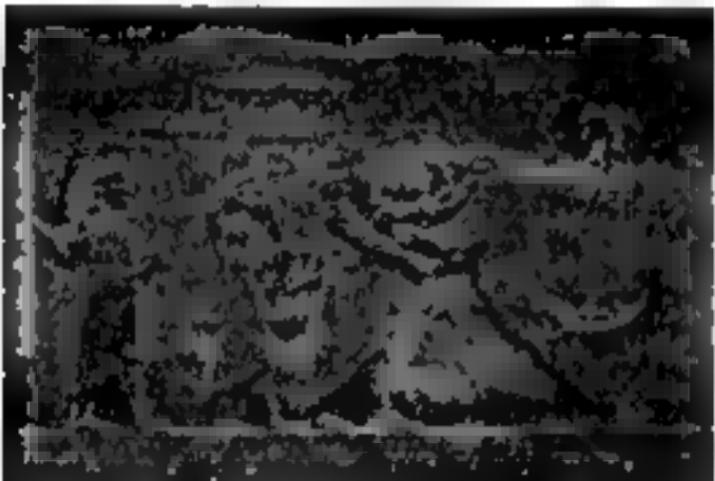
ASSYRIAN ART (VIII Century B.C.). Basket-shaped model in stone (British Museum).

seen in profile or front view, these arms articulated like pincers—all are resisting, some killing, some dying. And if this life thus formed never attains that silent rhythm which, in Egypt, communicates to it a character of such high spirituality, it gives the ferocious bas-reliefs of the palaces of Nineveh a force so rigorous as to seem to pursue its demonstration by its own impetus.

It is by this burst of life, arrested in a few attitudes conventional but passionately alive—that all archa-

and correspond one with another. Certain writers have tried, by a too easy process of reasoning, to associate the ancient forms of art with the attempts of children. The Egyptians and the Assyrians are supposed to have traced mere sketches of a subject figure, which was to be realized by the Greeks. As in the images made by children, it is true, the eye is seen in front view and very wide, illuminating a face in profile. It is true that the Thelian or Novele art satisfied the need for continuity, which the child also shares with all beings and which is the very condition of his logical development; he did so in knowing, untroublingly and willingly, the uninterrupted line of the contours, the definition of the eye by the edge of the lid, and the profile of the face, whose plane flows and floats as soon as it is presented in front view. But it is only in decorative bas relief or in painting, the language of convention, that Egypt and Assyria reveal the inadequacy of technique—which however, takes away nothing from the force of the sentiment and leaves intact the incomparable conception of mass and of expanse vs line. Assyrian art and Egyptian art represent a synthetic effort whose profundity and whose power of intuition are such that it is puerile to think childhood capable of anything similar. And when the Egyptian turns to his true means of expression—sculpture—he reveals in it a science which will never again contain so much ardor and mystery, even if the social and moral preoccupations of other peoples animate it with a different life, indeed a freer and more comprehensive life. The art of the old peoples

develops itself within itself—it accepts the fixed limits of the great metaphysical systems and thus is prevented from expressing the multiple and infinitely complex relationships between the being in movement and the world in movement. Only political and



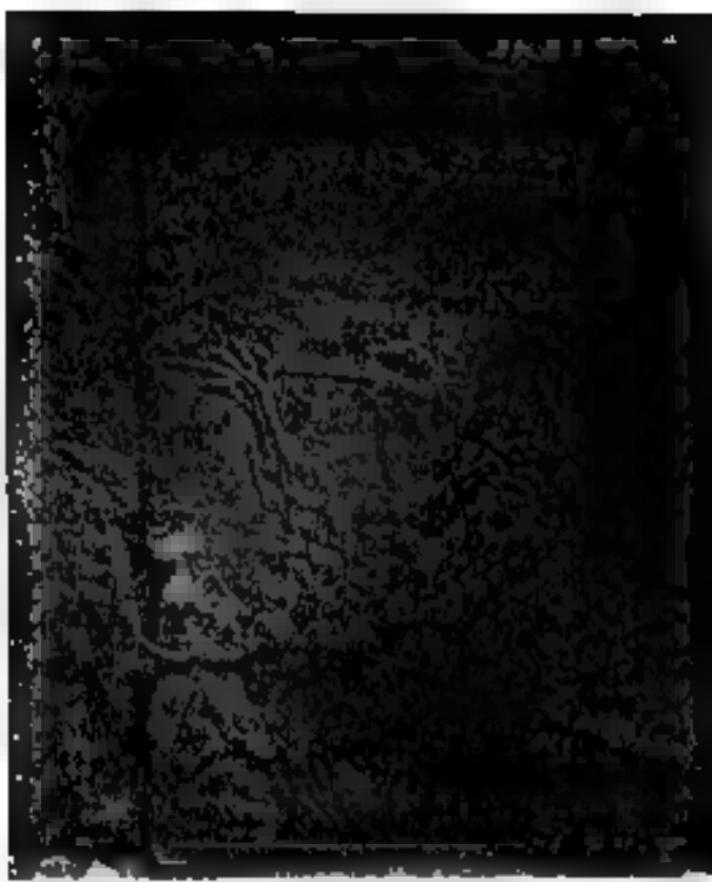
AMARNA (14TH CENTURY B.C.)—The lion hunt. *Bronze relief*. *British Museum*.

religious liberty will break the stoic mold, to return to man, who is already defined in his structure, his place in the universe.

Analytic society was particularly far removed from such preoccupations. It was interested only in adventures of war or of hunting in which the Sar was the hero. The walls of his palace declare his glory and his strength. No desire to better life, no moving tenderness. When they did not celebrate a killing they showed a line of soldiers on the march to a killing.

When the Assyrians left their burning soil to go down to the sea they saw nothing but the effort of the towers, they leaned over the waves only to see fish seized by evans. There was nothing like this in Egypt which again and again took refuge in that concentration of mind which gives a quality of inner life and a mystery to its art. There is nothing like this even in Chaldæa, where we find human bodies outlined in a furtive manner. Amid the incessant wars, the invasions, rains, and griefs, the art it had not the time to look within him. He served his master, and without mental reservations. He followed him in his military expeditions against Chaldea, against Egypt, against the Hittites, and the tribes of the high plateau. In his train he hunts the onager in the plains or goes with him to seek the lion in the caverns of the Zagros Mountains. He leads a violent life, full of movement and not at all contemplative. He recounts it with brutality.

Assyrian art is of a terrible simplicity. A though an animal art in howelle, one that is barely shadowed by undulations, none marks out the form. That form is bursting with life, movement, force, savage character. One might say that the sculptor ran a knife over the course of the nerves which carry the murderous energy to the back, the limbs, and the jaws. The bones and muscles stretch the skin to the breaking point. Hands clutch paws, close upon necks, and draw the bowstring, teeth tear claws rend the blood spouts thick and black. Only the human face is without movement. Never does one see its surface light up with the dull

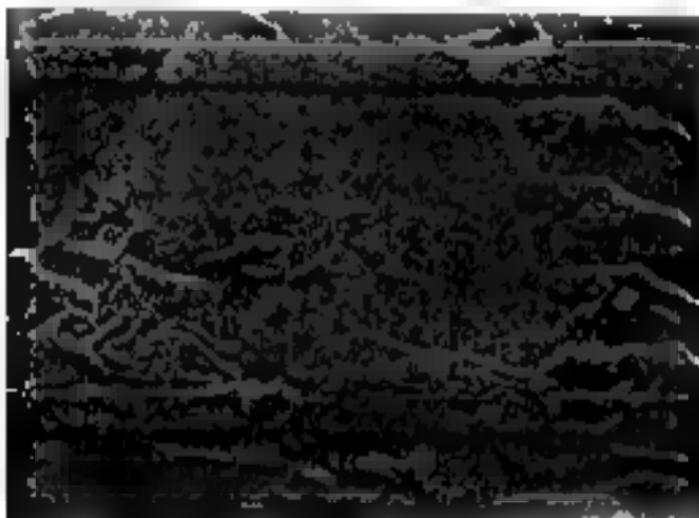


Assyria (VIII Century B.C.). Wild beasts wounded and dead, bas-relief (British Museum).

glow of the Egyptian faces. It is altogether exterior, always the same—hard, closed, very monotonous, but very much characterized by its immense eyes, its arched nose, its thick mouth, its dead and cruel ensemble. It is meet that the king, whose head retains its lumen and its oil, perfumed, and curled hair and beard should be calm as he strangles or cuts the throat of the monster, drunk with fury. It is meet that the details of his costume as well as those of his haubering, should be minutely described. The poor artist has to concern himself with pitiful things. He flatters his master (unfortunately) in garments, and cares for his weapons and war equipment; he makes his hair glossy, he represents him as being impulsive and strong in combat, larger than those who accompany him, don't rating without effort the furious beast which he kills. The terrible character of the breasts, the legs, the arms in action, the wild animals rushing to the attack with muscles tense, bones cracking or jaws grinding is too often masked by the artist.

What matter? At that time when a man could not free himself he had to assume his share of the servitude. The Nenite art it comprehended—that is, the one really accessible liberty. He was infinitely stronger than those whose horrible power he had the weakness to adore. The too elegant, the too courageous Sari with their royal ornaments and their trappings, bore us, and that is the revenge of the serpent. What he loved seizes us—overpowers us. Ask him how he saw the animals, lean horses with thin legs, nervous, drawn heads, with throbbing nostrils, ask

him to show you the growling dogs as they pull at their chains, or the bristling hawks, or the great birds run through by arrows and falling among the trees. There he is incomparable, superior to all before and after him, Egyptians, Aegeans, Greeks, Hindus, Chinese, Japanese, the Gothic image makers, and the



AMRITRA. VIII CENTURY B.C. The trophies of the hunt
bas-relief (British Museum).

men of the Renaissance in France or in Italy. Under the palm trees with their rough-skinned fruits he has surprised the beast at rest, its muzzle resting on its paws as it digests the blood it has drunk. He has seen the beast in combat, tearing flesh opening bellies, mad with hunger and rage. The forces of instinct circulate with blind violence in these contracted muscles, these beasts falling heavily on the prey, these

bodies raised upright, with limbs apart and open claws, in these writhing muzzles, these irresistible springs, and these death struggles as ferocious as seaps or victories. Never will uncompromising description go further. Here a lion vomits blood because his lungs are run through by a spear. There a lioness is flying, her teeth and claws out, drugs toward the hunter her body paralyzed by the arrows that have pierced the marrow of her spine. They are all terrible when crouching on their backs, with their great paws falling idly. It is the poem of strength, of courage and of hunger.

Even when he puts aside for a day his subjects of battle or the chase, his orgies of disorder in the horrible chorus of death clamors and roars, the Assyrian sculptor continues his poem. Almost as well as the sphinxes of the sacred valleys of Egypt, the violent monsters who guard the gates give that impression of animality which makes the strangest creations of our imagination re-enter the order of nature. But the statue maker of Nineveh is not content with fixing an eagle's head on the shoulders of a man, a man's head on the neck of a bull. The bull, the lion, the eagle, and the man are merged - we get the body or claws of a lion, the hoofs or breast of a bull, the wings or claws of an eagle, the hard head of a man with his long hair, beard and high brow. Man and lion, eagle and bull, the being has always the potentiability of life; in its brutal and tense harmony it fulfills its symbolic function, and its violent synthesis of the natural forms represents to our eyes the power of

the armed animal. As in Egypt the head of the monster is generally human—an oblique and magnificent homage rendered by the man of violence to the law which man bears essentially within him; the law which says that blind force is to be overcome by the force of the mind.



On the horizon of the ancient world this disciplined force was rising slowly. The peoples who received from Assyria the heritage of war-conquests and who readily took over from Iranian Fashtnayi its cult of bread and the plow, the worship of fire, the central force of civilized life, the first philosophical notions of good and evil, wisdom and vice, were unperceived. The people of the mountains of the East were entering history without ideal toughness. Masters of the high plateau, the Medes after long struggles, had overturned the empire of the rivers, to spread over Asia Minor. Then Cyrus had given the hegemony to the Persians, and soon all western Asia, from the Persian Gulf to the Euxine Sea, Syria, Egypt, Cyrenaica, Cyprus, and the banks of the Indus obeyed his successors. Only the breaths of the Greeks could stop the wave at Marathon. But this incessant banding together of men and ideas had done its work. If the armies of the King of Kings remained subject to the frightful discipline which they inherited from the Sons of Assyria, political Persia at least left to the countries it had just conquered the liberty to live about as they pleased. The enormous Medo-Persian

Empire became a kind of federal monarchy whose component states, under the direction of the satrapa, kept their customs and their laws. The atmosphere



ANCIENT ART (From *Levant*)

of the Oriental world became more tolerable, as was the case in the incident when Rome had conquered it entirely. Men cultivated their fields and exchanged their merchandise and ideas in comparative peace. The attempt at a first synthesis even, was about to be made among the peoples of the Levant.

That attempt would hardly produce a final result either in Egypt or in Greece. Egypt, fatigued by forty or sixty centuries of effort, was being swallowed up under the deposits of the river. Greece was too



HISPANO-PUNIC VASE (5 CENTURY B.C.)
HEAR FROM ELENA LOUWE.

young and too much at variance not to extract a personal ideal of victory from all the elements that the ancient world intrusted to her. As to the people of Syria, they had already failed in various attempts which they had made. The Phoenicians lived only for trade. They were forever on the sea, or on the search for unknown coasts, possessed with a fever for wandering

which was fed by their mercantile nature. Mingling with the Mediterranean peoples whom they flooded with their products—textiles, vases, glassware, wrought metals, trinkets, statuettes hastily imitated from all the original nations for whom they were the agents and intermediaries—they had not the time to question their hearts. They were satisfied to serve as a means of exchange for the ideas of others and to bequeath to the world the alphabet, a positive invention which the extent and complication of their commercial writings rendered necessary. Cyprus the eternally servile subjected to their influence, combined Sardinia Assyria with ancient Greece in heavy and dog-like forms wherein the force of the one and the intelligence of the other were reciprocally hurtful in the attempt to unite them. As to the Hittites, caught between the Egyptians and the Assyrians and pushed into northern Syria, they were never sufficiently masters of themselves to seek in the outer world any justification of their desire to cut alone into those rude bas-reliefs on which remains the moral imprint of the conqueror.

The Semites, through the gravity and the vigor of their history, might have had the ambition to pick up the instrument of human education which Assyria was letting fail—the more so since they had absorbed, by peaceful conquest the populations of Mesopotamia, and since their race dominated from Iran to the sea. But their religion repudiated the cult of images. Their whole effort was employed in raising a single edifice, the house of a terrible and solitary god. And

that effort did not produce a final result. The Temple of Solomon was not worthy of that Jewish genius, so grandly synthetical, but closed and jealous, which



PERSIA—Palace of Persepolis.

wrote the poem of Genesis, and whose voice of iron has traversed the ages.

Persia alone, mistress of the hearths of Oriental civilization, could—by concentrating for a final leap the weakening energies of the peoples she had conquered—attempt a resuré of the soul of antiquity in the course of the two hundred years which separated her appearance in the world and the Macedonian conquest. Egypt, Assyria, and Greece she assimilated the qualities of all. For two centuries she represented the Oriental spirit declining in face of the Occidental spirit which was issuing from the shadow

She had even the exceptional destiny not to disappear entirely from history and to show to changing Europe—now very civilized, now very barbarous—a genius sufficiently supple to welcome, in their turn, the ideas of the Hellenic world, the Latin world, the Arab world, the world of the Hindus and of the Tartars and yet her genius was sufficiently independent to emancipate her from their material domination.

If we refer to the testimony of her most ancient monuments, of the period when she was trying to disengage a freer and less tame spirit from the force of Assyria, we perceive quickly that the archetypes of her progressions are not so cruel, that the beasts whose limbs are cut are not so fearful, that the monsters which guard the gates or support the architraves have a less brutal look. The tyrannic spirit of our quenched Egypt and especially the harmonious intelligence of the Ionians of the coasts and islands who were called by Darius give to these feasts of death a character of decoration and pageantry which masks their ferocity. The genius of Greece, which was then ripening, could not endure an original form of art subduing at its side. And as it could not prevent Persia from speaking, it denatured her words in translating them. It is not even necessary to see the Assyrian monsters before looking at the figures of Susa in order to realize that the latter have but little life, that they are heraldic in their silhouette and rather bombastic in style. The Sasanian kings, their prisoners, and the great military scenes cut in the rock at several places in the mountain chain which

borders the Tigris plain and dominates the region of the rivers, have a far more grand and redoubtable appearance, despite the discernible evidence that Persia continued to borrow from the peoples with



PERSEPOLIS (VI Century B.C.). PRIEST OF THE VASSALS AT PERSIAN COURT

whom she fought—the Romans after the Greeks and Assyrians. Asia alone and Egypt have possessed the unshakable and gigantic faith that is needed to stamp the form of our sentiments and of our acts on these terrible natural walls against which the sun crushes men, or to spend three or four centuries in penetrating the bowels of the earth in order to deposit in its shade the seed of our mind.

Amid these sculptured mountains we find the ruins of the great terraced palaces to which giant staircases lead and for the building of which Ninevite architects had certainly come and we are astonished that Greek genius, which in the same centuries was building the small and pure temples, could have made itself capable to the point of marrying without effort its own grace and this brutal display of pomp and sensuality before which the serenity of the Egyptian genius bowed even as did the violence of the Assyrian genius. It was however I think Greece that gave the elegance and the upward thrust to the long columns of the porticos, as she also draped the attics and gave architecture, also to the Jones. It was Egypt that lowered their bases and necks with strong wreaths of plants: lotus and fal leaves that grow in the tepid water of the rivers. It was Assyria that crowned them with broad bases affixed by the middle of the body to support the beams on which the entablature was to be placed. And the palaces of Nineveh seemed to have piled up here their chiseled furniture with its ornamentation of gold, silver and copper, their cloths heavy with precious stones and those thick deep carpets, changeable in color and shaded like the harvests of the earth, opulent and vague like the Oriental sou the carpets which Persia had not ceased to manufacture. But the decoration of the royal dwellings of Persepolis and of Susa is less loaded, less barbarous, and betokens a more refined industry and a mind that is humanizing. Enamelled brick, with which the Assyrians, after the Chaldeans, had protected



Figure 8. A schematic of a proposed new hydrocarbon storage facility at the Gullfaks oil field, which will be built in the North Sea after the decommissioning of the Gullfaks platform.

their walls against humidity, is lavished from the top to the bottom of the edifice on the exterior, under the porticos, and in the apartments. The palace of the Achemenides is no longer the impenetrable fortress of the bars of the north. Still imposing by its rectangular heaviness, it is lightened by its columns, which have the freshness of stalks swaying with water; it is flowered with green blue, and yellow, brilliant as lacquer in the sunlight and reflecting the glow of the lamp. Imagine at the glory of the Orient. It is still enamel, which reflects the burning days and the nights of lamy pearl in the cupolas and the minarets of the mysterious cities sunk under the black cypresses and the roses.

When Alexander reached the threshold of these palaces, dragging before his war chariots all the old vanquished peoples he was like the incarnate symbol of the ancient civilizations wandering in search of their dispersed energy. His dream of universal empire was to endure a shorter time than that of Cambyses and his successors. Union is to be realized only when ruled by a common faith and when it tends toward one goal. Egypt, Chaldea, and Assyria, exhausted by their gigantic production, were nearing the end of their last winter. The Jews, in their inner solitude, were marching toward a horizon that no one perceived. Rome was too young to impose on the Orient, now grown old, that art fiscal harmony which, three centuries later, gave it the illusion of a halt in its lethargic death struggle. Greece, in her skepticism, missed at her own image. Meanwhile, the

Macedonian was pretending to the position of armed apostle of her thought, and the whole ancient world was under her moral ascendancy. Despite all, in that immense floating mass of civilizing energies which hesitated about their departure for a more distant Occident, it was still Greece that represented, in the face of the confused reawakening of brutal and mystical powers, the young ideal of reason and liberty.



Plaque (verso) - Cuvee cup - Bibliothèque Nationale



Mythical.

Chapter IV THE SOURCES OF GREEK ART

1



N condition that we respect ruins, that we do not rebuild them, that, after having asked their secret, we let them be recovered by the ashes of the centuries, the bones of the dead, the rising mists of waste which once was vegetation and races, the eternal drapery of the foliage—their destiny may stir our emotion. It is through them that we touch the depths of our history, just as we are bound to the roots of life by the griefs and sufferings which have formed us. A ruin is painful to behold only for the man who is incapable of participating by his activity in the conquest of the present.

There is no more virile luxury than that of asking our past griefs how they were able to determine our present actions. There is no more virile luxury than that of demanding, from the imprints of those who prepared our present dwelling, the way of the thing



*Bosporan Period (first Century B.C.)
Phoenician vase of the perfume, stoneware
(Museum of Candia)*

that we are. A statue coming all moist out of the earth, a rusted jewel, or a bit of pottery bearing the trace of painting is a witness which tells us much more about ourselves than about the bygone men who uttered this testimony. Art lives in the future. It is the fruit of the pain, desires, and hopes of the people and the promise contained in these feelings does not reach its slow realization until later, in the new needs of the crowds. It is our emotion which tells us if the old presentiments of men did not deceive them.

If we are so troubled by the rude idols, the jewels,

the vases, the pieces of bas-reliefs, and the effaced paintings which we have found at Knossos in Crete, at Tirynth and Mycenae in Argolis, it is precisely



CRETE (xv Century B.C.—The goddess with the serpents. Limestone statuette. Museum of Candia).

because those who left them are more mysterious to us than the things themselves, and because it is comforting for us to realize, through these unknown beings,

that under the variation of appearances and the renewal of symbols, emotion and intelligence never change in quality. Through the continuing action even when obscure and without history of the generations which have formed us, the soul of the old peoples lives in ours. But they participate in our own adventure only if their ancient spirit animates the stone faces in which we recognise our eternally young desires, or if we hear the sound of their passage over the earth in the crumbling of the temples which they raised. Egypt, and Chaldea itself through Assyria and Persia which prolong their useful our time, cast their shadow at our steps. They will never seem to us very far away. Primitive Greece, on the contrary, which does not enter the world until centuries after them retreats much farther back in the imagination, to the very morning of history. Twenty years ago we did not know whether the almost effaced imprints, noted here and there on the shores and islands of the Aegean Sea, had belonged to men or to fabled shadows. It was necessary to hollow out the soil, to unearth the stones, and to cease from seeing only ourselves in them, in order to catch a glimpse of the phantom humanity which, before the time of history peopled the eastern Mediterranean. Schliemann who took Homer at his word, excavated in the plain off Argos from Tirynth to Mycenae. Mr. Evans entered the labyrinth of Minos in Crete where Theseus killed the Minotaur. Myth and history entangle themselves. Now the symbol sums up a hundred events of the same order, now the real event, representative of a whole series

of customs, ideas, and adventures, seems to us to put on the garb of a symbolic fiction.

Is it the body of Agamemnon that Schliemann found, buried in gold, under the Agora of Mycenae, and is the Hissarlik of the Dardanelles the Troy of Homer? What matter? Between Abraham and Moses, in the time when Thebes dominated Egypt, the Aegean Sea was alive. The Phoenicians had advanced from island to island, awakening to the life of exchange the tribes of fishermen who peopled the Cyclades, Samos, Lebos, Chios, Rhodes—the rocks sprinkled broad east in the sparkling sea from the round islets of Crete and of the Peloponnesus to the gulfs of Asia Minor. Through them the sensual and cruel spirit of the Orient and the secret spirit of the peoples of the Nile had fertilized the waves. Danuvius came from Egypt, Petops from Asia, Cadmus from Phoenicia.



Greek 11th Century B.C. Jar
National Museum of Athens

¹ Victor Bréard, *Les Phéniciens et l'Occident*.

From fishing, coast trade, the small business of one isle with another, from rapine and piracy, a whole little moving world of sailors, merchants, and corsairs lived their healthy life, neither a rich nor a poor one—a mean one—if we think of the vast commercial enterprises and the great explorations which the Phoenicians

undertook. Their feet in the water and their faces to the wind, the men of the Aegean would carry to the traffickers from Tyre and Sidon who had just entered the port, under blue, green, and red sail their fish and their olives in vases painted with marine plants, octopuses, seaweed, and other forms taken from the teeming, viscous



MYCENAEE (XIII CENTURY B.C.). Bull's head. silver. *National Museum, Athens.*

life of the deep. It needed centuries, doubtless, for the tribes of a single island or a single coast to recognize a chief to consent to follow him afar on cunning and bloody expeditions to the cities of the continent, whence they brought back jewels, golden vessels, rich stuffs, and women. And it was only then that the Achaeans and the Danae of the old poems heaped up those heavy

stones on the fortified promontories, the Cyclopian walls, the Pelasgic walls under the shadow of which the Atrides, crowned with gold like the barbarian kings who sallied forth from the forests of the north two thousand years later, sat at table before the meats and wines, with their friends and their soldiers.

Such origins could not but make them subtle and hard. Eschylus felt that when he came there, after eight centuries, to listen in the solitude to the echo of the death cries of the inglorious family. These pirates selected sites for their lair near the sea - truly, really consistent with their life of murder and the heavy orgies which followed upon their deeds of crime. A circle of hills bare, devoted by fire and enlivened by no torrent, no tree, no bird cry. We find the life of these men depicted on the sides of the rude chiseled vase of Myphio, and on the strips of wall remaining beneath the ruins of Tirynth and of Knossos. There are bits of frescoes there as free as the flight of the sea birds, the art is of a terrible candor but is already disintegrating. One sees women with bare breasts, rouge on their lips, black around the eyes, their flounced



Minoan Plaque (xxiv or Centuries B.C.). Vase of Palaeokastro, clay (Museum of Candia).

dresses betraying the bad taste of the barbarian, they are painted and sophisticated dolls bought in the Orient or taken by force on the expeditions of violence. Here are bulls pursued in the olive groves, bulls gallop-



Mycenaean Pectoral. 14th Century B.C. (Vase of Vaprio, gold. National Museum, Athens)

ing, rearing, charging upon men or tangled in great nets. Sometimes there are reapers who laugh and sing with tremendous glee among the sheaves of wheat which they carry, but usually we find the questionable woman, the wild beast and the marine monster, a voluptuous and brutal life like that of every primitive man raised to a post of command by force or by chance. As guardians of the gates of their acropoli they set up stony honeses with bronze heads, heavily erect. When they died these men were laid away in a shroud of gold leaf.

It was a civilization already rotten, a Byzantium in

miniature, where dramas of the bedroom determined revolutions and massacres. It ended like the others. The Dorian descends from the north like an avalanche, rolls over Argos and even to Crete, devastating the cities and razing the acropolises. Legendary Greece enters a thick darkness from which she would not have reappeared if the barbarians had not left intact under the conflagration such material testimony of her passage through history as the kings with the miskis of gold. The Phoenicians desert the coast of the Peloponnesus, of Attica, and of Crete, and the native populations, dispersed like a city of bees on which a host of wasps has descended, swarm in every direction on the shores of Asia, in Sicily, and in southern Italy. Hence reigns around continental Greece. It was to be two or three hundred years before the Phoenicians and the Achaeans, driven away by the invader, could get back the route to its gulf.

II

The Dorians had no word to say during the Hellenic middle ages, nothing from Asia entered their land. The ancient continent was advancing step by step, by way of the islands, prudently regaining a little of the lost territory. Melos, in need of pottery, had to wait till the Ceramists of primitive Athens had manufactured at the Dipylon, those vases with the geometrical designs which were the first sign of the reawakening of civilized life in barbarous Greece. We are here witnessing a slow dramatic ascent in the shadows of

the soul under this magnificent sky at the center of this brilliant world. In order that the spark might kindle it was necessary that the Dorian, the Phoenician, and the ancient Aegean who has become an Ionian, repair their broken relationships. Thereupon the flame mounted quicker to light up the virgin soil with the most dazzling focus of intelligence in history.

For this focus, the Homeric poems echoes picked up from the annihilated world by the vanquisher and the radiant Greek myths which are exulted confused among the deserted shores are the heralding dawnlights seen against this black background. The cradle of the Hellenic soul mounts with them on the chariot of the sun. In the evening the Dorian herdsman bringing home his goats from the mountain and the Ionian sailor bringing home his bark from the sea would repeat to themselves very glorious fancies which carried over into images men's old intuitive notions of the phenomena of nature or translated the struggle of their ancestors against the diverse forces of the ill-organized world. The ethereal naturness of the human soul in its freshness gave to its young science a robe of light, of clouds, of leaves, and of waters. The whole religion, the philosophy, the austere and charming soul of the builders of the Parthenon are in this anonymous and tangled poem which rises with the murmur of a dawn as Greece reawakens to life.

The "Greek miracle" was necessary. The whole ancient world had prepared and waited its coming. During the fruitful science when the Dorians were



Mycenae (13th Century B.C.) The Gate of the Lions.

accumulating within themselves the strength of their soil, Egypt and Assyria kept their lead. But they were discouraged and stricken by the cold of age. The torch, as it grew pauser, leaned toward a new race. They were to become the initiators of the Hellenic Renaissance as they had been the guides for the childhood of the peoples of the Archipelago.

The Dorian barbarian after his contact with less harsh climates, had dispelled his violence, but he remained rough all of a piece, and very primitive. His idols, the *Xoana*, which he cut with a hatchet from oak and olive wood scarcely two hundred and fifty years before the Parthenon, were so rude that they seem to date farther back than the engraved bone of the reindeer hunting. It is to a totally uncultivated race that the intellectual heritage of Egypt and Asia was to fall. In exchange for their high spirituality and profound sensibility they were to demand the sweep and power of Greek virility. The inhabitants of the Dorian coasts, of the islands which occupied the center of the eastern Mediterranean, saw men in always greater number coming toward them from the depths of the sea. Their contact with neighboring civilizations multiplied every day. At the crossing of all the maritime routes of the ancient world, they were soon to feel the whole of it moving with them.

The Greeks had the privilege of inhabiting a land so inundated, steeped and saturated with light, so clearly defined by its own structure, that the eyes of man had only to open, to draw from it its law. When man enters a bay closed in by an amphitheater of

mountains between an illuminated sky and water that runs rays of light, as if a spring of flame welled up under its waves, he is at the center of a slightly dark sapphire set in a circle of gold. The masses and the lines organize themselves so simply, cutting such clear profiles on the impurity of space that their essential relations spontaneously impress themselves on the mind. There is not a country in the world which addresses itself to the intelligence with more insistence, force and precision than this one. All the typical aspects of the universe offer themselves, with the earth everywhere penetrated by the sea, with the horizon of the sea, the hony islands, the straits, golden and blue, between two rising masses of towering even in the heart of the night, the promontories so calm and so bare that they seem natural pedestals for our grateful soul, the rocks repeating from morning to evening all the changes of space and the sun, with the dark forests on the mountains, with the pale forests in the valleys, with the



IONIAN ART — End of the VII Century B.C. — Artemis of Delos (National Museum, Athens).

hills everywhere surrounding the dry plains, and—bordered by pink laurel the streams, whose whole course one can embrace at a glance.

Except in the north, one finds tormented lines of hills, savage ravines, sinister grottos from which subterranean vapors issue with a rushing sound, black forests of pine and oak, except in the harsh countries of the primitive legends where man resounds his effort to overcome hostile nature there are few, if any, terrifying appearances. The sun is hospitable, the usual climate is mild though fairly severe in winter. Life in this land keeps close to its earth, is active without excess, and simple. Neither luxury nor wealth nor poverty. Houses are of wood, clothing of skins, and there is the cold water of the torrents to wash off the dust and blood of the sand air. There is not much meat, that of the goat which grazes among the fissures of the rocks, perhaps, but there is a little wine mixed with resin and honey and kept in skins. There are milk, bread, the fruits of the dry countries, the orange, the fig, and the olive. There is nothing on the horizon or in social life which could give birth to or develop mystic tendencies. A nature religion exists, a very rough one—in the beliefs of the people, perhaps even rather coarse, but welling up from springs so pure and so poetized by the singers that when the philosophers think to oppose it they do no more than extract from it the rational conception of the world barely hidden in its symbols. Doubtless man fears the gods. But since the gods resemble him, they do not turn his life from the normal and natural relation-



DORIAN ART (beginning of the vi Century). Athlete, known as the Apollo of Thera (National Museum, Athens).

ships which bind it with that of other men. The priest has but little influence. Greece is perhaps the only one of the old countries where the priest did not live outside the pale of popular life in order to represent to the people the great mysteries as a world apart. Hence the rapidity of this people's evolution and the freedom of its investigations.



DORIAN ART (5th Century). Athlete, bronze statuette (private collection).

III

Greece troubles herself but little and then only at the very beginning of her art, with the enemy powers which hamper our first steps. Although man already places himself under the protection of the intelligent forces, he has not forgotten the struggles which his ancestor was forced to maintain against the brutal forces of a universe which repulsed him. This memory is inscribed in the sculptures which, on the pediment of the Parthenon of Pisistratus, showed Zeus struggling against Typhon or Herakles throwing Echidna to earth. A barbarous work, violently painted with blues, greens, and reds, a memory of avalanches, of terrifying caverns, of the storms of the north, it was a nightmare of savages still taught by Asia and Egypt, but becoming curious and already

lively painted with blues, greens, and reds, a memory of avalanches, of terrifying caverns, of the storms of the north, it was a nightmare of savages still taught by Asia and Egypt, but becoming curious and already



IONIAN ART (580 B.C.), Hera of Samos (Louvre).

eager to comprehend. The hell of the pagans will last but a short time.

The temple where these idols reign, these bulls, these twisted serpents, these astonished virgins with green beards, is, moreover, in its principle, what it will be in the greatest periods. Architecture is the collective, necessary art which appears first and dies first. The primordial desire of man, after food, is shelter, and it is in order to erect that shelter that, for the first time, he appeals to his faculty of discovering in natural constructions a certain logic whence, little by little, the law will issue forth and permit him to organise his life according to the plan of the universe. The forest and the cliffs are the powerful educators in the geometrical abstraction from which man is to draw the means of building houses which are to have a chance of resisting the assault of man and storms. At Corinth there already rises a temple with heavy and very broad columns, coming straight up from the ground as they mount in a block to the entablature. Several of them still stand. They are terrible to see, black gnawed like old trees, as hard as the mind of the Peloponnesian countries. The Doric order came from those peasant houses which one still sees in the countryside of Asia Minor, trees set in the ground in four lines making a rectangle, supporting other trees on which the roof was to be placed. The form of the pediment comes from the slope of this roof, which is designed to carry off the rain. The Greek temple, even when it realises the most lucid and the most consciously willed intellectum,

combinations, sends its roots into the world of matter of which it is the formulated law.

On the amplitude of these compare the mind of Aes-



Euthymides, Crater. Hunter seated
beside player. Louvre.

has left its trace. They are continued until the great century, but so assimilated in the native Hellenic form that on seeing them one cannot think of direct imitation, but rather of those uncertain and fleeting

resemblances which hover on the face of children. The archaic Dorian Apollos, those smiling and terrible statues through which force mounts like a flood, make

one think, it is true, of the Egyptian forms, because of the leg which steps forward and the arm glued to the stiff torso. But on this hieratism the theocratic spirit exercises no action. Dorian art is all of a piece far less subtle, far less refined, far less conscious than that of the sculptors of Thebes. The passages between the very brusque sculptural planes are scarcely indicated. What dominates is the need to express the life of the muscles.

It is because these Apollos are athletes. The great cult of gymnastics is born, that necessary institution which is to permit Greece to develop the strength of arms and of legs, while parallel with it there develops suppleness of the mind in its constant search for the universal equilibrium. Already, from all the regions of the Greek world, from the islands, from the



IONIAN ART (VI CENTURY).
Athens, bronze statuette
(National Museum, Athens).

distant colonies, from Italy and from Asia, the young men come to Olympia and Delphi to contest the crown of olive leaves. In running, in wrestling, and in throw-



DORIAN ART (VI CENTURY). HEAD AND NECK OF A HORSE
(Museum of Delphi).

ing the focus they are nude. The artists, who hasten to these national meeting places, like everyone else who calls himself a Hellene, have before their eyes the spectacle of the movements of the human frame and of the complex play of the muscles rolling under the brown skin which shows them as if they were bare themselves, and which is hardened by years. Greek sculpture is born in the stadium. It was to take a century to climb the steps of the stadium and to install itself in the pediments of the fine Parthenon, where it was to become the educator of the poets and after them of the philosophers. They were to feed their mind on the spectacle of the increasingly subtle relationships which now shape established in the world of forms in action. There was never a more glorious or more striking example of the beauty of our activity at Delos by the intermediary of sculptors, in the father of philosophy as well as of Platonian philosophy, whose first concern was to turn against sculpture and athleticism in order to kill them.

Through the Dorian Apollo Greece passes from primitive art to archaism properly so-called. The artist considers the form with more attention, painstakingly disengages the meaning of it, and transports that meaning to his work in so uncompromising a manner that he imposes on it the appearance of an edifice, whose architectonic quality seems destined to know no change. The Peloponnesus becomes the great training school of the archaic marble workers Cleothes, Aristocles, Kanakhos, and Hagelaidas open workshops at Argos, Sicyon, and Sparta, the ritual



Exedra (middle of the 5th Century B.C.). The
Mosaephora (Museum of the Acropolis).

of the Dorian ideal becomes, before Athens, the focus of Greek thought. But Hellenism in its entirety is not to find its nourishment there. Sparta is far from the routes of the Old World; imprisoned in a solitary valley where mountain torrents flow, it is a fertile but a jealous country separated from the great horizons by the hard ridges of the Taygetus, which are covered with snow even in summer. The people which dwells there is as closed as the valley itself, and it is these isolated surroundings which are for so long a time to keep up its voluntary rigour. Athens, on the contrary, is at the center of the eastern Mediterranean and near the sea. It is the meeting point of the positive and dissipated Dorian element, which mounts from the south toward Corinth, Argos, and Attica, in search for lands to dominate, and of the Ionian element which brings to the city, through the sieve of the islands, the artist spirit of Asia, made supple and subtle by the habits of trade, diplomacy, and smuggling. The glory of Sparta, in reality, is that of having offered to Athens a virgin soil to fertilize and also, by harboring her without mercy, to have kept her in condition to have compelled her for a long time to cultivate her energy. Athens, tempered by these struggles, was not slow in showing her superiority. When the soldiers of Darius followed the traders of Asia to the European coast, it is she who was at the head of the Greeks, while Sparta, inclosed in the blind cult of her personal interest, took her place only after the combat.

Where are we to find the first step of Ionian art in

its march toward Attica—the uncertain dawn of the great Oriental sensualism rendered healthy by the sea and sharpened by commerce which will flood the Dorian soul with humanity? The Hera of Samos is, perhaps, even stiffer than the Peloponnesian athletes, as it is nearer to Suite Egypt, which is unfolding at this moment and investing itsetic form with a humanity of its own. A light mantle of cloth impresses on the legs, which are close together, but under the figure a light veil with its lines like those on water, the shoulders, the arms, the breast, and the hollowed back have profiles of a moving grace, and posture which meet one another and interpenetrate with the ardency of a confession. It is this spirit of abounding tenderness which is soon to take root on the Greek continent. From the end of the sixth century Dorian art and Ionian art were neighbours everywhere without having yet recognized each other fully. At Delphi, at the threshold of the Treasury of the Carians, Asiatic Greece saluted with a mysterious smile the rude statue maker of the Peloponnesus who had set up the women, the lions, and the formidable horses in the precincts of the sanctuary of Apollo. The caryatids which supported the Asiatic architrave were strange, secret women, they had a winged grace, like that of an animal and of a dance, they seemed to guard the gate of temptation, which led to a warmth within, like that of the sun, and to untasted intoxications. The Dorian spirit and the Ionian spirit—the young countryman bursting with vigor and the woman bedrocked, careworn, questionable—met and loved.

Attic art, which in its adult age was to be the great classic school, austere and living, was to be born of their union.

IV

Marble had been skilfully treated in Athens for more than a century, and the Acropolis, especially at the time of Pisistratus, had been covered with monuments and statues. But Endoxos, the great Athenian master of the sixth century *at*, remained subject to Ionia; and them. It was only on the eve of the Median wars that the Hellenic synthesis, before manifesting itself by the collective action of resistance to the invader, is outlined in certain bounds.

Undoubtedly a people is too complex an organism and one whose generating elements merge too closely and are too numerous to permit us to determine the degree of influence of each one of these elements in all the acts which express the people. It is like a river made up of a hundred streams, of a thousand torrents or brooks which bring to it mixed together the snow swept down by avalanches, the mud of clay countrys, sand and flint and the concretes and stroma of the forests it has crossed. It is the river a broad wing un by running the same waters with the same sound. The men working at a particular period supply all the intermediary degrees which the future needs in order to pass from one group of men to another without effort and without finding in them differences of aspiration, though they themselves had imagined that they differed profoundly. And the men of that time



IONIAN ART (end of VII Century B.C.). *Caryatid of the Treasury of the Cyprians, detail (Museum of Delphi)*

are united to those who precede them and to those who follow them by necessary relationships wherein the mysterious continuity of our activity is manifested. It is not possible to fix the moment or to designate the work in which the Hellenic soul as we can't to-day tried to define itself for the first time. We can only turn our eyes to those works which possess the first quiver of life over which there seems to pass the first breath of liberty and spiritual joy, in order that we may surprise in them the awakening of a new humanity to the beauty of living.

The young women found near the Erechtheion, twenty years ago, amid the rubbish of the foundation of the Parthenon, where the Greek workmen had put them after the sacking and burning of the Acropolis by the soldiers of Xerxes, were, perhaps, the first who had the smile of intoxication which announces the awakening. Undoubtedly the perfume of the Islands was predominant with them. They think above all of pleasure—they are feminine, an invincible amorous force shines from them and accompanies them with a throb of desire. But on seeing the surety of their planes and their definite and powerful equilibrium, we cannot doubt that the Dorian artisan, who was then working at Egina, Corinth and even Athens, had had repeated contacts with the Ionian immigrant whom the Persian conquest had driven back to the Occident.

Brought from the Orient by the adventurers of the sea—the men who told such lying, intoxicating, and savage tales—these women take good care not to

shock the hard, austere world which they have come to visit. They remain motionless, holding up their robes with one hand. Their red hair which hangs on their backs and whose tresses fall on each side of their necks to rest on their breasts, is plaited and curled. It is dyed, doubtless, and studded with jewels. Sometimes their foreheads are diademed; their wrists encircled with bracelets; their ears lotted with rings. From head to foot they are painted, with blue, red, purple, and yellow, and their eyes of enamel glow in their smiling faces. These creatures so barbarously tintinnated, dazzling and bizarre as the birds of the tropics, have the strong savor of the painted and adorned women of the Orient; they are somewhat vulgar, perhaps, but fascinating none the less, like things from afar off like fairy-tale beings, childish naiads, pampered slaves. They are beautiful. We love them with a tenderness which cannot exhaust itself. The whole after-world has issued from their firm, slender flanks.

D



LOXIAS. Attic (end of the VI Century B.C.). Granite (Museum of the Acropolis).

They have overturned the curious notions that were anchored in us by academic idealism. For three hundred years it regarded unmarcuate marble as a sentimental emblem of serenity—one which never existed, save in the minds of certain philosophers at the hour when Greece was approaching her decline. And white marble also stood for a perfection which it is to be hoped we shall not attain; contempt, curiously, and effort being the very condition of life. Until the complete unfolding of her art in any case, and probably up to her fall, Greece painted her gods and her temples. Variegated with blues and reds, as we like men and women, the gods became anomalous at break of day took part in the surprises and joys of the light, and moved in the depth of the gathering shadow. They belonged to the crowd that swarmed at the foot of the Acropolis, the busy, noisy town; the crowd of a port veering to the Orient, they came out of the dirty alleys where stray dogs fought for scraps of offal. We see them pass before the soap windows where the port spreads out its quarters of mutton and lamb, its fruits, its heaps of spicery, its dyed stuffs, and its glassware, they are in the colorful squares so full of cries and calls—of the odors of garlic, rotting food, and aromatic herbs. We see the naked children, the questionable traders, the sailors hardened by the wind, the women with the painted eyes, dressed in their garish clothing. The temples and the monuments covered with ochre, with vermilion, green-azure, and gold, are made up of the tones of the sky, of the space over the sea—greenish or flushed with

purple, they have the colors of the sea, violet or blue, of the earth, of its dress of thin crops and dry forage, with the milky olive trees and the dark bay trees as they marry their forms to the ever-present forms of the sunburst bays and the alleys. What is the role of the statue maker? It is to balance in the heady and the firmness of his intelligence all these wild and elements, so that on their apparent chaos he may impose clear relationships and law contains directions.

The Aioloman myth kept watch in the consciousness obscure as yet but solid and swelling with primitive faith of the Attic marble slingers. The strange woman was now taken possession of by the Athenian fortress could not have intervened for more than an hour there is a resemblance to the Asiatique frescoes work they had preceded by only a short time. Already the element of orgy and sentimental excess represented by their polychromy had been held in check at every point by clear-cut planes and precise contours, thereby sustaining its halting, swaying action. These planes and contours mark the Athenians' extraordinary urge toward domination of the sexual impulse by the virile health of his nascent region. The impetuous and fatigued soul of Asia recovers its strength and its faith upon contact with this fierce energy which it enlightens with intelligence in an unexpected exchange. We have reached the mysterious hour when the flower will unfold to the light the tremble of its petals, which till now had been pressed together in their green sheath. These idols represent, perhaps, much a finest effort to discover in his unconscious-

ness the approbation of his instinct. There is in them a tension of soul which moves us, an energy devoted wholly to searching out our agreement of an hour with a world whose secret harmony we feel to live with us. Ingenuous in youth, perverse in desire, they are as firm and as free as the will.

With them Greek art had possessed itself completely of that architectural conception of form which may be very dangerous because it carries with it the risk of never escaping from it as in the case of the Egyptians. It is admirable. It is necessary. It is a more elevated form in the eyes of some than the balanced expression of our earthly destiny which the fifth century was to realize among the Greeks. To adhere to it, however, is to pause over appearances of the absolute, beyond which intuition can advance no further and to forbid the intelligence to search out, in its relationships with the surrounding world, its general conception of humanity. It is to be afraid of approaching the mystery which we know to be impenetrable and which forever retreats, in the measure that we advance. To reproach Greek art with having been human is to reproach man for existing. And it is to forget, indeed, that the art of the fifth century, even when it broke the frames of archaic form to let the palpitation and the atmosphere of life enter them by torrents, retained all the principles which make the strength and the austerity of that form.

The Egyptian statue maker and the Greek statue maker of the earlier centuries, preoccupied solely with



IONIAN ART (end of the vi Century B.C.) - *Urns*
(Museum of the Acropolis).

establishing the web lecture of their ensembles before they penetrated to the dense world of gestures and feelings, discovered the law of profusa and by so doing founded the science of sculpture. But the element which animates the block, which gives life to the form, is seeking or, at least it takes on a metaphysical meaning where separates us all the more each day from the *in*, an significance of our activity and leads it fatal to the desert of pure abstraction which it closed on every side. Egyptian sculpture, arrested for all time in its movement, unable to extend its resources, set itself the task of rendering subtle the passage the wave without beginning or end which binds one plane to another, it was absorbed in this problem. To the extent of losing sight of the mother form which was the point of departure for the problem and became it thus forgot. Egyptian art died without hope of resurrection. Saite sculpture made only timid attempts at interpretation; it remodeled the same task, it imposed on granite and bronze the docility of clay, it saw in them the undulation of water, it let light and shade glide over them like clouds over the sea. But it exhausted itself in mounting the inflections of its dream much sooner than Theban sculpture did because Thebes, at least, made a long effort to reach the formulation of this dream, and because after this dream nothing more remains if the external world is forever banned. Antaeus needed to touch the earth again. The Greek sculptor free to explore the world of appearances at his ease, did not fail to perceive that in discovering the relationships

of the planes he was to discover the ties which bind to man and to one another all the phenomena of the senses which reveal the universe to us. The *passage*, wherein the Egyptians saw only a metaphysical exercise—however admirable, becomes, with the Greek, the instrument of serious and rational investigation. After such the *passage* was to the empirical plane what philosophy is to science.

It is on this account that we love the little painted ideas, the gaudy, and barbitous orantes of the primitive Artopolis. They are at the point of highest tension which we find in Greek thought, at the decisive moment when human genius is to choose the path it is to take. The Median whoes name Athens, at the head of the Greek cities, gave to history one of its finest spectacles. She was to temper her physical strength in sacrifice and suffering; she was to use the repose of mind, which the war was to bring her, to bequeath to the next generation immense intellectual



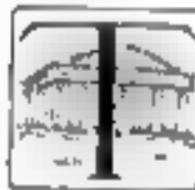
BORIAN TERRACOTTA OF THE VI CENTURY
Spartan woman
(Museum of the Acropolis).

reserves that rush forth in forests of marble, tragedies, and triumphal odes. Thus always, in the course of our history, the great flowering of the mind follows the great actual effort, and the men of action engender the men of thought. We are approaching the hour when human enthusiasm has its hour of most powerful exultation. The creatures of marble, so full of energy and sweetness, who peopled the citadel had just been finished when the Persians mutilated them. Aschylus fights at Marathon, Pindar makes the branches of the sacred tree tremble in the wind of his verse, Sophocles, as a boy, bares his body to sing the Paean on the shore of Sphacteria. Such vitality uplifts the artists who are to work among the ruins of the Acropolis, that, instead of setting up anew the statues which have been thrown to earth they find them good enough only to support the pedestal of the statues which sleep within them.



'THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.'

Chapter V. PHIDIAS



The philosophic scripture is born of liberty and dies because of it. The slave in Assyria could describe vividly the things he was permitted to see, in Egypt, he could give a definition of form as firm as the discipline which bowed him down, as full of nuances, as moving as the faith which sustained him. The free man alone gives life to the law, lets it science the life of his emotion, and sees that in his own mind we reach the crest of that continuing wave which attaches us to things in their entirety—until the day when science kills his emotion.

The artist of to-day is afraid of words, when he does not fall a victim to them. He is right to refrain from

listening to the profession of philosopher and especially to refrain from following him. He is wrong to be afraid of passing for a philosopher. Also, if we have no right to forget that Phocion followed the discourses of Anaxagoras, we recognize that he might, without



Marble (beginning of the 5 Century). Temple of Athena.

loss, have been ignorant of metaphysics. He looked upon life with simplicity, but what he could see of it developed in him so lucid a comprehension of the relationships which, for the artist, make up its unity and continuity that minus skillful in generalizing could extract from his work the elements out of which the modern world has come. Phocion formed Socrates' and Plato—unknown to themselves, doubtless—when

It must be recalled that Socrates worked as a sculptor.

be materialized for them in the interest of the first Athenians, and for their honour of man-slayers. The inviolable affinities of the gods with the founders



THE THREE GRACES. TEMPLE OF ZEUS.
NATIONAL MUSEUM, ATHENS.

We see the philosophical spirit as it is born at the beginning of the fifth century still hesitating and astonished at the daylight. It appears already in the "Charites" and in the statues of Agias. Sculpture

science, which is not obliged to copy form, but rather to establish the planes which reveal the profound law of structure and the conditions of equilibrium of form—sculpture, science already exists. The "Charioteer" is as straight as a tree trunk; one feels the framework within it, one sees how it is defined by all its contours. It is a theorem of bronze. But in the folds of its rigid robe, in its narrow bare feet planted flat on the ground, its nervous arm and open fingers, on its muscular shoulders, its broad neck, its fixed eyes, and round cranium a slow wave circulates which by somewhat abrupt fits and starts tries to convey from one plane to another the integrity conceived forces of life which determined these planes. The same impinged surfaces, the same harsh passages, are in the warriors of Argos, with something more. There is here, in the abstract, a course which leaves from one figure to another across empty space, and which thus creates a continuing whole even if still a troubled one, lacking in suppleness and partaking of the mechanical, but in it an irresistible sense of relationship awakens. The firm flower is only half open, and it demands its full expansion.

There is no break in the conditions we are studying. The plastic evolution and the moral evolution mount in a single pure wave. Antenor has already erected the Tyrannicides on the Agora; the symbolic myths entwined in the frieze of the temples, and the great national wars mingle the civilians with the soldiers, on the pediments of *Ægina*. The athlete is to become the man, the man is to become the god. until the moment



Triumphant charioteer (480 B.C.).
Museum of Delphi.

when the artists, having created the god, find in him the elements of a new humanity. Polyclitus and Myron have already taken from the form of the wrestler, the runner, the charioteer, and the discus thrower the idea of those harmonious proportions which shall best define the masculine body—its function of uniting strength, skill, agility, nervous grace, and moral calm. To Polyclitus, the Dorian, belong round and gathered power and harmony in repose; to Myron, the Athenian, belong virile harmony in movement, the vigor in the planes of the muscles, which show in a vibrant silence when the contracted tendons press hard on the bone of the socket, when the furrows at the bottom of which repose the nerves and arteries, conveyors of energy, hollow themselves out at the moment when the tendons grow taut. The one establishes the profound architecture of the human body, its strength like that of a bare column—and its



ARMED ART (7 Century).
Dancer. Bronze statuette
(Bibliothèque Nationale).

visible symmetry, which the gesture and the modeling scarcely break in order that the theorem may be established upon sensation. The other discovers the



DORIAN ATHLETE (5th Century). Athlete
(From the east in the Erechtheion, Acropolis)

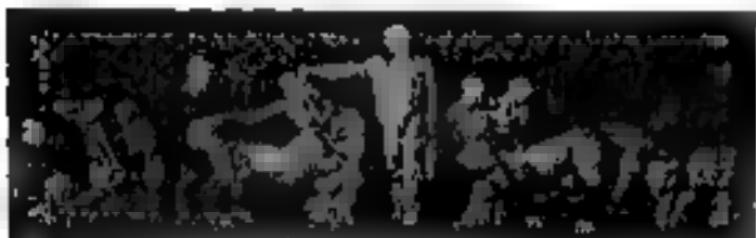
theorem in the heart of sensation itself to which the living arabesque returns as a geometrical abstraction, with the whirr of all its volumes, with the quiver of all its surfaces. By the one, man is described in his stable form, by his vertical frame, by the sheaves of the arm and leg muscles whose precise undulations mark out or mask the skeleton, by his straight belly, broad, sonorous chest, the creases of the collar bones and the shoulder-blades carrying the column of the neck, the round head with its glance which continues it without a break. By the other, he is described in his action. It remains for Phidias only to penetrate the statue of Polymictus with the dynamics of Myron in rounder, fuller masses, defined by planes more strong and more mingled with the light—and he has made the marble glow with a higher life and given a heroic meaning to that form and this action. In a few years, which fly with the swiftness of human imagination, anthropomorphism ripens.

II

And here is an admirable thing. Even by the mouth of its comic poets who had, however, been formed by the great works and fed by the myths of the past, this race needed to proclaim its faith. Read in the "Peace" the moving religious saying of Aristophanes: "The exiling of Phidas brought on the war. Pericles, who feared the same fate and who distrusted the bad character of the Athenians, cast away peace. By Apollo, I was unaware that Phidias was related to

that goddess . . . Now I know why she is so beautiful." The whole of anthropomorphic idealism is in that speech. The Greek makes his gods in the image of man, and the god is beautiful, to the extent that man is lofty in mind.

On this simple soil by this healthy race, religious naturalism was to reach its goal of identifying the natural and moral laws as men and women. The poet came



DORIAN ART (about 460 B.C.). Temple of Zeus at Olympia.
Combat of Centaurs and Lapiths. Museum of Olympia.

and his symbols gave resplendent vigour to these conflictions. What the Greek really adored when he was matured and liberated was the accord between his mind and the law. Whatever may have been said of it, anthropomorphism is the only religion that science has left intact, for science is the law deduced from the aspects of life by man, and only by him. Our conception of the world is the only proof we can offer of its existence and of our own.

The personified laws, the gods who have become real beings for the crowd, are not tyrants, not even the creators of men—they are other men, more accomplished in their virtue, more grandiose in their disorder. They have the faults and the impulses of men, they

carry the latter's wisdom and beauty to the degree where these become fatal forces. They are the human ideal opposed by human passions, the laws which it is our business against the resistance of egotism and of the elements of nature—to debase from the world and to obey. Herakles overcomes the accursed fire that retarded and opposes our progress toward order. He enters the forests to beat the lions to death, he cuts up swamps, he cuts the throats of evil men and overpowers them. He bears arms, his knees and his breast bleed from his struggle with the rooster. He protects the childhood of the organizing world against the adroit malice of things. At his side, Prometheus stands on high for his conquest of the lightning.

But is to say of the mind? The Greek refuses to have anything to do with the god of terrible chastisement who kills the soul and the body through the hands of the priest. He tears the fire from her. The god means him down with pain, but he cries out in revolt until Herakles comes to cut his bonds. By dint of willing it, man creates his own liberty.

Thus from the man to the god, from the sea to the sky, from required assumptions to desired adaptions, the hero threads his path. The human mind, in a splendid effort, rejoins the divine law. Polytheism organizes the primitive pantheism and with admirable audacity brings out the spirit of it, the thinking that this flame which Prometheus seized for a moment, will, when it tries to escape, consume the world. The sensation of spiritual infiniteness that Egyptian art gives, and of material infiniteness that Hindoo art

given, is not to be found in the art that expresses the Hellenic soul. We find it in an art devoid of balanced harmony which follows here and there like a gnat in the sunbeams of our ignorance. It is the art of the

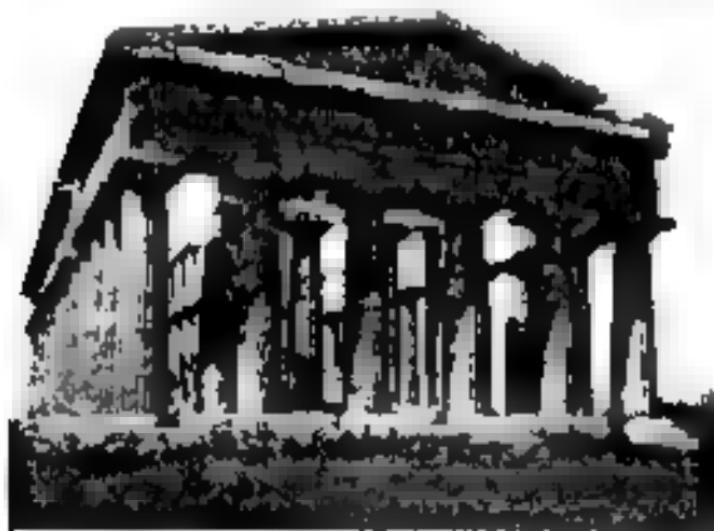


Diodorus Siculus about 60 B.C.—Temple of Zeus at Olympia.
Centaurs carrying off a Lapith. Museum of Olympia.

cannot grasp the beginning and the end of the history with which it is created. As forms and all forces are bound together in a deep solidarity one passes into law, passes into divinity. Devil Hess, in the enormous unverse of which the city is the definitive image there are antagonists, there are action and reaction, but all partial conflicts are effaced and melted in the total

lectual order which man finds. Heraclitus has just affirmed, together with the eternal flow of things, the identity of contraries and their profound agreement in universal truth.

It is thus, above all, that the old pediments of Olympia



MAGNA GREECE (about 460 B.C.). Temple of Neptune at Pozzuoli

came to lanch on. Earthquakes have shaken them from their place, man has broken them and dispersed their pieces, the overflow of the Asphæus has washed away their violent polychromy. Even as they are, with terrible gaps, often without heads, without torsos, almost always without limbs, held by iron supports, they remain one, coherent and integral as when, at the foot of Kronion in Altæ, they towered over the forests peopled with statues. Inflamed with passion,

drunk with wine, the centaurs drag away the virgins. Fists and elbows strike—fingers twist and loosen the grasp of other hands, knives kill, and the great bodies sink under the ax, to the sound of the hammering hoofs, of sobs, and of imprecations. The brute lives, but the fever burns in his lomb and his savage embrace



DORIAN ALTAR (about 400 B.C.) Temple of Zeus at Olympia.
(Servant Museum of Olympia)

tightens anew. Here everything is rude action, ardor of the new faith, violence of the old myths which retold the tale of the abductions of the primitive forests where all was menace, assault, and mysterious terror. Broad, animated modeling and surfaces cut with great strokes carry out the mood of struggle, of desire, of murder and death. And withal a sovereign calm hovers over the scene. One might call it a surging, roaring sea

which none the less forms an immense and tranquil harmony, because the wave is continuous, because the same forces hollow it out, lift it up, and make it fall forever, to arise forever.

Some Dorian *Aeschylus* sculptured this great thing at the hour when the fusion of the Apollonian soul and of Dionysian intoxication caused tragedy to well up from the breast of orgastic music, when a prodigious eagle maintained the mystic agitation in the flame of the mind, and he felt within him the tremor of an instinct of harmony which did not end with the horizon seen by his eyes. In all the things he hears other things resound; distant echoes are born to swell progressively and to die away little by little; there is in nature not a single movement of which the germ and the repercussion cannot be traced in all movements which manifest nature. In the sculpture of Olympia there is an increasing of causes and effects which has its perfect logic, but which is still intoxicated with the discovery of itself. The mind of the artist prolongs it unbroken so that he may gather up into himself its tumult and passion. One moment more and Phidias transforms it into spiritual harmonies which mark the expansion of the intelligence into the fullness of love.

III

With him modeling is no longer a science, it is not yet a trade, it is a living thought. The volumes, the movements, the surge that starts from one angle of the pediment to end at the other—everything is sculp-



Myron: The discus thrower. Copy of the Greek
(National Museum, Rome).

tured from within, everything obeys inner forces in order to reveal their meaning to us. The living wave runs through the limbs, they are instinct with it, rounded or extended by it. It models the heads of the bones and, as ravines cut into a plain, indenting the glorious torsos from the secret belly to the tremble of the hard breasts. The sap, which runs in it and causes it to pulsate makes of each fragment of the material, even when broken a moving entity which participates in the existence of the whole, receiving life from it and returning life to it. An organic solidarity binds the parts together triumphantly. A higher life of the soul for the first and the only time in history merged and confounded with the tempestuous life of the elements, rises above a world bloated and strong in the immortal youth of a moment which cannot last.

From the dusk of morning to the dusk of night the pediments spread out their scroll of life. In their peace descends with the night and light mounts with the day. From the two arms of Phœbus, which emerge from the horizon, stretching out toward the peak of the world, to the head of the horse whose body is already in the shadow at the other side of the sky life grows, marches on without haste, and diminishes. The whole of life. Without interruption these forms continue one another. Like peaceful vegetation they come forth from the earth and, in the air from which they draw their life, unite their branches and mingle their foliage. Alone or entwined, they continue one another, as the pain into which the hill

metals, the valley that reaches up to the mountain the river and its estuary which the sea abounds are the bay which goes from promontory to promontory. The shoulder is made for the brow which lies on it the arm for the waist which it embraces the ground



5th or 4th Century B.C. Temple of Segesta.

bends its strength to the hand that presses on it to the arm that shoots up from it like a rough tree and that bends up the hand feeling force. It is limitless space that goes to mingle with the hand in the breasts and when one looks at the eyes one would say that at the depths of their innumerable points space wedges with the spirit which has come to repose there and to recover its vigor. The mechanical course of the heavenly bodies the sound of the sea the eternal tide of its embayments and the unceasable flight of universal

movement pass necessarily into these profound forms to blossom into intelligent energy.

A great and solemn moment. Man prolongs nature whose rhythm is in his heart determining, at each beat, the flux and reflux of his soul. Consciousness explains itself and fulfills its higher function, which is to penetrate the order of the world that it may obey it the better. The soul submits not to abandon the form, but to express itself through the form, and to let the single light flash out at the contact. The mind is like the perfume of man & necessarily seeks air, and the senses demand of the air that it justify their desires. Reason does not yet weaken sentiment, instead sentiment acquires new strength by marrying with reason. The highest idea can never lose sight of the actual elements of its generalizations, and when the Greek art it invents a form or not to combine with a spontaneous light of symbolic truth.

Greek art at this time reaches the philosophic moment. It is a thing of living change. Idealistic is its desire. It lives because it demands of life the elements of its ideal construction. It is the species in the law, the man and the woman, the horse and the ox, the flower, the fruit, the being exclusively described by its essential qualities and made to live as it is, in the exercise of its normative functions. It is at the same time, a man, a horse, an ox, a flower and a fruit. The great Venus, peaceful as an absolute, is willed by the whole race. She sums up its hopes, she fixes its desire, but her swelling neck, her beautiful opening breasts, her moving sides make her alive. She lends her glow

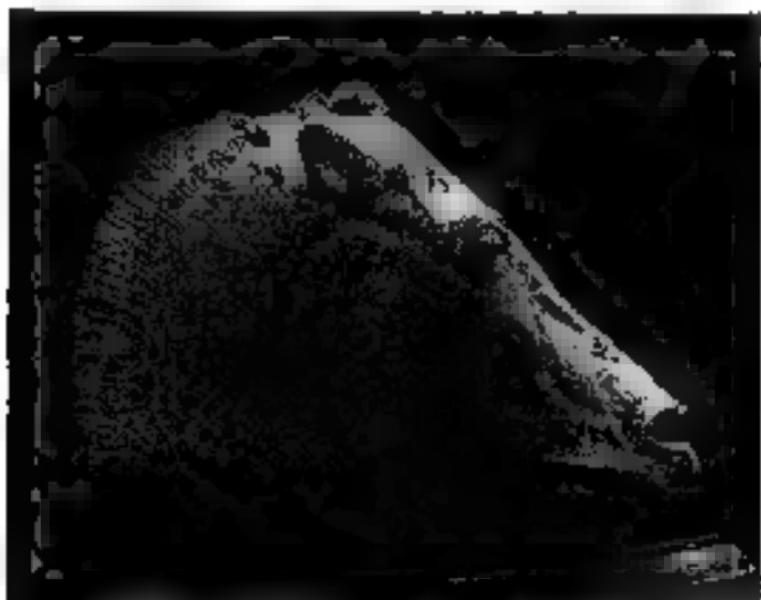


MYRON. The discus thrower. Fragment of a Greek copy
(National Museum, Rome).

to space which encloses her touches her sides with gold, makes her lungs rise and fall. It penetrates her, she intangles with it. She is the unseizable instant when eternity meets up with us.

This state of equilibrium wherein all the vital powers seem to hang suspended in the consciousness of man before bursting forth and multiplying under definite forms, imparts its force to all Greek art of the highest class. The anonymous sculptor of Olympia and Phœnix and his pupils, the architects of the Acropolis, express the same relations, the same prodigious and bounded universe brought to the human brain, the same type of reason, superior to the accidents of nature and subordinate to its laws. But the language of each one remains as personal as his body, his hands, the form of his forehead, the color of his eyes, the whole of his elemental substance which is written into the marble by the same stroke that renders the universal order which he has understood and marked with its external form. See the faith, the almost savage sweep of the man who made the statues of Olympia, his rugged and broad phrase. See the religion, the sustained energy, the reserve of Phidias, his long balanced phrase. See in the encircling frieze, the discretion of his pupils who have neither his freedom nor his power, but who are calm as he is, because, like him, they live in an hour of certitude. Man, the animals, and the elements, everything consents to its role, and the artist feels, in his fraternal heart, the joy of this consent. It is with the same spirit that he tells of the warmth of women,

the strength of men, and the rumination of oxen. A life as glorious as the summer! Man has seized the meaning of his activity, it is by what is around him that he frees himself and cultivates himself; it is through himself that he humanizes what is around him.



PHIDIAS (?). (about 440 B.C.). Tympanum of the Parthenon. The horse of night. British Museum.

The bad Roman copies of works belonging to the last period of Greece, the soft goddesses, the draped gods brandishing their lyres, the figures from literature and works of the school have for a long time calamitated Greek art. It expressed to us a colorless people, assuming a theatrical attitude to overawe the future. The artificial heroism hid the real heroism, and the ruggedness and freshness of the primitive were effaced

by the fictions of the Alexandrine romancers. We used to describe the draperies of the "Fates" before having seen their knees, the shelter of their warm abdomen, and their torsos mounting with the power



PHIDIAS (?). about 440 B.C. . Tympanum of the Parthenon. Thomas. British Museum.

and tumult of a wave to the absent hands which we divine as leaning over in confidences and confession. The anatomy of the "Theseus" and the "Illyrian" masked the formidable life that swells and dilates them and makes its pulsations pass even to the fragments that have disappeared. The "Panathenaeic Frieze" revealed to us the manner in which girls walk as they bear burdens, flowers, and sheaves, how horsemen defile, the tranquillity of intelligent strength dom-

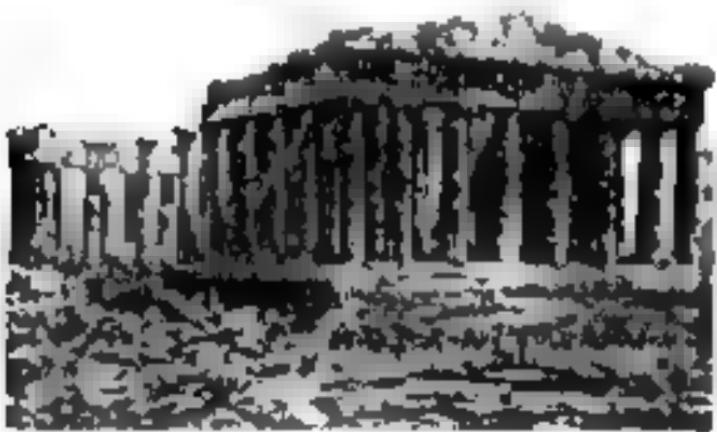
making brute strength, how even go with the same step to the slaughterhouse and to work. We had forgotten that these were men and women who had lived who have loved and suffered, and hearts which used to dig the furnaces in the thin plain of Acre and whose fat and flesh went to burn on the altars.



Phidias. c. 480-430 B.C. *Triumph of the Parthenon*. The Parthenon, Acropolis, Athens.

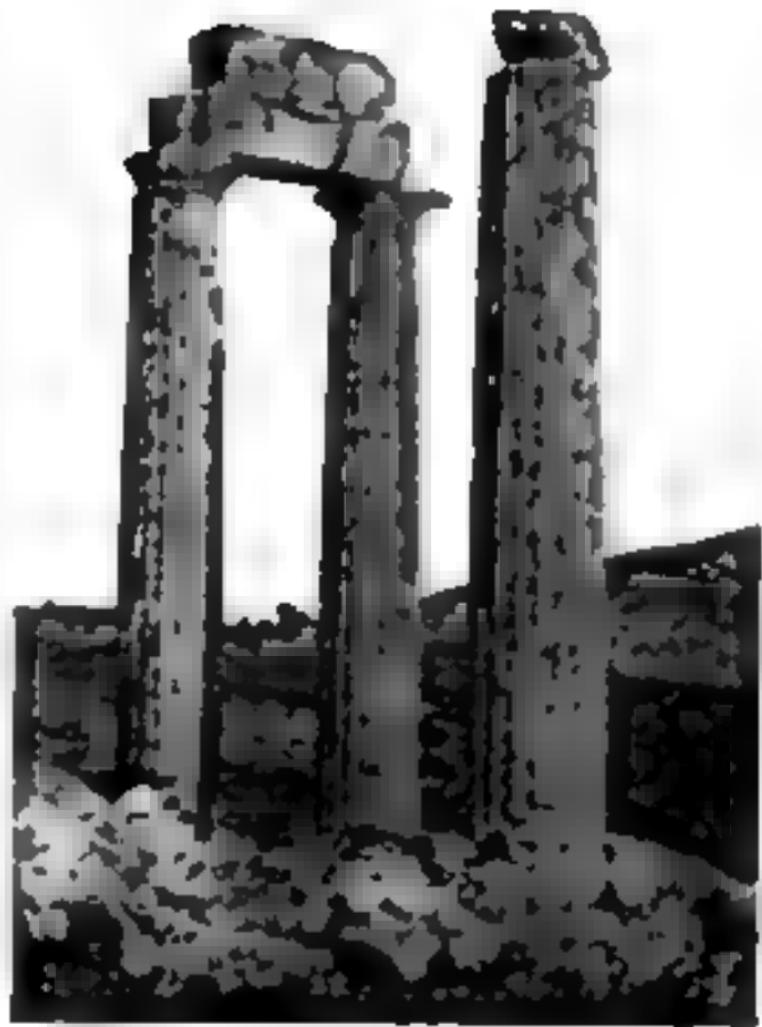
Whether the mutilated marbles which early Greeks thought from the frontiers of artlessness to the threshold of the decadence are virgins or virgins the ease of strength shines from them, and an irresistible sweet force. When we come forth from the mudrotund effigies of Austria or the silent statues of Egypt we feel ourselves brought back into the living universe after having attuned the primitive instincts to the

world of the mind. The obsessing anguish and the terror retreat into memory; we breathe deeply, we find ourselves to be what we did not yet know we were; we are the beings unaged by our presentments.



Ierome. The Parthenon (447-432), Athens.

We have seen the athletes arise quite naked to the light as numerous as the oak oblets, and the young, astonished faces starting from the blue and green robes, like great flowers round the fields. Demeter has left the rums of human, tenderly to place in the hand of the calm Triptolemus the grain of wheat which is to give bread to men, and with it, science and peace. Blind desire and divine modesty, the eternal conflict that compromises or realizes our higher equilibrium; all this we have seen issuing from the dust of Olympus, with the brutes in their madness, the virgins assaulted,



Nahr el-Kalb - Temple of Eshmun

their beautiful bodies that struggle out of the embrace, their beautiful heavy arms in revolt. There, at the level of the ground, we have picked up the trace of the life of the little slaves of the old serving woman,



*Parthenon relief of about 440 B.C. The Parthenon.
Bacchanal of the Frieze. British Museum.*

and, at the angle of the pediments we have felt the weight of the breast of women already bearing the movement of new life within them. With the good Hercules, we have raised the globe, swept the stable, and strangled the monsters. we have wandered over the earth to make it healthful, and our hearts with it. In the pediments of the great temple of the Acropolis, with the rough-grained torsos, the full limbs, the wave of humanity that mounts and is appeased, we have

recognized, in the projections into the light and the bellowings into the shadow, the image of our destiny
 The panting Victories have hung upon their wings that
 we may surprise, under the robe that proclaims it, the
 hesitation of the flanks, the breasts, the belly as they
 emerge into their prime
 All these deified beings
 show us at once the roots
 and the summit of our
 effort

iv

The meeting of life and
 of the accessible heavens,
 thus ideal realized on the
 face of the temples and
 in the intelligence of the
 heroes, was to flower, for
 the glory of the Greeks
 and the demonstration of
 the unity of the soul, on a
 political plane of struggle and liberation. Democracy
 is not fully victorious and consequently it is already
 on the road to decline, but Greece makes the effort
 from which democracy is to be born. With the
 wooden idols and the multicolored monsters of the
 old temples came the death of the oligarchy, the power
 delegated to a caste which, at bottom, symbolized
 accepted revelation. Tyranny, which, in Greece, is
 government by one man whose science has been rec-
 ognized, the system whose apogee coincides, in the



THE APOLLO SAURE.

fourth century with the determination of sculptural science—tyranny is shaken when the movement of life invades the arid form. The first statues to stir are those of Harmodius and Aristogitou, the men who killed the king of Athens. Then the crushing forces which Esby set like blocks upon the human soul are shaken, with Sophocles, to penetrate one another to act on one another and to cause their balanced energy to radiate in consciousness and will. Then Phidias transports into marble the pose of life and man at ripe for liberty. Democracy appears—the transitory political expression of the antagonism and the agreement of forces in the cosmic harmony.

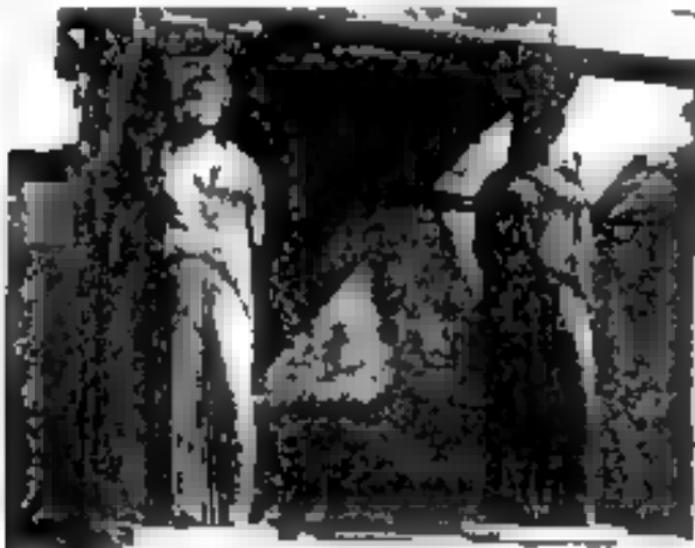
Then from every Acropolis a Parthenon arises. The chief of the democracy inspires them, the people work at them, the humblest stonecutter gets the same pay as Ictinos the architect or Phidias the sculptor. At the Panathenaic festival, with the ritual order observed by the enthusiastic populace, in the dust and the sunlight, to the often discordant sound of Oriental music and the thousand bare feet striking the ground, with the brutal splendor of the dyed robes, the jewels, the rouge and the fruits, the city sends to the Parthenon its hope—with the young girls scattering flowers, waving palms and singing hymns, its strength with the home-men and its wisdom with the old men. The protecting divinity is to be thanked for having permitted the meeting and sanctioned the accord between man and the law.

The temple sums up the Greek soul. It is neither the house of the priest as the Egyptian temple was,



Peter C. Lippmann - Young man
University of Texas - Austin

nor the house of the people as the cathedral is to be, it is the house of the spirit, the symbolic refuge where the wedding of the senses and the will is to be celebrated. The statues, the paintings—all the plastic effort of the intelligence—is used to decorate it. The



Athena (about 415 B.C.) Erechtheion, porch of the Caryatids, detail

detail of its construction is the personal language of the architect. Its principle is always the same, its proportions are always similar. It is the same spirit that calculates and balances its lines. Here the Doric genus dominates, by the austere unornamented column, broad and short; there the Ionic genus shines in it, through the long column, graceful, as a jet of water and gently expanded at its summit. Some-



Apollo and a Centaur. — *Nature*. Fragment of the higher frieze of the temple of Athena. New Museum of the Acropolis.

times young girls, inclining toward one another as they walk, balance the architrave on their heads, like a basket of fruit. Often it has columns on only one or two faces; at other times they surround it entirely. Whether it is large or small, its size is never thought of. We are tempted to say that the law of Number, which it observes with such ease, is innate with it; one would say that the law springs from this very soul; as the shafts rise in their vertical flight between the stylobate and the architrave, that it is the law itself which halts them, and which hangs suspended in the pediment with a sort of motionless balance. The law of Number easily places the temple in the scale of the material and spiritual universe of which it is the complete expression. It is on a plane with the pure gulf which, at its base, rounds a curve formed by the cadenced wave that comes to sweep the blond sand. It is on a plane with its own promontory, which turns violet or mauve according to the hour but is always defined against space by a continuous line, which the bony structure of the earth marks out distinctly. It is on a plane with the day sky, which outlines the regularity of its rectangle in the ring of the horizon of the sea. It is on a plane with the night sky which turns about it according to the musical and monotonous rhythm in which the architect has discovered the secret of its proportions. It is on a plane with the city for which it realizes, with a strange serenity, the perfect equilibrium vainly sought by its citizens in the essential antagonism of classes and parties.

It is on a plane with the poets and thinkers, who

seek the absolute relationship between the heart and the intelligence in tragedy and a dialogue, to which it is related by the drama of its sculptural decoration, irreversibly inscribed in its definite order. On the



Athens (end of the 5th Century). Temple of the Winged Victory.

simple Acropolis it is a harmony that crowns another harmony. After twenty-five centuries it remains what it was, because it has retained its proportions, its sustained sweep, its strong seat on the great slab of stone that dominate the sea surrounded by golden hills. One might say that the years have treated it as they have treated the earth, despoiling it of its statues and of its colors at the same time that they have carried the forests and the soil of the mountains down to the sea and dried up the torrents. One might

say that the years have turned it as they have burned the skeleton of the soil which crops out everywhere under the reddish grass—that eight hundred thousand days of flame have penetrated it to make it tower over the conflagration of the evening, seeming to mount even higher the lower the sun descends.

If one has not lived in the intimacy of its ruins, one thinks the Greek temple as rigid as a theorem. But as soon as we really know it—whether almost intact or shattered—our whole humanity trembles in it. The reason is that from its base to its summit the theorem bears the trace of the hand. As in the pediments, the symmetry is only apparent, but equilibrium reigns and makes it live. The laws of sculpture, the laws of nature, are found in it, with logic, the energy and lucence of the planes, the quiver of their surfaces. The straight line is there, as solid as reason, the spacious curved line also, reposedful as the dream. The architect secures the stability of the edifice by its rectangular forms, he gives it movement by its hidden curves. The sweep of the columns is oblique—they project a little, one beyond the other like the trees of an avenue. An insensible curve rounds off the architrave at the line of their summit. All these imperceptible divergences, with the fluting of the columns—a shell which breaks the light, a stream of shadow and of fire—animate the temple, give to it something like the beating of a heart. Its pillars possess the strength and the tremor of trees, the pediments and the friezes oscillate like the branches. The edifice, hidden behind the curtain of the columns, resembles the mysterious



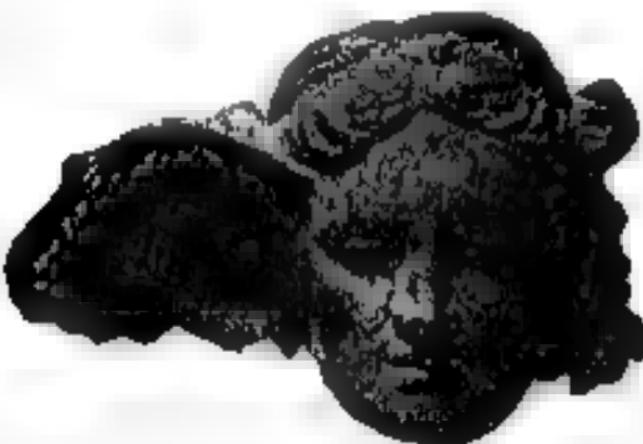
Dancer (end of the 5th Century). Capital of the dancers
(Museum of Delphi).

forest which opens at the moment one enters it. The temple of Paestum, which is quite black, has the appearance of an animal walking.

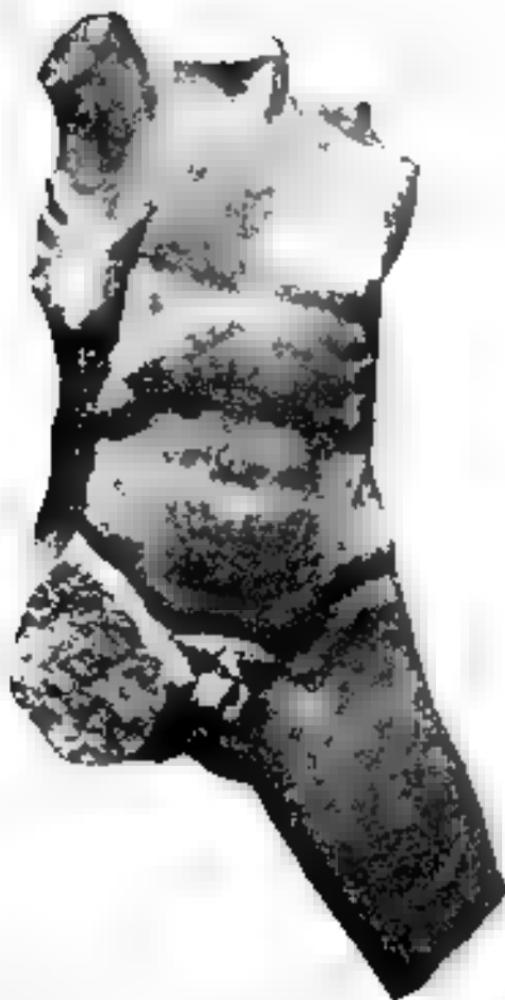
Thus, from the living temple to the eternal men who people its pediments and march in the circle of its friezes, Greek art is a melody. Man's action is fused with his thought. Art comes from him, as does his glance, his voice, and his breath, in a kind of conscious enthusiasm which is the true religion. So vivid a faith exalts him that he has no need to cry it forth. His hymn is continued, because he knows the reason of its existence. His certitude is that of the regular force which causes torrents of desire and the flowers to spring from beings and from the soil. And the Apollo, who arises from the pediment of Olympia with the calm and the sweep of the sun as it passes the horizon, and whose resplendent gesture dominates the fury of the crowds, is like the spirit of this race which, for a second, felt the reign over the chaos that surrounds us, of the order inherent within us.

A second no longer, doubtless, and we cannot determine its place. It is mysterious, it escapes our attempt to measure it, as do all human works in which intuition plays the larger part. Did it perhaps burst out in a lost work, perhaps in several works at once? Toward the middle of the fifth century, from the sculptor of Olympia to Phidias, between the rise and the fall, there occurs in the whole soul of Greece an immense oscillation round about this unseizable moment, which passed without her being able to retain it. But she lived it, and one or two men

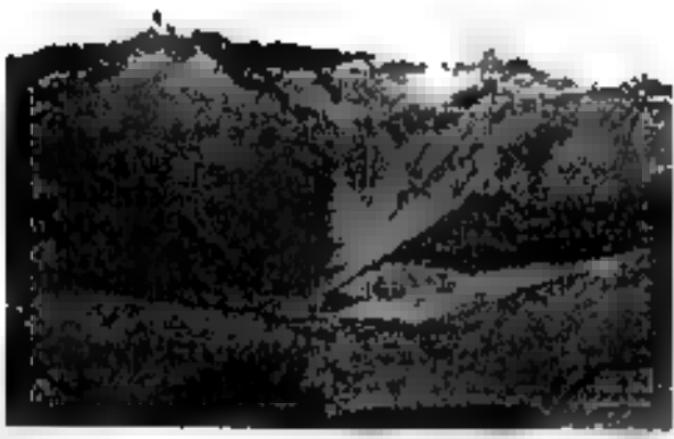
expressed it. And that is the maximum that a living humanity has a right to demand of the dead humanities. It is not by following them that it will resemble them. It may seek and discover in itself the elements of a new equilibrium. But a mode of equilibrium cannot be rediscovered.



Hygieia (?). (V to IV Centuries?). Perugia.)



POLYCLITAN (school of). Torso of a man fighting.



THE AEGAEAN OF PRIMAMENT.

Chapter VI THE DUSK OF MANKIND

I



THE heroic soul of Greece was to ebb away through three woes—the triumph of Sparta, the enrichment of Athens, and the reign of intellectualism. Sensibility increased at the expense of moral energy, reason overflowed faith, enthusiasm was dulled through contact with the critical spirit. The philosophers, to whose development sculpture had contributed so much by giving life to forms, were to deny their origin, laugh at the poets and at the artists, and discourage the sculptors through misleading their minds in the meanders of sophistry. We need not bear them a grudge for this. The equilibrium was about to break, no human power, no miracle could have re-established it.

And the soul of Athens, on the brink of the abyss to which her logicians were dragging civilization, was even then forging a tool with which the men of a distant future could build a new dwelling. The death struggle of Greece gave us freedom of examination.

Beginning with the last years of the fifth century a furtive caress passed over the Greek marbles. The great forms, kept alive by the circulation of their inner energies, disappeared from the pediments, and the artist tried to call these energies to the surface of the statues, of the portraits, of the picturesque groups which, however he isolated little by little. The form and the spirit, which up to that time had flowered in the same integral expression, now separated from each other irrevocably. The spiritualist searched the body to extract the soul, the skeptic no longer tried to derive from it anything more than sensual satisfactions. About that time a little temple was built on the Acropolis to house a wingless Victory. But the external victories that had descended upon it had kept their wings. They were to depart from Athens.

Greek sculpture is supposed not to have appreciated the inner life until the fourth century. It might be observed that from the Archaic period onward there are statues, like the Samian woman, or like any *Orante* of the Acropolis, whose visage makes us think of that of the Gothic virgins because of their naive enchantment with which illuminates it from within. But that is not the question. People generally believe that thought cannot dwell anywhere save in the head.



EROUS (beginning of the IV Century B.C.). Victory of the Acroterium of the temple of Esculapius
(National Museum, Athens).

of the model. The truth is that it is entirely in the head of the artist. The inner quality of a work is measured by the quality of the relations which unite its elements and assure the continuity of its ensemble. And no art had more of the inner quality than that of the fifth century. The modeling of everything goes from within outward. The surfaces, the movements, the empty spaces themselves, everything is determined by the play of the profound forces that pass from the artist into the material, as the blood passes from the heart into the limbs and the brain.

PRAXITELES (end of 5th Century). Hermon detail
Museum of Olympia



archy were very near together, one which lived on an indulgent soil, in a health-giving air near a flowered sea, human beings did not have an urgent need of one another. The normal expression of man is a resultant of the daily conflict of his passions and his will. The Greek sculptor knew the sentimental agitations whose reflections pass at times over the sternest among human faces. But it was only later, with the definitive breaking of the social rhythm, that these reflections

It is true that in a poor society, where the slave was well treated, where the steps of the social hier-



Lysippus (sculptor of). Epeorus, bronze, detail
(National Museum, Athens).

were imprinted there as indelible traces. Man, who was then to be characterized by a warped suffering body and a haggard face, was defined for Phidias by a complete organic equilibrium wherein the calm of the heart spread through the harmony of the general structure, of which the tranquil face was only one



Scenes (354) The Mausoleum, detail (British Museum)

element. The head of the Lachrymous woman, that of Persephone, and that of the Artemis of the Parthenon express a profound life, but a peaceful one. It is like a great depth of pure water, full and limpid and unruffled. The world does not yet know water forever plowled by the storm, bucketed by the poisonous mastix that slept n. d.

Praxiteles draws the spirit to the skin of the statues. As he sees the spirit floating on faces as an undefined vague, as a vague disquietude, as a luminous shadow, he fixes it there, and by so doing breaks that unity



PRAXITELES (school of), end of the 4th Century
Aphrodite. Museo di Napoli

which gives to the forms of the great century their continued radiance. To express the inner life he seeks to make it external. And it is no longer as a dawn, it is as an evening that the soul mounts from the depths to spread itself over the surface. Praxiteles is the Euphrates of sculpture. His measure has elegance, his mind the subtlety of his animation and the charm of his analysis do not succeed in hiding from us the fact that he doubts his strength and that, at bottom, he regrets having lost the sacred inspiration at which he laughs. Under his fingers the piano gets soft, hesitates, and gradually loses the spiritual energy with which Phidias invested it. The expression of the form, distraught and as if a little wearied, is no longer the play of the inner forces, but that of the lights and shadows on its shell. The soul seeks to escape from the embrace of the marble. One sees this clearly in the great dreamy foreheads under the wavy hair, in the serene and vibrant mouth, in the undefined charm of the face as it leans forward. That no longer means intelligence that means sentiment. Art dies of it, but new life takes its germ from it and, much later and under other skies, is to flower from it. At the moment when human language and enthusiasm weaken together the work of Praxiteles affirms, not the appearance, but the survival of the mind and a kind of transference of its function, which is to spend many long centuries in searching for its real organ and in the end is to find it.

His art betrays the coming of a kind of cerebral sentimentalism which we see appearing at the same hour

among all his contemporaries, to whom the friezes of the temple of the "Wingless Victory" and the capital of the "Dancers" at Delphi had already shown the way. Little by little, the deep structure is forgotten.



Niobide, copy (IV to III Century B.C.).
(Banque Commerciale, Roma.)

so that the surface of the figures may be caressed by desire, as the surface of the faces is marked by the artist's effort to depict psychological states. When the statue remains clothed, the robes become lighter than a breeze on the water. But, for the first time,

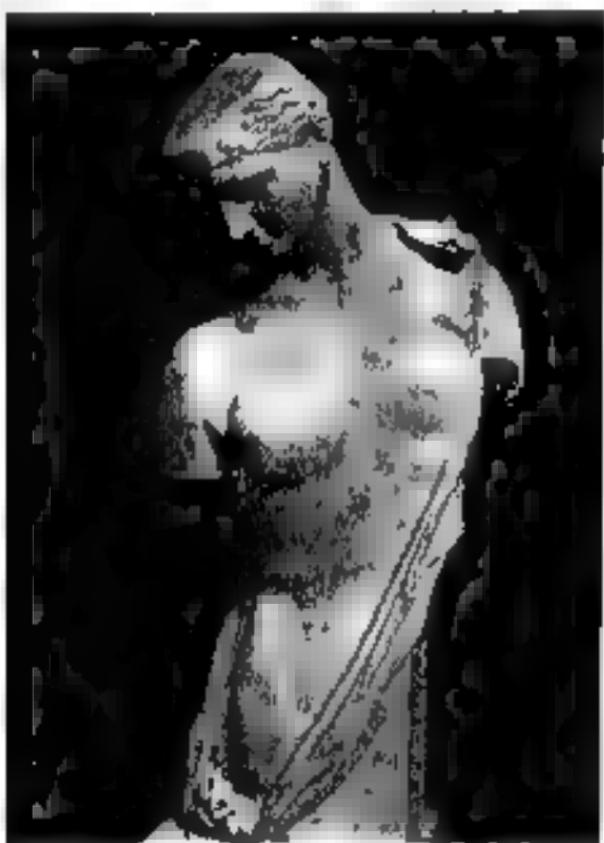
the Greek sculptor wholly unveils woman, whose form is significant more especially through the tremor of its surface, just as the masculine form, which had dictated his science to him, is above all significant through the logic and the rigor of its structure. For the first time he rejects the stuffs which the pupils of Phidias had begun to drap in every direction, at the risk of leaving unexpressed the life moving under them. It is without vain that he expresses the movement of the torsos as they draw themselves up to their full stature, the animation of the planes which the light and air model in powerful vibration, the youth of breasts, the vigor of masculine bellies, and the pure thrust of arms and legs. He speaks of the body of woman as it had never been spoken of before, he raises it up and adores it in its radiant warmth, its fine undulations, in its splendor as a living column through which the sap of the world circulates with its blood. These mutilated statues confer on the sensuality of man the highest nobility. Full and pure, like a well of light, intrusted by all their profiles to space which is motionless about them, as if filled with respect, these great forms sanctify the whole of paganism as, later, a mother bending over the dead body of her son is to humanize Christianity. And if we are intimately grateful to Praxiteles and regard him with a tenderness which does not resemble the heroic exaltation to which Phidias transports us, it is because he has taught us that the feminine body, by its rise into the light and the affecting frankness of the belly, the sides, and the breasts in which our whole

future sleeps, sums up human effort in the unconquerable idealism with which it faces so many storms. It is impossible to see certain of these broken statues where only the young torso and the long thighs survive, without being torn by a tenderness that is sacred.

II

But the early fervor is soon to be transformed something a little wearied is to touch the force of the marble. Very quickly the forms lengthen, become more slender, flow like a single caress, and tremble with sensual agitation, with shame invaded by love. The modeling undulates gently, the passage becomes hesitant, insinuates itself and little by little effaces the plane. Wandering hollows cupple the skin, the breasts are uncertain flowers which never quite open, the neck swells as if with sighs, the knot of hair secured by the filets weighs on the beautiful round head over which the tresses course like a stream. As at the end of Egypt, it is the troubled farewell to woman, a farewell in which sleeps the hope of distant resurrections. Look, after seeing the "Victories," after the "Dancers" of Delphi—so natural in their grace that they make one think of a tuft of reeds—look at the "Leia" as she sturdily receives the great swan with the beating wings, letting the beak seize her neck, the foot tighten on her thigh—the trembling woman subjected to the fatal force which reveals to her the wiles of life, even while penetrating her with voluptuousness and pain. And that is still religious, grave, barely infected by

heady agitation, barely turning towards the slope of sensual abandon—it is like the adieu of Greece to the noble life of the pagans. The heroic era of paganism



MAUSA GORGIA (end of the 5th Century—Psyche of Capua (Museum of Naples).

begins its death struggle with a smile that is a little melancholy, but tender and resigned. It seems as if this admirable race had had a feeling of the rela-



Hellenistic Art (IV to III Centuries) - Aphrodite of Cyrene
(detail - National Museum, Rome)

ivity of our knowledge and as if I had accepted the beginning of its decline as simply as it had accepted its own.

Thus, through criticism and sensuality, Greece came to study the actual man and to forget the possible man. Sculpture began again to cast athletes in bronze muscular and arm young men whose immediate life, no longer the inner one, gives no deeper than their rippling skin. The form, indeed, is always fair and pure; it is dense and unbroken but coherent and has the look of a thing conceived as a whole. When these athletes left the stadium they seemed to descend from the temple so well did the serenity the nor grace of their strength fit concentrate in them. But the heroic idea of the best periods of sculpture, the divine idea of the great century no longer interposed between them and the statue maker who saw them directly. At the same time also by the same means he turned his eye plumb toward those character portraits which, in reality we know only by the Roman copies. The earlier ones—that of Homer for example—reveal to us a enchanted nobility discriminating fineness and reserve. But later we find fewer excessive sexual violence and virtuousity in description. It is a movement moreover, which announces the gravest social crisis. Art is no longer a function of the race; it begins to make itself dependent on the rich man, who is to turn it away from its heroic course more and more, to demand of it portraits and statues for apartments and gardens.

The last of the great monuments of the classic epoch,

the Mausoleum of Soopas and Bryaxis, is made for a private individual. King Mausolus, and, by an irony which partakes of the symbolic, this monument is a



Hellenistic Art (IV to III Century). Aphrodite of Zonaglia (Louvre).

tomb. It is living, certainly—nervous, sparkling, and impregnated with intelligence. In the warriors, in the Amazons and their horses, in the races, the flights, and the attacks, there circulates a free, proud,

and delicate spirit, a rapidity of thought which almost foresees the action, which brings into the material the resonance of the armor, the neighing of the horses, the sound of their hoofs beating on the ground. And of the vibrations of javelins and tightly drawn bow strings. The chisel attacks the marble with the conquering fire of a too ardent mind; in anxious haste to set down at the flood tide of its excitation, an exultant already haunted with doubt. With its extreme elegance of form, its sharp mordant expression and its direct gesture it is a cool breeze that crosses an early evening. There are constant parallelisms between fold and fold between limb and limb, between movement and movement. The empty spaces are very empty: we no longer feel the passage of that abstract wave through which the volutes penetrated one another and, from end to end of the pediment, gave the effect of a sea whose crests brought with them the hollows which braved to a crest again. The hollow is isolated here, the wave is isolated; picturesque and descriptive detail profits by this dissociation to appear and expose itself. It is to tend, more and more, to predominate over the philosophic ensemble.

The evolution of the great periods is approximately the same everywhere but in Greece from the seventh to the third century it appears with an astonishing result. Man, when he realizes himself, proceeds like nature, from anarchy to unity, from unity to anarchy. At first the scattered elements have to seek one another in the darkness of the mind. Then the whole mass of the chaotic creature is weighed down by the soil, which

dogs its joints and clings to its heavy steps. Then the forms disengage themselves and find their proper places and agreement, their logical relationships appear, and each organ adapts itself more and more closely to its function. In the end the rhythm is



HORNED HEAD
(Archaeological Museum, Florence).

broken form seems to flee from form, the mind seems to wander at random, the contacts are lost, the unity disintegrates. Thus there are in Greek art four definite epochs: the Primitive, *Aegina*, the Parthenon, the Mausoleum. First, the stammering analysis followed, with the Archaic men, by a brief and rough synthesis. Then when the mind is mature, a new and short analysis, luminous and compelling which ends, with a single bound, in the conscious synthesis of a society in equi-

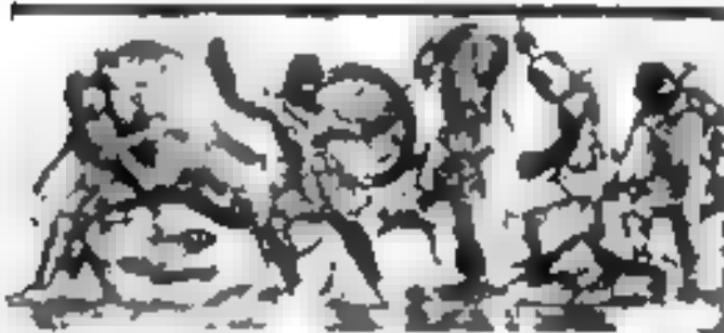
librium. Finally a last research which is not to reach its goal, which is to dissipate itself more and more until it has reduced its fragments *ad infinitum*, has broken all the old bonds, and has, little by little, lost itself through lack of comprehension, fatigue, and the urgent need of a great new power of seeing.

His forgetting of the essential relations causes the artist to become concerned over the accident, the rare movement, the exceptional expression, the diromantic action and, most of all, when men turn back to the horizon of the mystical, the artist's soul-side takes the form of looking for fright, pain, delirium for physical suffering, and sentimental impulses of all kinds. The plastic synthesis undergoes the same disintegration. It is then that detail appears. It tyrannizes over the art at "The attribute invades the form." The latter generates in vain as if it wanted to defend itself, the attribute rivets itself on like a chain. Lyres, tridents, scepters, lightnings, draperies, mandas, head dresses—the whole rag bag of the studio and the theatrical dressing room makes its entrance. The deep lyrum of the soul subsides, there is need for an external lyram to mask its exhaustion. It was enthusiasm that made the statue divine—how is the god to be recognized now if he has no scepter and no crown? Faith uplifted the material and made sightning flash from it to the very heavens of human hope. That is over with. The statues need wings. In the fifth century the wing was rare on the shoulders of the gods. It was to be found among the Archaien as they tried to tear form from the chains of matter. It



Daughter of Cleopatra end of 1st Century British Museum

is found among the decadents where it tries to raise the form, whose own ardor no longer sustains it. The "Victory of Samothrace" already has need of wings to rise from the prow of the ship because of the



Hellenistic Art - II Century B.C. — Maenad of Samothrace. Museum of Constantinople

complication of the wet draperies which weigh on her legs and make heavy her terrible sweep, the turn of her bust, and the tempest of flight, of clarions, and of the wind that rises in her wake.

III

Greek art, at the very moment that it was thus breaking up in depth, was scattering over the whole material surface of Hellenic antiquity. After the movement of concentration that had brought to Athens all the forces of Hellenism, a movement of dispersal began, which was to carry from Athens to southern Italy to Sicily to Cyrene, Egypt, the Islands, and Asia Minor the passion and, unfortunately, the mania for beautiful things in default of creative



MAGNA GRÆCIA (III Century B.C.) Aphrodite, detail
(Museum of Syracuse).

genius. Dilettantism and the diffusion of taste multiply and at the same time weaken talent. It is the Hellenistic period, perhaps the mehest in artists and in works of art that history has to show, but perhaps, also, one of the poorest in power of emotion.

There are few men to listen to the voice within them now and, in a brief rush of fervor, occasionally to catch from it like the vigorous sculpture of the *Venus of Milo*—a very noble, if somewhat dandied and dissipated, echo of the hymn to life whose triumphal choir dies out in the past. The abortive and active author of the "Sarcophagus of Alexander" takes the subjects of the old Assyrian picture for lack of conscience, and transforms its force and its brutality into somewhat declamatory lyrical movement. The sculptors of Rhodes, especially seek gesticulating and complicated melodrama in the sensational event and its terribilitate, so that they may be sure to touch popular sentiment, which is beginning its reaction against the skepticism of the philosophers. Others, who cannot see significance in the normal manifestations of life hire the patron by making their work tell anecdotes for him. We reach the irritating reign of the picturesque little groups. They are at a charming sculpture, to be sure, of a learned and witty elegance, but without the naive quality and already announce monotonous factory work trinkets art for the amateur and those coffins of the artist's dignity—the glass case, the shelf, and the collection.

These undefined currents, dominated by the sentimentalism of the middle classes and the elegant la-

tude of the blast, set one on another in harmony or in opposition and follow or push back in every direction the hesitating wave that goes from the shores of Asia to the shores of Egypt, from Pergamos to Alex-



Sleeping Fury (4th Century B.C.,
National Museum, Rome.)

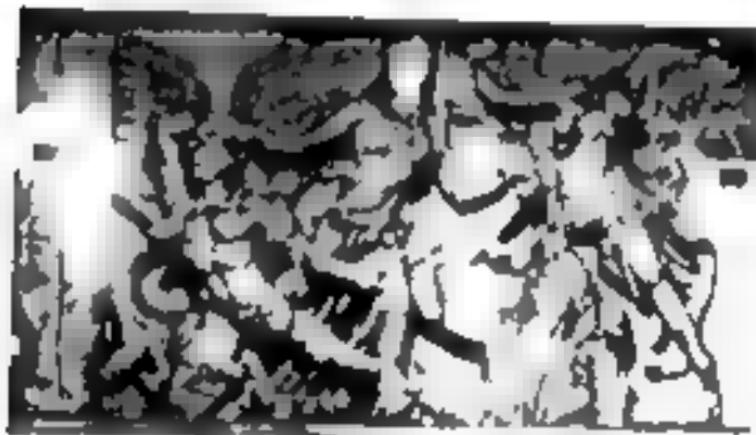
andria, from the Islands to the three continents. The incessant mixing of the populations of the coasts produces a wild maelstrom in which some waves from the depths, bringing back the violence and heaviness of Asia, arouse the passion of humanity to the point of desperation. But the Greek soul is no longer anything but a foam evaporating on the surface. Man has lost his unity. His efforts to seize it again only plunge him into deeper night. The Altar of Pergamos,

■ ANCIENT ART

the last of the great collective designs that Hellenism has bequeathed to us is the image of this disorder. Where sobriety had been, there is heavy luxuriance; confusion replaces order; the rhythm grows wild and breathless; melodramatic effort stifles all humanity, and oratorical power becomes emphasis and bombast. The artist, in the abundance of his speech, exhibits the noisy emptiness of his mind. His speech is ardent, without doubt sumptuous in color, trembling with his clamor and his gesture, but it is a little like a mantle loaded with gold and gems that has been caught by the wind. Seopas had, at least, no fear of open spaces in his groups; he was too much alive, the sap of the primitive had not abandoned him, when he had nothing to say he held his peace. But the sculptor of Pergamos is afraid of those great silences through which the spirit of Phidias, when it left one form to go toward another, gaded on its invisible wave. The sense of spiritual continuity is so foreign to him that he does not hesitate to replace it by the factitious continuity of external rhetoric. He fills the backgrounds, stuffs the holes, and chokes up every bit of space that he can find. When a man has little to say, he talks without a stop. Silence bores only those who do not think.

These screams, these imploring eyes, these desperate gestures correspond with the awakening neither of pain nor of pity. Suffering is as old as the mind. The men of the past were not ignorant of the dramas of love, or the dramas of paternity, or the dramas of war, or of abandonment, or of death, but they knew how

to gather from them an increase of power. When man loves life he becomes and abhors pain. It is when he no longer acts that tears rule the world. The lachrymose heroes and the epileptic gods no longer have in their abiding of the Greek soul they no



PARthenON (beginning of the 5th Century). Altar
(Museum of Berlin).

longer have anything of the human soul. It escapes through the bellowing mouths, the hair standing on end, the tips of the fingers, the points of the spears, and through the gestures that fritter it away. The world is ripe to adopt the antagonistic dualism that later is to tear civilization to pieces. Here is earth, there is heaven, here is the form, there is the spirit. They are forbidden to rejoin each other, to recognize themselves in each other. Man is to wander despairingly for ten or twelve centuries in the night that lies between them. Already the authors of the melancholic groups of the "Laocoön," the "Farnese Bull,"

and the romantic suicides are no longer sculptors, but bombastic play actors. Feeling, which is to be reborn in the crowds, is dead in the image cutters, who have been domesticated by the powerful. Even their science is dead. The statue maker is hardly more than a diligent anatomist, who follows exactly the relief of the muscles and the dramatized movement that fashion prescribes for his mode. Sculpture does not even think of recovering something of the lost paradise through divine irony, for which it is not made. But through irony Lucian of Samosata is to console minds from which pitiless rationalism has driven out faith. The gods have deserted the souls of the artists to dwell in the hearts of stoics, who welcome them without a word.

IV

There is to be, indeed, during this slow, irremediable wasting away of the Greek idea, some moments where the decline is arrested, some startled gestures revealing a momentary return of vitality, occasionally a few green shoots come from the old transplanted tree. Nothing dies without a struggle. Upon coming into contact with newer races, the Hellenic genius, ashamed of its decay, attempts a vigorous return to itself here and there, and if it does not bring the gods back to earth, it sees, living on the earth, a few heroic forms around the flourishing cities and the illuminated bays. To follow its infiltrations through the Latins of northern Italy and the Latinized colonies of the valley of the Rhone is rather difficult, the more so because, from the



Douglas Thompson & Son Ltd., London - Authors of *Lynx*
National Museum of Wales

origins of Greek civilization, Magna Graecia had not ceased to cultivate thought, to cut marble, and to cast bronze. Pompeii in its swamps, and the temples of Sicily on their soil of lava and sulphur, where the herds of goats wander amid the cacti, bear witness to the fact that a creative power reigned. It was triumphant over wars, it defined the mechanism of the race even more than it did the character of the cities. The evolution of the Hellenic desire had been everywhere the same. Magna Graecia had bared its goddesses to discover the woman in them at the same moment that Praxiteles had. But perhaps it had grown soft more quickly as if submerged in voluptuous and everlasting luxury. Southern Italy was richer than Greece, more fertile, less rugged, and more generously supplied with orange trees, with flowers, and with breezes. The beautiful statues of Capua have the fluidity of perfumed oils and the polish of the skin of courtesans; they are without any strength of their own, their modeling melts and flows like wax. Rome had little trouble in subjecting those who lived among them.

But it happened that at the contact of Roman energy the Greek element recovered a certain dignity. For two centuries, approximately from the period when Greece, not yet conquered but already resigned, sent artists to Rome, until the period when, entirely vanquished, she furnished only panderers, sophists, and rhetoricians—from the "beaten Pugilist" to the "Hercules of the Belvedere" there was a strange union of the violent Latin strength and the Hellenic

and purified and made subtle by the approach of death. And from this marriage came fruits at once so fast and so ripe that before them Michael Angelo



Mosaic—The Vintage, Louvre.

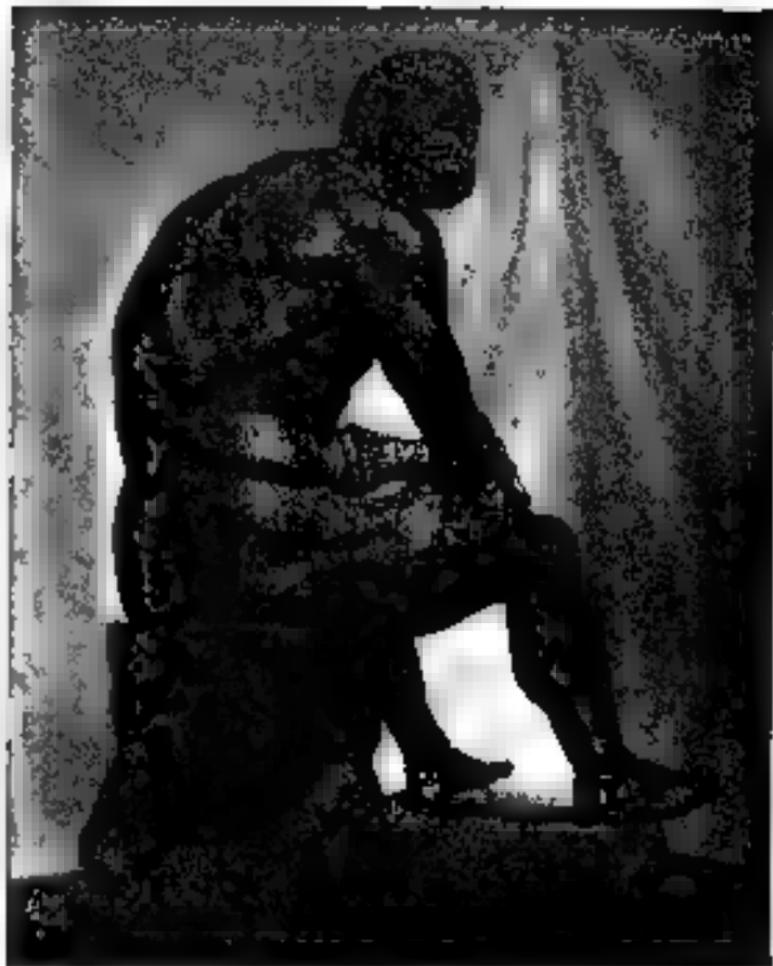
could have recognized—and did recognize—his power. These are singular works, like full green oaks that have been struck by lightning. We do not know whether they are Hellenic because of the bold modeling, the exaggerated expressiveness of the projections and the tease brutality—or Greek, because of the mastery that fixes all these qualities in coherent form, that draws forth and distributes the spirit of the form.

The ground between the upper side of the decorated surfaces and the base of the vessel is covered with a coarse, irregular, light-colored material, which appears to have been laid on in large masses, the surface being broken up by numerous small, sharp, pointed stones.



Fig. 20.—*Fragment from a Bowl or Jar
Decorated with a Branch Pattern.*

Decorated with a branch pattern. It was found broken and fragments of it were obtained from the surface. The back surface is plain, showing no traces of any former covering. The decorated surface is composed of large, irregular, pointed stones, the fragments and broken pieces of which were collected from the surface. It was decorated entirely upon one side, and the decorated portion is 10 cm. long and 7 cm. wide. The decorated portion consists of a single, irregular, branching pattern, which has been decorated with a thin, irregular, light-colored material, which appears to have been laid on in large masses, the surface being broken up by numerous small, sharp, pointed stones.



GRECO-ROUMAN ART. Pugilist. bronze (5th Century B.C.).
(National Museum, Rome.)

and Nîmes and surprised those beautiful women at the bath as they crouch on one leg which flattens under the weight of the torso, with its soft breasts, the fat fold at the belly and the hollow in the small of the back, where the shadow moves with the undulating surface. At Rome itself, under Augustus, with the Roman copyists all around him, Pasiteles founded a Greek school. And it was in Rome, under his leadership and as an evident reaction against Asiatic sculpture, that the Greek sculptors attempted an impossible return to Archaic austerity.¹ Everywhere else, in Attica, in Asia, and in the Islands, Hellenism reacts in only a negative way against the sea of sentimentalism that arises from the depths.

▼

But it still discusses, it wrangles, and, let us add, it tries, in the wreck of its spirit, to bequeath the essential lesson of that spirit—if not by the language of form which it scarcely knows any longer, at least by words. About the first century the whole civiliza-

¹ I believe that the famous throne of Venus (of the Museo Nazionale in Rome), the central element of which serves as the headpiece to the Introduction to this book, and which has heretofore been attributed to the fifth century, must be restored to this school, of which it would be the masterpiece. Not to mention the place where it was discovered, not to speak of the nude figure in it—which, by the way, is inferior to the rest of the work—and which the artists of the fifth century would not have ventured to use, there are some strange details in it like the pillows, a certain negligence of style, a certain fashionableness, elegance, a certain technical cleverness & spirit more elegant and refined than grave, a mixture of exquisite culture and voluntary naivete, a shade of literature very far from the force and the austerity of the predecessors of Phidias.

tion of antiquity concentrates around Alexandria, as if to take an inventory of its conquests. The Egyptian, so has weariness, is at the back of the stage, but the



Hellenistic Art. Eros and Psyche (Louvre).

Jew and the Greek stand before the audience, applauded or hooted, friends or enemies. Now alone, now followed by fanatical multitudes, they work in the fever,

the trepidation, and the clamor of a crazily jostling and renewed cosmopolitanism. On a bed of abject vice, of strenuous asceticism, among uncompromising mystics and indulgent skeptics, the idea ferments. Philosophers, critics, romancers, theologians, rhetoricians, artists—this whole world mingles together and abouts. The artist goes in for theology, the philosopher for romances, the theologian for criticism, the romancer for rhetoric. It is a unique moment in the history of mankind. Egypt contributes its mystery, Greece its reason, Asia its gulf. And in spite of Egypt, Greece, and Asia, the synthesis of the absent world, that is to be effected in the too aristocratic domain of the mind by the enthusiasm of the prophets and the subtlety of the sophists, is to pass over the mass of humanity without satisfying the hunger of its needs. The world is troubled with thinking; it tempts its unsettled ideal to its primitive element once more—in the ignorance of the people. A new mythology is to triumph over the pharisees, who are preparing its unfolding.

Social surroundings such as these do not permit belief in a great Alexandrian art, which would have been lost. Neither strong architecture nor great sculpture repose on systems, especially when the systems interpenetrate and vary incessantly. The source of plastic inspiration had dried up in the too complicated mind of the upper classes and had not yet appeared in the dark soul of the people. At Alexandria, as at other places, there were admirable renewals, spiritual leaps as straight as those of a dying flame, the gleams of a deep love. Certain bas-reliefs of Alexandrian, Greco-Latin,



GRECO-ROMAN ART APOLLONIOS (1 Century B.C. - Hercules of the Belvedere, Museum of the Vatican).

or Hellenistic origin—the matter is of little importance for the same spirit animates itself everywhere—certain bas-reliefs seize upon us through the liveliness and the grace—the joy rescued from intellectual pessimism, the ardent abandon to the intoxication of enjoyment through understanding and of understanding through enjoyment. The fruit of the vineyard is ripe, the vintagers gather it, to the sound of flute and cymbals, they dance on the grapes. A long, long winter may come. The round of the dances grows wilder, the hair of the women streams, their heaving bosoms and their legs are bared—the panthers creep through the shadows to lick up the blood that is to flow. But this epoch, in which Egyptian hieratism often comes to tempt the dying inspiration of the Greek, cultivates "grace" sculpture, which is the unmistakable mark on the dust of the centuries, of baseness and vulgarity of mind. These sculptors surprise the questionable professors in their picturesque adventures, they tell little stories that make you laugh or cry. It is the Japanese bibelot, done with far less skill, or the clock top of the lower middle classes of our century with far more skill and not much more wit. The greater part of the bas-reliefs exhibit the same tendencies, the often confused and overloaded anecdote, and a background of landscape as its setting. They show how sculpture was corrupted in the Ptolemaic periods by the studies and method of painters. And that is the most serious of the social indications that can be found in this art.

Thus need of fusing the two great modes of plastic

evocation had been appearing in Greece itself for at least three centuries. Praxiteles looked on form as a painter rather than as a sculptor. Lysippus, also, at times, and the sculptor of the Tomb of Alexander, and especially the decorator of Pergamos. The great classic sculpture had indeed made use of painting but as an accessory means, to give to the form, already living through its own structure, the superficial appearance of life. Under the broad simple tones which covered the decorative ensembles and remained tranquil in the light, the sculptural plane persisted. On the contrary, in the fourth century, and very much more in the Hellenistic periods, pictorial expression tends to get along without form and to model the surfaces by the mysterious play of the lights, the shadows, the half-tones, and the diffused envelope of the air. It is still a legitimate process when it is practiced on bas-relief but it is fatal to sculpture. Form must live in space by its own means, like the living being. The planes determined by its inner life are the exact criterion of the statue's success or failure in its contact with the outside atmosphere. An envelope is necessary only to the painter, since



ALEXANDRIAN ART Head
of a woman
Laffan Collection.

be translets conventionally, to a flat surface, the materiality and the depth of space. If the sculptor incorporates an artificial atmosphere with form, the real atmosphere will devour it.

In the epoch of Alexandria the confusion is complete. The mystics of Asia and the skeptics of Europe wearied by their skepticism, need the vague envelope that destroys form and opens dreams as vague as itself. The great sculpture of Egypt, even while retaining its strong traditions, had already, in the Saite epoch, headed for these cloudy horizons. The anecdote surrounded by the mystery of painting, indeed the whole of Greek art from Praxiteles onward, turns toward them. Grandeur of sentiment having disappeared, sentimentalism, a new thing was bound to germinate in the pain of the masses and the adhesion of the intellects, to renew the energy of the world. It is only in these tendencies that we can find in Alexandrian art an attempt, even if an obscure one, to fuse the essential aspirations of the ideals of the ancient world.

The ideal of the Jew is justice. It is a limited and exclusive ideal, and, for that reason, uncompromising and hard. Like every excess of passion, the passion for justice, when it has no counterpose, renders man unjust toward those who do not think as he does, and unjust toward himself, for his thought knows no other refuge than daily sacrifice and pitiless severity. He is unhappy and alone, for he is unacquainted with forgiveness. The ideal of the Greek is wisdom, the order of the world obeyed and disciplined by the intelligence, the conquest patient and undivided from



GALLO-HELLENIC ART (1st CENTURY A.D.) Crouching Venus
(Louvre).

life—of a relative equilibrium. He has a strong feeling for what is just, but what is beautiful, and what is true is to the same degree the object of his passion. He finds in each of these ideals the echoes of the other two, and completes, tempers, and broadens each one through the others. Phidias is in Pythagoras, and Socrates is in Phidias.

The Jews were bound to misunderstand Christ because he reacted as an artist against the idea of justice which had made them unjust, and taught the lowly to pity the strong. The Greeks were far better prepared to understand Him. They knew Him from long ago. He was Dionysus, come from India and returning through Asia with the armies of Alexander. Dionysus the god of periodic resurrections, the god of primitive superstitions, of magics and sorceries, as he had been, in the time of Æschylus, the god of pagan drunkenness. Dionysus, the eternal god of the multitudes and of women. He was the God-man of their myths also, the hero, Herakles, Prometheus. Before Christ the Stoics had taught the conquest of the inner freedom, which is the measure of the discipline which we can impose on ourselves. Before Christ Socrates had died for man. The humanity of Christ was the testament of the ancient world rather than the preface to the new.

First it brought the sword. St Paul was to betray Jesus and whisper into the darkened intelligence of the moaning world the revenge of the Jewish mind. The philosophers were to turn their backs on Him, but the suffering slaves and the women, of whom our

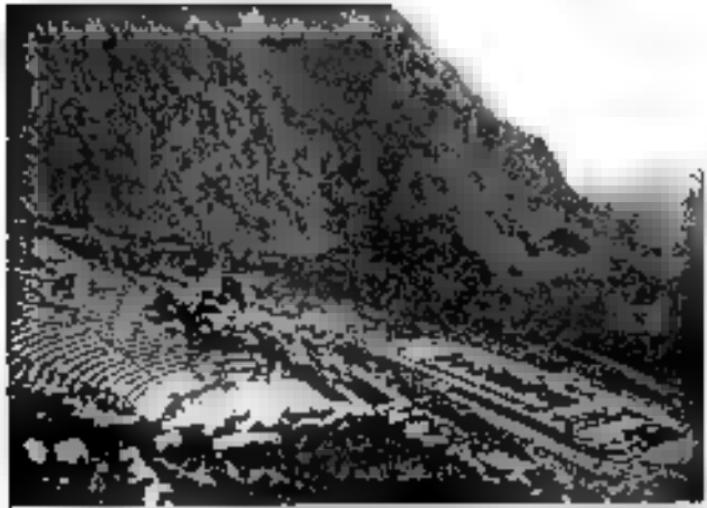


Greek-Eastern Art - Portrait of young girl on papyrus
Archaeological Museum, Piraeus

mind as well as our flesh is born, the women forever watching that the fire may burn on the hearth; the slaves and the women hearken to Him. Man creates the scene, but he tires of it. When the scene burns out in him it is woman who picks it up to set it afire in her until another male voice comes to awaken it there. If art is feminised and softened in the mind of men, as in the works of this age testify, the will becomes virile and tense in the heart of women. And it is the latter development which kills the former.

Reason was dying alone, skeptical and disdainful. Sentiment was growing up alone, blind and groping. It was to conquer. It was the crowd and it was life.

The sentimental uprising of the weak ruins civilization. We are about to burn the books, smash the statues, gut the human temples, and lose our contact with the earth. What does it matter? We must accept these downfalls. It is they that are the condition of the morrow which makes reparation. On the western soil, plowed by Greece, the real thought of Christ is to be reborn in the speech of Prometheus, after more than a thousand years of darkness, furies, and misunderstanding. Perhaps it is this abyss that is contemplated by the old portraits of the last Egypt, with their faces of enigma and their shadowy eyes in which a light trembles.



JAZZPIPER.

Chapter VII INTIMATE GREECE

I



WHILE official art, the great decorative and religious art, was losing sight of its wellsprings, intimate art remained near them and continued to drink from them.

The hero, who came up from the people, has disappeared, but the people is still there, and in it the Greek soul survives. The people undergoes the corrosive influence of intellectualism and of gold more slowly, and the flame of life smolders in it even when it ~~is~~ ^{at}ent very extinguished on the upper levels. Even at the times of the worst decay the instinct of the multitudes contains all the elements of the higher life; only the awakening of new desires through the appearance of new needs is required to call forth the great

man and to rouse in him that instinct which the dead mass of his ancestors and the living mass of mankind have intrusted to him. Brutal animal power and the power of the intelligence are our only weapons for the conquest of our organization. The average civilized man, however, is as far from spiritual order as he is from direct possession. He has not yet attained the former; he has lost the latter. We are in the desert.

It is the people throughout the whole extent of the Greek world who gather up the scattered elements of the soul of antiquity. The workman of art takes the place of the hero. The uprooted tree is to cover the earth with leaves. From the pavement of the Greek cities emerges a world of trinkets, figurines of metal and of terra cotta, jewels, engraved stones, furniture, coins, and painted or incised vases. Yesterday the man of genius was at the service of the people. To-day the man of the people is at the service of the man of means.

The bond that unites the great artist with the artisan, the passage from the great sculpture to popular art, is the industry of terra-cotta figurines which were manufactured by thousands at Tanagra, among those Boeotian peoples whom the Athenians so greatly despised. The industry is not new. It had existed since Archaic times. But in the fourth century, influenced by the diffusion of taste, it was to perfect and extend itself. Like a little timid reflection it follows the evolution of the great focus. Archaic, when the latter is so, it becomes powerful and luminous with the focus, in the Praxitelean period the figurine

is frankly intimate. But before Praxiteles, the reflection is totally lost in the blaze of the focus. From Praxiteles onward, when the focus is growing pale, the



Fragment of stela end of 5th Century
Pringle Collection

little reflection, on the contrary, becomes a shining point of light in the gathering shadow. The great sculpture which was made to decorate the temples and to live in space fails when it attempts to turn to intimate things. The figure, made to decorate

private dwellings and to follow its owner to the tomb in order to win the gods over to him, is essentially intimate in inspiration and in destination. It was

quite natural that it should attain its apogee in the century that brought the gods back among men. There are not many gods among the Etruscan sepulchers. There are men, and, above all, women and children, and even animals, toys, and obscene figures.

It has been said that Greek art lacked character. To assert this is to know it inadequately, and perhaps only by the calumnies which the academies, the Roman copies, and the retrospective novels have spread about it. What is character? It is the placing in evidence not of the picturesque, but of the descriptive elements of a given form. The art of the fifth century, which has been said not to have character goes beyond individual character. It expresses the entire species, it describes it by insisting upon the dominant character of every individual. But the intimate art of Greece does not aim so high. With its charming wisdom it follows individual character.



TAXYGRA.

Draped woman
(Bibliothèque Nationale)

expresses the entire species, it describes it by insisting upon the dominant character of every individual. But the intimate art of Greece does not aim so high. With its charming wisdom it follows individual character.

People have forgotten the Greek portraits—so much it is true, but so penetrating—they have forgotten the Tanagras, the Myrinas, the vase paintings, the whole of Pompeian painting, and those statuettes, those



TANAGRA. (The Author's Private Collection).

studies which perpetuate the cruel satire on the life of the sick, the hunchbacked, the lame, and the infirm of all kinds. They forget that there are even caricatures in the sepulchers of Tanagra. The popularity which the comedies of Aristophanes enjoyed is explained when we know their spectators. There was plenty of laughter in Greece, the philosophers laughed at the

gods, the people laughed at the philosophers. The coroplasts (figure makers) of Tanagra and the potters of Ceramica were wholly joyous.



Pitcher (*National Museum, Athens*).

Did they imitate the great contemporary statues as often as has been said? It is improbable. There were occasional reminiscences, at the most. Imitation, close or loose, is death. Now these things live. All the qualities of Praxitelean sculpture are in them.

and more acutely. They are modern. They will always be modern. It is because they are eternal. To make a living piece is to make something of eternity, to surprise the laws of life in their permanent dynamism.



MAONA GREEK. Girls playing with *petseleta*, terra cotta (British Museum).

Walking, dances, and games, the toilet, repose, gossip, attention, reverie, immobility—the fine shadings of life, its impressions, and its memories—pass into these charming things, or flee, or hesitate, or halt. They are a living crowd of unseizable moments, these candid little creatures, with their red hair and their tinted dresses. They are the flowers that Greece gathers for a crown

as she looks at herself in the water, runs under the willows, stands on tiptoe to reach the lips of the gods, and lives an animal life so ingenuous that her singers and her sculptors could not help deifying it and succeeding—as they followed its direction, without revolt and without a too laborious effort—in illuminizing its spirit.

These gracious creatures did not know their power of fascination. Greece loved and let herself be loved in an admirable innocence. If the grandiose sensualism of the Orient created the musical drama and inundated the sculptor of Olympia with its sacred frenzy, it did no more than graze the masses of the people and the artist-workmen who interpreted their needs. It is this that always separated Dorian and even Attic art, at least, in their average manifestations, from the art of the Greeks of the Orient. The women of Myrina, the Tanagra of Asia Minor, knew their power of love. The true soul of Asiatic Greece, ardent to the point of voluptuousness, the soul whose flame streams into the Hellenic intelligence, is in the art of Myrina, far more than in the decorative sculpture of the time. The richness of language is less disturbing in it than in the hands of the artist of Pergamos, for this attic art—colorful, ardent, and impulsive—is made to be seen close by. There is not the least emphasis in this art; it is rich, almost brutal, a thing made to communicate the ardor of these beautiful, alluring women with their plump backs, their round arms, their heavy hair, their trailing dresses. They paint their questionable faces and adorn themselves and load

themselves with jewels. One thinks of Hindoo sculpture which is soon to be stirring in the shadow of the caverns, of the idols of Byzantium with the gems glittering around them, one thinks of the splendid death, in the purple of Venice, of Oriental paganism. The conquest of the Occident by the woman of Asia is on the point of completion.

II

Everywhere, between the fourth and the first century—in Italy, in Sicily, on the shores of Asia Minor—the popular and intimate art causes official art to recede. The potter of Myrina and of Tanagra, and the sculptor of Alexandria remains himself, whereas the decorator of the monuments tries to catch once more a soul that has gone from him—that has gone out of the world—and to re-concentrate, by artificial means, the dissociated



TANAGRA (IV Century).
Museum of Olympia

elements of artistic creation. At Alexandria the figurine sculptor was doubtless not a workman, as at Myrina or at Tanagra, but rather one of those very brilliant, very superficial, and very *ak-dju*, fashionable artists who swarm around the rich man. Every new social expression, it is true, calls forth an art which adapts itself to it which is beautiful simply because of that fact. But plutocratic societies constitute only a moment of that expression, the last before the downfall. It has been said that luxury called forth the arts. We may agree. But luxury consumes art, the profound creative feeling that comes out of the people in their full efforts, as the child from the mother's womb, the feeling that has in it their will, their hope, their power of illuminating. Between the statuette of the collector and the temples of a democracy there is the distance from the shelves of the drawing-room to the Acropolis.

During the Alexandrian period and even more during the imperial period, the diffusion of taste crowded out creative force. When this force manifests itself it often passes for an insult to taste or, at least, to the practical and moderate idea which the ruling classes and the world of fashion conceive of the mystic function of the artist, they imagine him made to satisfy their needs. To be sure, the taste of Alexandria is delightful—*at least*, the taste of the intellectual aristocracy—for the parvenu, there, as in other places, cares only for anecdote-art. Alexandria loves a whispering, tremulous, elusive note in its production. Delicate little bronzes are created in which the material



Tanjore (17 Century) (Private Collection)

takes on qualities of living flesh, of warm skin, it seems to cower from the cold like the virgin bodies so obliquely described by the sensual artist, in effete epochs, for the delight of the eye and the hand of the cultivated connoisseur. Woman no longer unveils herself the robes are stripped from her. Aphrodite no longer emerges from the sea, she enters the bathtub. She tries the water with her toes, her young body stoops or turns or stretches itself with a perfect absence of shame, and yet remains chaste, if one thinks of Asia, which attempts a last violent effort. Doubtless also, there is a debt to Egyptian purity, which Grecian nobility recognizes and wedges.

Here is the fashionable drawing-room, here are rare pieces of furniture and the glass cases in which sleep precious things, sheltered from profaning hands. Polygraphy and romance have succeeded tragedy and history. It is the period when persons of elegance, men or women, covered from head to foot with amulets and jewels, eat and drink from chiseled metal. The locust, wrought of gold and worn in the hair, no longer sufficed for ladies of fashion. They needed rings, cameos, intaglios, necklaces, bracelets, clasps, and eardrops. The jewels of gold were, in Greece at least, of simple form, for Asia and imperial Rome have more pompous taste. The metal has the suppleness of a training vine, it creeps like a reptile over the forms, it wedges the warm creases of the neck, it encircles the splendor of the arms, it draws the eye to the beautiful hands, it marries the dull sheen of the painted skin to its own tawny pallor. Set in a bezel or suspended,

finely engraved stones bear images of the gods and portraits, birds, lions, beetles, and chimeras; there are as many amulets as there are superstitions in the epochs without faith.



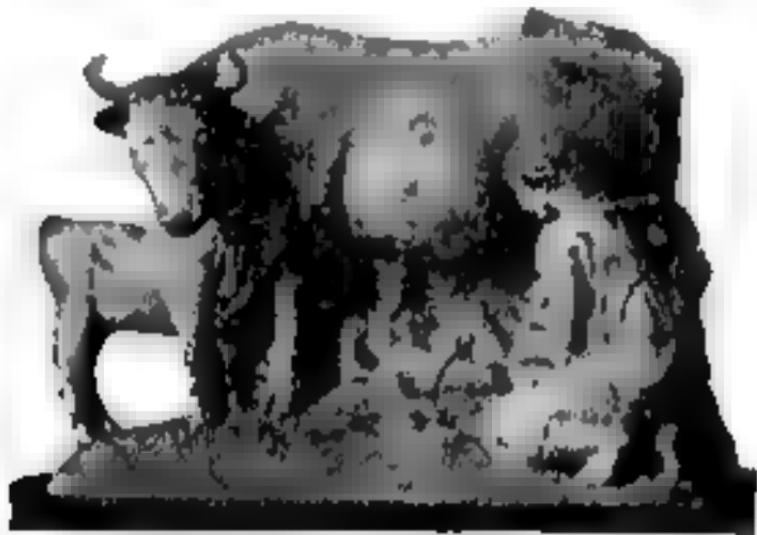
Hellenic coins (Bibliothèque Nationale).

The cult of the stone for its own sake, for its arresting of light, was unknown to ancient art. The material must be wrought, must have imprinted in it man's idea of the universe, of himself, and of his destiny. In stone, in marble, bronze, gold, silver, ivory, wax, wood, and clay, in all the crystallizations of the earth, its bones, its flesh, its blood and its tears, the Greek of every land carved the form of his spirit. Some men have doubted the beauty of the chryselephantine sculpture of the fifth century as they have doubted the splendor which the temples of hue and gold must have taken on as they arose, under the immense Greek sky, from the forests and laurels of the acropoles and

the promontories, giving to the white marble an indescribable quality of omniate spirituality. When they carved Athena and Zeus in ivory or gold, the Greeks wanted only to express their veneration for them. But a mind like that of Phidias could not be mistaken in the medium. Behind his brow reigned order like force, and the harmonious accord between intelligence and the heart, and if he carved gods in gold and ivory it was because gold and ivory obeyed him as marble did. What difference does the material make? Whatever it is, it expresses the art at us. in the crust of the earth, coal and the diamond mingle and express its subterranean fire. The material is poured boiling into the mold of his soul: when his soul is strong, clay is strong as bronze, and when his soul is gentle bronze is as tender as clay.

What good stuff the world is made of! Like the skin and the wool of the beasts, like the meat of the fruits, like bread, this stuff is man's companion. It is the water and the salt. It has the docility of the domestic creatures, it welcomes the master at his threshold and at his doorstep, protects him in the walls and the roofs, offers itself for his repose, hollows itself to receive his food, reaches up to lift its fruits to his lips and strives ingeniously to yield him materials less hard than itself. There was a time, toward the end of Hellenism, when wrought material surrounded man on every hand, like a motionless procession, at once defending and exalting him. Heroic art was weakening, doubtless, but the gods of ivory and gold were intact, deep in the sanctuaries, and the

bright-painted marble heroes still inhabited the metopes where the gold of their bucklers glistened. Painted temples were everywhere, and propylaea, porticos, stadiums built of steps, colonnades, and terminal gods. The pavements of the streets were of marble, as were



TERRACOTTA (5th Century) (*Private Collection.*)

the steps of the acropolises and the serene amphitheaters looking over the hills to the sea. Gold and stone, jasper agates, amethyst, coral an, chalcedony, and rock-crystal went into the jewels which weighed on the arms, clasped the tunics, and shone in the dyed hair. And in the houses of marble, stone, or wood, and even in the depths of the sepulchers, were seats of marble or of wood, vases of gold, of silver, of bronze, statuettes of terra cotta or of metal, pots of clay or cups of onyx.

The hollow of the hand lent its warmth to precious bits of material, the piece of gold, silver or copper. Greece did not invent the coin, it is true, but its cities were the first to give it its circular form, to place a head on one side, a symbol on the other, and an inscription composed of watchwords, signatures, or the value. With the diffusion of wealth and aesthetic culture, the coin springs from the bronze matrices in swarms. It is made practically everywhere, in Athens, Asia, Alexandria, and in Sicily especially, in the workshops of Syracuse. Coins mount from the Hellenic hearth like a shower of sparks. The type changes with the city, the events, the victories, and the traditions. Statues, celebrated pictures, legends, myths, symbolic animals, and incisive portraits, the reliefs polished by m. bows of hands and shaded with black in the hollows have the look of a living material made motionless by the mint. The circle is never a perfect one, the thickness of the disk varies, there, as in other cases, the equilibrium of the elements makes of the art object a complete organism, which symmetry would kill. The metal seems forced out from within as if swelling with juice and with a soul. The Greeks give to it a life of flesh or of the plant. On silver or gold vases they carve networks of twining branches, among which seeds, buds, and leaves—of the oak, the olive tree, the laurel, the plane tree or ivy—seem to tremble. Heavy fruit burns itself in the mystery of the foliage.

It is perhaps by these vases and by many of the terra cotta figurines that we can best judge to what degree the Greeks understood the frame in which the

human figure moves. The setting was not a dominant idea with them as it was later on with the Hindoos and the men of the Renaissance—especially the Flemings and the Frenchmen of the Renaissance—because the soil of Greece was less rich in animate forms and because the Greeks looked on man as the ripe fruit.¹⁴



MYRINA. Statuettes, terracotta (*Lovers*)

was the fruit that constantly attracted them whereas the branches, the trunk, and the ground in which the tree grew seemed to them only accompaniments to the superior melody realized by the mind. But their great tragic poets saw the maenads, dressed in tiger skins and girdled with serpents, crowned with flowers and leafy vine branches, bounding out of the forests with the panthers, they spoke of those monstrous unions from which the beast-man came, to affirm the

grand accord of indifferent nature and the mind guided by will. And the humblest of their peasants, who knew that the spring and the grotto were peopled with familiar divinities, was at peace as he felt the fraternity of his soil.

III

The Greeks introduced into their house the world of the air and the plants. The *cadaver* of Pompeii, a city of Magna Graecia, built and decorated by Greeks, is covered with flowers. In the inner rooms, in the markets, everywhere are garlands of flowers, fruits, and leaves, there are birds and fishes, dense, shining, fiery still-life pieces surrounding false windows and painted floors which open on perspectives of streets and squares, of architecture and streets. It is doubtless only a translated, Latinized Greece, different from classic Greece and much affected by influences of Alexandria, of Asia, and inspired above all by the sea-sky, the vegetation, the red rocks, the flame, and the wine mulled on hot coals. Theocritus was a Syracusean, it is true. But on the soil of Greece there are bas-reliefs, vase-sculptures, Tanagra groups—satyrs, nymphs, young women, dancers, divinities of the woods and torrents—around whom we hear the purring of water, the rustle of leaves, the lowing and sharp breaming of the beasts, and flutes laughing and crying in the wind. And if surrounding nature stalled her voices for a moment to let Phoebus commune with himself as he wrote into the human form alone his understanding of the world, Sophocles went to sit in

the grove of Coosana, the grove of orange trees with its many crickets where the brooks ripple under the moss, Pindar, the rugged poet of the north, while journeying to the games by routes which took him to gorges and beaches, picked up on his way some formidable images, full of the sky and the ocean. Aeschylus, from the top of the Acropolis of Argos, watched the night sparkle, and from the most distant part of Hellas a cool breeze was blown. Aegean art is already alive with forms of the sea. The sea wind, the water of the river, and the murmur of the foliage are witnesses to the meeting of Lycas and Naïskos, whom the hero compares to the stem of a palm tree. Does not Vitruvius affirm that the Doric comes from the male torso, the Ionic from the female torso?

In any case, this rather limited Pompeian art, made up, as it is, of recollections and distant imitations, and due almost entirely to the brush of hired decorators and of house painters, breathes the animal and the material world, the swarming and confused world that surrounds us. How young it still is, despite the old age of the pagan civilizations, how vigorous it is with all its vague mossiness; how profound and full



SIRENE STATUETTE
(From Le Musée).

of the antique soul! What persuasion there is in its power, and on the monochromic backgrounds—red, black, green, or blue—how broad and spontaneous the stroke is, how sure, how intense in expression, and how living the form! Amors, dancers, winged genii, gods or goddesses, animals, forms nude, draped, or surcoated with wavy gauzes, legends, battles, and all the ancient symbolism so near the soul live again here, with a slightly gross sensuality; and with the candor of the workmen who interpret, certainly but with that calm, that almost unspiced freshness that virginity of life which were known only to the ancient world. The dancing forms appear half veiled, with their pure arms and pure legs continuing the pure torso, like balanced branches. The nude bodies emerge gently from the shadow, floating in their firm equilibrium. Here and there are implacable portraits with large, ardent eyes, with all the brutal austerity undiminished by any visible interordinary. At times, side by side with the Greek soul, and bearing a grain of academism that, fortunately, is still unconscious, there is that ardent expressiveness which, thirteen centuries later, was to characterize the awakening of Italy. It is to be seen in that "Theseus Victorious over the Minotaur," which the great Masaccio would have loved. It is an anxious, uneven world, with currents of influence running through it in every direction, but fiery and bril-liant, rotted at the top, and yet ingenuous underneath.

See in these portraits the sense of immensity that is in the gaze, how the great figures are steeped in

thought, and how a tremor seems to run inward through their living immobility. This arrested life is almost terrible to look upon. One would say that it had



HELLENISTIC ART. Aphrodite. bronze statuette
(British Museum).

been suddenly fixed, as if seized by the volcano at the same hour as the city was. Impressionism, do you say? Yes, in its fire, in its breadth, in the way in which the movement is instantaneously surprised; but however much weakened, however enervated the

voice of the artisans of a corrupt and skeptical age, this painting expresses a power of comprehension and a depth of love that only a few isolated men attain to-day. It is the only real renaissance of Greek heroism. It responds, like the "Hercules of the Belvedere" and the *Venuses* of the valley of the Rhône, to the shock of Hellenic intelligence as it meets with Latin force and, in a flash, creates an art complete in its vigor, its ardent life, and its feverish concentration.

Although these paintings are not, properly speaking, copies if we meant that a copy is possible and that the copyist whether mediocre or touched with genius, does not in every case substitute his nature for that of the master—although they are only reminiscences, the transplantation of Greek works on a renovated soil, it is through them that we can get an idea— even if a distant one—of the painting of antiquity which the crumbling of the temples has wiped out. The most celebrated frescoes of the dead city recalled the works of Polygnotus, Zeuxis, Parrhasius, and Apelles. The painting related the ancient myths and the story of the national wars. At first it knew flat colors only, very much simplified, doubtless, very brilliant and hard tones, brutal in their oppositions, before modeling appeared with Parrhasius. The lines which inclosed the powerful polychromy must have had the firmness of the uninterrupted curve which the passage of the bulls to the plains and of bays to the sea taught to the men who were at that time making the gods. Always decorative in its beginnings, it undergoes the fate of the painting of modern schools, where the easel picture

appears when the statues descend from their heights on the temples to invade the public squares, apartments, and gardens. Like sculpture, this painting had to bend to the will of the rich man. But doubt-



Unrest. bronze (Bibliothèque Nationale).

less it retained its character better, being more supple, more a thing of shades, more individualistic, more the master of saying only what it did not want to hide. I see it, after Parrhasios, as somewhat like Venetian painting around Giorgione and Titian—ripe, warm,

autumnal, with an evanescent modeling in the colorful shadows and dazzling in the parts which stand out and which seem turned to gold by the sap from within. It is less fluid and musical, however—more massive, more compact. Oil painting has not been discovered, and the wax renders the work slower and less immaterial.

IV

In any case it has preserved until our time, through Pompeii, the perfume of the Greek soul, of which it hands on to us one of the most mysterious aspects, far better than does the art of ceramics, which has traced that soul for us in hardly anything more than its external evolution—in such matters as composition, superficial technique, and subjects. The role of ceramics is limited, with the little terra cottas, to representing the national industrial art of Greece—which is already saying a good deal. But it cannot pretend to stand for more than the reflection in the popular soul of the flowers gathered by certain minds throughout the nation.

Hundreds of workshops had been opened practically everywhere, in Athens, in Sicily, in Etruria, in Cyrenaica, in the Islands, in the Euxine, in a place as distant, even, as the Crimea. The most celebrated painters of cups, Euphronius, Brygos, and Donus, worked with their workmen, often repeated themselves, copied one another and rivaled one another in activity so as to attract patrons. Through the goodly communion of their work, through their continual exchange and emulation, they founded a pow-



Pompeii (1 Century A.D.). Telephus suckled by a donkey, fresco
Naples Museum.

erful industry. In it, as in other activities, except where Greece was dominated by Sparta, the slave collaborated with the master, whether as a farmer in the country, as a servant in the city or as an artisan in the workshop. He was, beyond all doubt, less unhappy than the feudal serf or the wage-earner of to-day. Man was too wise, at that time, to utilize the sufferings of man for his profit. He was too simple, too near the soil, too merged with the light to take the law of hell as its model.

Industrial art, however, in spite of these powerful roots, is so limited by its very purposes, that it cannot pretend to such high intention as that of the art which governs the sculpture of the gods. On the other hand, it avoids, for a much longer time, the double snare of pretentiousness and of fashion. Thus it dies less quickly and renews itself more readily. Diderot was right in re-establishing the dignity of the industrial arts. He was wrong in placing them on the same level with the others. The sculptor, and more especially the painter, in his struggle with the material, is guided only by the quality of the material. The purpose of the object allows it to move in so wide an area that the liberty of these artists knows no other limits than those of the infinite space in which occur the relationships of intelligence and sensibility with the whole universe of sensations and images. The artisan is confined between narrower frontiers by the function of the furniture or the ornament on which he works, and also by his size. A fresco and a thimble do not offer identical means to their creators. If the

murmur of the soul can be as pure, as touching, in one as in the other, the elements of the symphony are far less numerous in the latter case, and infinitely less



POMPEII (1 Century A.D.). Theseus, conqueror of the Minotaur. Fresco (Naples Museum).

complex. And, before practical utility, spiritual activity is obliged to retreat.

In addition, the workman must arrange, in such a way, the ornaments with which he wants to decorate the object, so that they will follow the contour of its

forms, to modify themselves according to its volume and its surface, and the human except a role which excludes all others and which is, even so, of an inferior



Kylix.—Frogs playing at棋子. From
(Naples Museum).

order. And thus it is that only in very rare cases do we discover on the sides of even the most beautiful Athenian vases a hint of that logical composition which places the great sculptures on the plane of the amphorae. Fates elongate and become parallel to the flanks of the amphora, to make them straight and to give them spring. They stretch as stretching

rings around the cups, the vases, and the bowls as if to drag the pot along in a spinning movement. Here and there, undoubtedly very often, in an ensemble at once fiery and sober, easily read at a glance, black on red or red on black, there are admirable details, draw-



Caeculus of Epizone (Louvre).

ing as pure as the line of the landscape, incisive as the mind of the race, and suggesting the absent modeling by its direction alone and its manner of indicating attitude and movement. For the workman as for the sculptor of the temple, the mold of the Archaic is broken, nature is no longer a world of immutable and separate forms, but a moving world, constantly combining and disuniting itself, renewing its aspects and changing the elements of its relationships at every second.

The form of these vases is so pure that one would

say it had been born unaided, that it had not come from the hands of the potters, but from the obscure and permanent play of the forces of nature. We have a vague sensation before these vases, as if the artist



Votive helmet, bronze. Lourdes.

were obeying the hints of the wheel as he presses in or swells out the clay, thickens the paste or spreads it. When the wheel hums, when the material whirls and flies, an inner music murmurs to the moving form the mysterious fluctuation which gives song and dance

their rhythm. Grain, breasts, round haunches, closed flowers, open flowers, twining roots, spherical forms of nature—the central mystery of them all sleeps in the still hollow of the vases. The law of universal attraction does not control the suns alone, but all matter moves and turns in the same circle. Man tries to escape from the rhythm and rhythm always draws



Cup of Chelis (*Louvre*).

him back again. The vase has the form of fruits, of the mother's belly, and of the plants. The sphere is the matrix and the tomb of forms. Everything comes out of it. Everything returns to it.

Save in the case of the great Panathenaic amphoras which have the severity of design proper to their use, the Greek vase almost always welcomes you with a charming sense of the intimate. When it recounts the adventures of war or interprets the old myths, it humanizes itself delightfully. Very often there are children at their

games, men in their workshop, women at their toilet, long, undulating, and rich forms indicated with a continuous line. The familiar painting of the Egyptian husbandman told of the work of the fields. The familiar painting of the Greeks, a people of traders and talkers, speaks rather of household work.

The legend of the stern heroism of every-day existence is no more born out by these vases than by the



MAGNA GREECE. Olive vase, silver Treasury of Sosioraeans (Louvre).

Bretonian figurines. Life in the ancient city tends toward a kindly, sometimes difficult, equilibrium. The passages between its component elements are more noticeable in speech and in the written law than in reality. Southern indulgence and familiarity draw everything together. If the Greek had looked down on woman he would not have spoken of her with so much intelligent love, and if he had been harsh toward his servitor he would not have shown him thus associated with his own tasks. The child plays and goes to school, where he learns music, writing, and recita-

tion. The ephebus frequents the stadium, the men, young and old, frequent the agora, the housewife spins and sews. On feast days, the young girls, like bending reeds, like undulating water, like waving flowers and garlands, dance in long lines, making rhythmical to the sound of the shrill music—the movements of the march, of the pursuit, of the farewell, of supplication, of prayer, of a voluptuousness unconscious of itself

—a full epitome of the essential moments of our life. Passion? The Greek knew it so well, that he deified it, but it was for him a food, the passage from one state of equilibrium to another, he had the intuitive feeling that the impulse of sentiment was only a means of realizing harmony.

Ares and Aphrodite had their temples, Dionysus also, but outside of Eleusis—a veiled summit, a mysterious region where, doubtless, the unity of our desire was revealed—the three summits of Greece were the Parthenon of Athens, the sanctuary of Delphi, and the Altis of Olympia, where man came to adore Reason, Beauty, and Energy. Heroism is life accepted.



Punerary stele (V Century B.C.).
National Museum, Athens.)

It is the progressive and never-attained realization of the conquests that life imposes on us.

Submission to destiny: therein is Greece. There are in Athens, in the little cemetery of Ceramica at the foot of the Acropolis, certain funeral steles of a moving symbolism. Greece so wanted us to love life that she expressed her desire even on the stone of the tomb. Farewells are said there with simple gestures, with slightly sad and perfectly calm faces, as if the persons were going to see each other again. Friend clasps the hand of friend, the mother touches the child's hair with her fingers, the serving maid hands to the mistress her jewel casket. The familiar animals come, to be present at the departure. The glory of terrestrial life enters the subterranean shadow.





THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

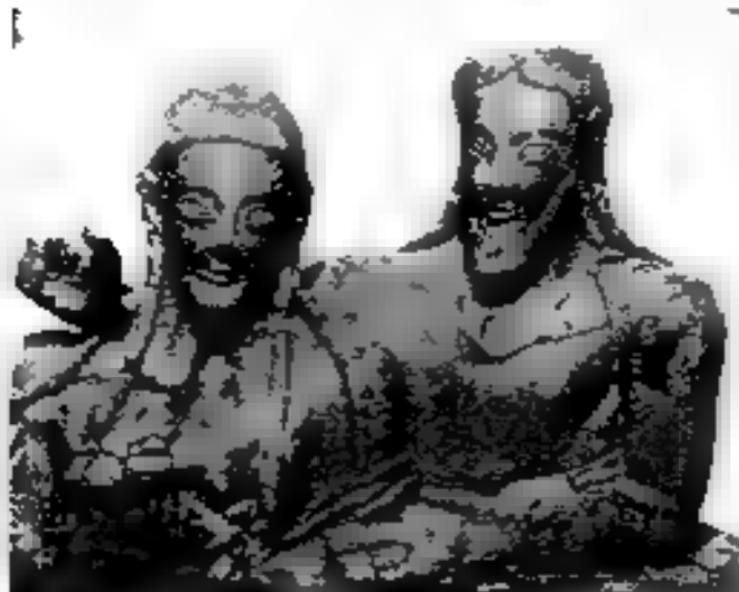
Chapter VIII ROME

I



NTIL the Hellenistic period the radiance of Greece in the Mediterranean world prevented men from perceiving the civilizations which were growing up or disappearing round about her. The nation she knew best and of which she spoke most favorably was Persia, because it was the power she had to combat. The old peoples had hardly more than one means of intermingling with and comprehending one another, which was war. Now, military conquest was repugnant to the Greeks. The colonies which they had sown on all the shores of Asia, the Euxine, North Africa, southern Italy, and Sicily constituted a network of stations in their vast maritime system which was

pretty closely reserved for the nation, and beyond which everything, for them, was legends, semidarkness, and confusion. Trade scarcely got beyond the coasts of the happy seas. The interior of the lands, the mountains of the horizon, the unknown forests, with-



ETRUSCAN ART (7th Century B.C.). Sarcophagus, detail
(Tomb of Pope Julius).

held their secret from Greece, since they escaped her influence.

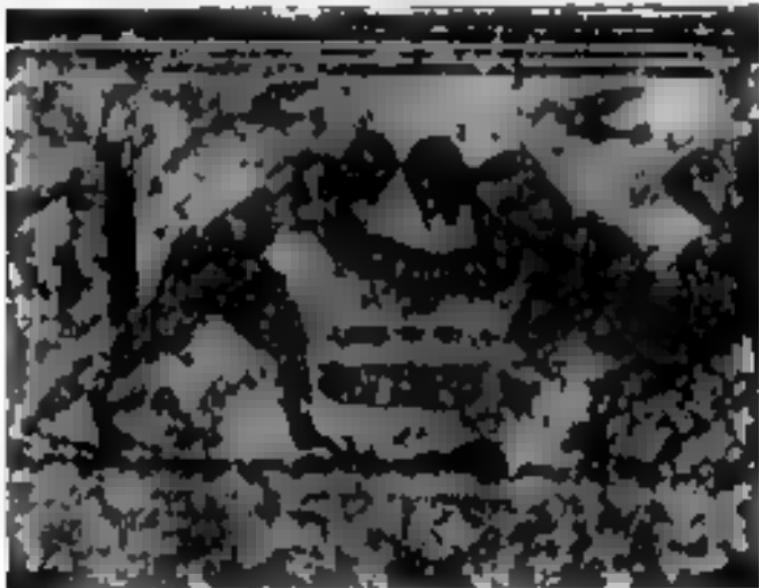
Hellenism has left only fugitive traces outside of the Greek world, properly so-called. There was, perhaps, only one agricultural and nomadic people that was strongly influenced by Greece, through the cities of Magna Graecia and through the sea routes. The country that lies between the Arno, the Tiber, the

Apennines, and the sea was probably the only one of the old world to accept, without resistance, and from the heroic period onward, the supremacy of the Greek spirit. The Etruscans, like the Greeks, were doubtless descended from the old Pelasgians, and recognized in the products brought them by the ships—vases especially, which they bought in large quantities—the encouragement of an effort related to their own. In fact the most original manifestations of their art always owe something to Greece and, certainly by intermediation of the latter, to Assyria and to Egypt.

In time, undoubtedly if Rome had not come to crush the germ of Etruscan genius, the latter would have profited by the decline of Greece, for the renaissance of itself through contact with its soil. It is a rugged land of torrents, forests, and mountains, well drawn and well defined. But the Etruscan peasant, bent over his furrow in his landscape where the eye is constantly arrested by the hills, did not have the free horizon that opened before the man of Greece trafficking among the bays and islands, or tending his sheep on the heights. Hence, there is in Etruscan art something funeral, violent and bitter.

The priest reigns. Forms are inclosed in tombs. In the sculpture of the sarcophagi we frequently find two strange figures leaning on their elbows with the stiffness and the mechanical expression known to all archaism—the lower part of their bodies unconnected with the secret and smiling upper part. The frescos of the funerary chambers tell a tale of sacrifices and lustralings, the whole art is fanatical, superstitious, and

agitated. The myth and the technique often come from the Greeks. But we seem to have something here which resembles more the hell which the Picassos primitives are to paint, twenty centuries later, on the walls of the Campo Santo, than it does the harmonies



Etruscan Art. Tomb of the Augurs, fresco, detail
(Cornelia Tetragona)

of Zeuxis. Tuscan genius is already piercing through, underneath these bizarre, over-elongated and somewhat sickly forms, wherein the vigor and elegance of the race fail to overcome the enervated mysticism. None the less a strange force, a mysterious life wells up in them. These somber frescos look like the shadows which one might trace on a wall. An all-powerful decorative genius reveals itself in them, at equilibrium constantly pursued and given style to

by the visible remnants of the ritual gestures of the Captivity of Judah, of the baptism of the Israelites, and the Resurrection. It seems a kind of drama, wrought in the medium of its most familiar elements.

Hence, as the educator of Rome, was the later period of expansion on the march from the



Homeric Art. Cemetery near Pompeii

Rail to the West. The material remains of the Roman Republic speak as perhaps more about the genius of the Romans than about that of the founders of the city. The result which the Romans brought from Asia and which their Roman descendants gave to successive cities is transmitted to Rome by their Roman descendants in Italy. The Roman work of

triumph is only a modified Etruscan gate. Rome has the "Cloaca Maxima" built by architects from Etruria, and it forms the intestines of the city, the vital organ around which its profound materialism is to install itself, to grow little by little and extend its arms of stone over the whole of the ancient world. The Etruscan, from the sixth century onward, not only brings to Rome his religion and his science of surgery, he digs the sewers, builds the temples, erects the first statues; he forges the arms by which Rome is to reduce him to subjection. He casts bronze, and his bronzes, in which he reveals his genius for uncompromising expression, have a bitter form that is as rugged and hard as the oak clumps of the Apennines. The symbol of Rome, the rough she-wolf of the Capitol, was made by an old Tuscan bronze worker.

II

From her beginnings Rome is herself. She diverts to her profit the moral sources of the old world as she diverts the waters of the mountains to bring them inside her walls. The source once captured, her avidity exhausts it, and she goes on farther to capture another. At the beginning of the third century Etruria has been crushed by Rome, and her blood and nerves have been mingled with those of the Latins and the Sabines. And this is the cement which holds together the block on which Rome is to support herself, to spread over the world the concentric circles of her vital effort. All the resistance she encounters,



ETRUSCAN ARE. Fresco (Corneto Tarquinia).

Pyrrhus, Carthage, and Hannibal, will be to her only so many instruments for cultivating her will and for increasing it. The legions progress like the regular deposit of a river.

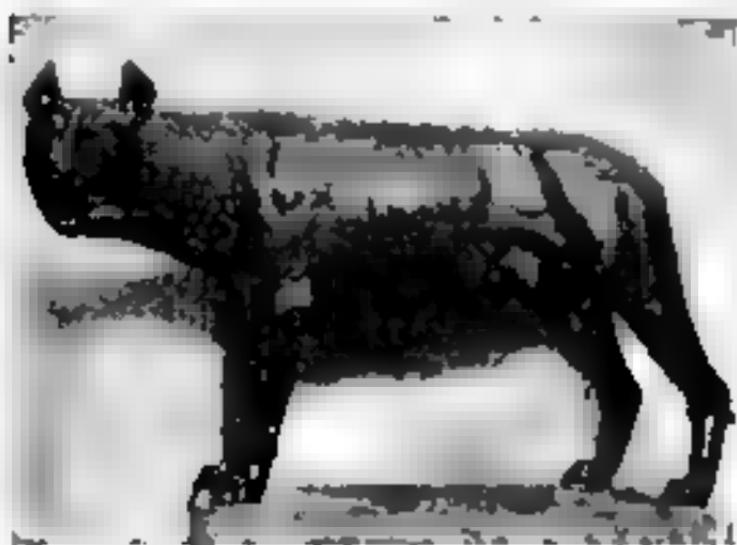
If Roman positivism had not pressed the Latin and Etruscan together, one asks, as one reads Plautus, Lucretius, Vergil, and Juvenal, what art could have realized this rough synthesis of the Italic peoples, with their love of woods and gardens, their genius, as bitter as the leaves of their trees, and as rich as their plow lands? But the Roman was bent too much on external conquests to conquer all his own vigor and harshness. As long as war continued methodically

five or six centuries he had not the time to express himself. As soon as the springs relaxed the mind of conquered Greece upset the whole mechanism. Mummius, after the sack of Corinth said to the contractors charged with getting the spoil to Rome. "I warn you that if you break those statues you will have to make new ones to replace them."

Such a misunderstanding of the higher role of the work of art has about it something sacred. A candor is revealed therein from which a people may expect everything if it is also the characteristic of that people's viewing of life. For Rome it would have been salvation, if she had refused the masterpieces which the Consul sent to her. But she accepted them eagerly, she had others sent, and still others, she devastated Greece, and her hard spirit wore itself down on that diamond.

We have, in this, one of the fatalities of history, and

the proof of the tendency in the ensemble of human societies to seek its equilibrium. Subjected materially, a people of superior culture morally subjects the people that conquered it. Chaldea imposed its mind on



Etruscan Art. She-wolf. (Museum of the Capitoline).

Assyria, Assyria and Ionian Greece did the same with Persia. Greece transforms the Dorian. Rome wants to please Greece as the parvenu does the aristocrat, Greece wants to please Rome as the weak does the strong. In this contact Greece can no longer prostitute a genius which had long since escaped from her; but Rome loses part of her own genius.

The Roman, in his manners, his temperament, his religion, his whole moral substance, differed totally from the Greek. In the case of the latter we have a simple, free, investigating life, given over completely

to realizing the inner harmony which a charming imagination pursues along every path. In the case of the Roman, life is disciplined, egoistic, hard, and firm; it seeks its nutriment outside of itself. The



Bust of Tiberius, bronze
(National Museum, Rome).

Greek makes the city in the image of the world. The Roman wants to make the world in the image of the city. The true religion of the Roman is the hearth, and the chief of the hearth is the father. The official cult is purely decorative. The divinities are concrete



Claudius (1 Century A.D.). (*Lower.*)

things, fixed, positive, without connection, without harmonious envelope, one personified fact beside another personified fact. They belong to a domain apart and, in reality quite secondary. On one side divine right and religion, on the other human right and jurisprudence. It is the contrary of Greece where the passage is an insensible one from man to god, from the real to the possible. The Greek ideal is diversity and continuity in the vast harmonic ensemble of actions and reactions. The Roman ideal is the artificial union of these isolated elements in a stiff and hard ensemble. If the art of this people is not utilitarian, it is certain to be conventional.

Why should Rome take the elements of these formal conventions from others than Greece, who offered them to her? There are to be, indeed, attempts at transformation, and even her instinct is to rebel confusedly. In spite of itself, against itself, a people is itself. The Greek temple cannot be transported to Rome, like the statues and the paintings, and when the Roman architect returns from Athens, from Sicily, or from Paestum, he has had the time on his journey unconsciously to transform the science he has brought back from those places. The column becomes thick and smooth, often useless, placed against the wall as the guise of an ornament. If the Corinthian order dominates, the Doric and Ionic transformed, make frequent appearances, often mingling or superposing themselves in the same monument. The temple, almost always larger than in Greece, loses its animation. It is voluntarily symmetrical, massive, heavy, positive.

Outside of Rome—in Gaul, in Greece, in Asia especially, Rome constructs formidable temples, resplendent with force and sunlight, on which the high plant growth



GRECO-ROMAN ART. Wrestler. bronze
(Louvre).

of the Corinthian looks like living trees cemented into the wall. But buildings like these are rare on Italian soil. In them, doubtless, Rome only played her habitual part of severe administrator. The temples of Hellenic Gaul are Greek, the temples of Asia have the sumptuousness and the redoubtable grandeur of every-

thing that rises above this mystic, feverish soil, saturated with rottenness and heat, and for which time does not count. Everywhere, for the utilitarian monuments even—for the arenas of Provence (to cite no more than these) present themselves with a distinction a grace, an unstudied elegance which one does not find in those of Italy: everywhere the native soil imposes on Rome its collaboration and, sometimes, its domination. In ornament, for example, we find among the Greeks, the Asiatics, the Africans, or the Spaniards working under the Roman constructor, the silent insurrection of personal sentiment. Certain Gaul-Roman bas-reliefs, by their savor and their verve, by the blithe vigor with which the stone is attacked, by the concrete and perhaps slightly blunting tenderness of their accent, immediately make one think of the leaves, the fruits, the garlands, and the figures which, ten centuries later are to adorn the capitals, the porches, and the façades of the French cathedrals. It is only in the general ordonnance of the edifice that the Roman retains his rights.

The Greeks variegated their monuments with other and vermilion, blue, green, and gold the bunting shone in the light. How should the Roman understand polychromy? Painting has something mobile and fugitive about it, something almost aerial, which is repellent to his genius. He sees it already paling and wearing off from the marbles of the Acropolis. Therefore, he incorporates it in the material, he makes a temple wherein multicolored marbles, simple or veined, alternate with granites, porphyries, and basalts.



GRECO-ROMAN ART — Bacchante, fresco
(Museum of the Vatican).

Harmony scarcely counts, the color is to change no more.

III

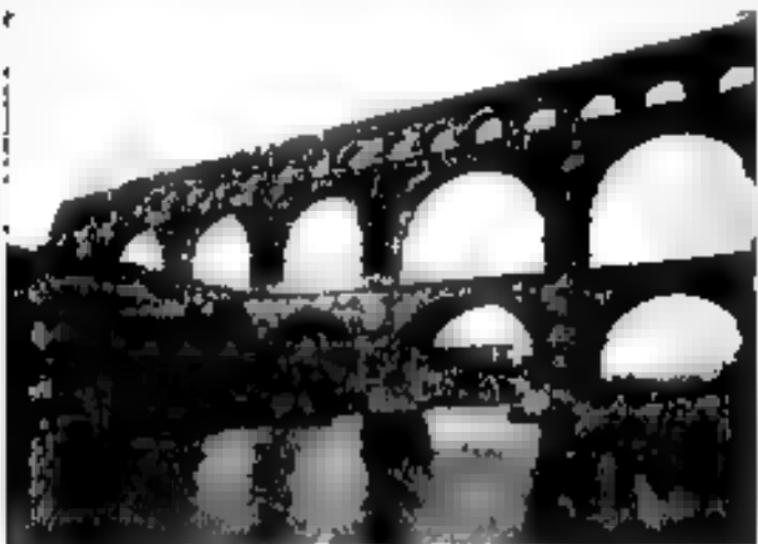
The same transformation everywhere—in painting, in sculpture. The copy, even when conscientious, is



Tomb of Cecilia Metella (1 Century B.C.)

always unfaithful. It is made heavy pasty, and laborious, it is dead. The Greek statue maker, working in Rome, sometimes has beautiful awakenings, but he obeys the fashion: now he is classical, now decadent, now archaic. As to the Roman statue maker, his work is to manufacture for the collector

innumerable replicas of the statues of the great period of Athens. It is the second step in that academicism from which the modern world is still suffering. The first dated from those pupils of Polycletus, of Myron,



The Pont du Gard (19 B.C.).

of Phidias, and of Praxiteles who knew their trade too well.

Rome encumbers itself with statuary. There are the dead and the living. All those who have held public office high or low, want to have under their eyes the material and durable witness of the fact. Far more, each one, if he can pay for it, wants to know in advance the effect that will be produced by the trough of marble in which he is to be laid away. It is not only the Imperator who is to see his military life made illustrious in the marble of the triumphal arches and

columns. The centurion and the tribune surely have, in their public life, some high deed to hand down for the admiration of the future. The sculptors of the sarcophagi devise the anecdotal bas-relief. Historical "genre," that special form of artistic degeneration, which at all times has so comfortably kept house with



Rome (1 Century A.D.) The Colosseum. Interior of the arena.

academism, is invented. The great aim is to find and relate as many heroic deeds as possible in the life of the great man. On five or six meters of marble adventures are heaped up, personages, insignia, weapons, and fasses are squeezed in. Everything is episodic, and one sees nothing of the episode, whereas in the sober Greek bas-relief where nothing was episodic, the whole signification of the scene appeared at a glance. And yet it is, above all, in these bas-reliefs

that the harsh Roman genius has left its trace. There is very often a kind of somber force and a solemnity there which affect us sharply, carrying with them a train of crushing memories—the laurels, the lictors, the consular purple. In these bas-reliefs there bursts forth a barbarous power which no education can

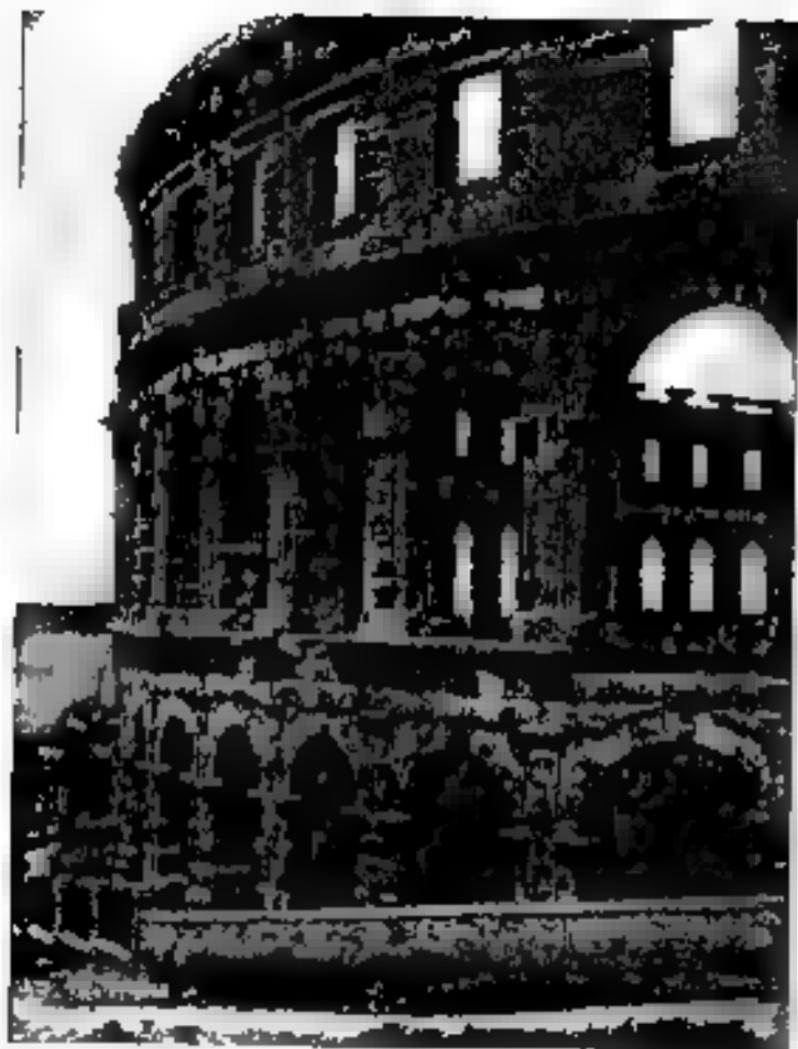


Rome. Thermes of Titus, central gallery

restrain. Sometimes, even, in the heavy chiseled garlands where the fruits, the flowers, and the foliage accumulate and heap up like the harvests and vintages of the strong Latin Campagna, one feels the mounting of the rustic sap which Rome could not dry up and which swells in the poems of Lucretius as in an old tree that sends out green shoots again. Then the Greeks are forgotten, and the sculptors from Athens

must laugh in pity before these confused poems to the riches of the earth. And doubtless they prefer the heavy imitations of themselves that are made. There are no more empty places, to be sure, no more silent passages, no longer any wave of uniting volumes that reply to one another in their constant need for mutual equilibrium. But it is a disciplined orgy, even so, whose opulence is an element to be incorporated with the intoxication of the flesh rather than inscribed in the mind. The landscape background of the Roman, on the whole, affirms itself as less stylized, doubtless, but more moving and sensual than the Greek setting. One hears the crunch of the vintagers' feet on the grapes, the oak offers armfuls of firm acorns and black leaves, the ears of wheat loaded with grains group themselves into thick sheaves, we smell the floating perfume of green boughs and the odor of the plowed soil—and the richness and density of all the sculpture are due, probably to workmen only. In the production of the official statue maker, on the contrary a violent confusion reigns, monotonous about and immobility.

Such a spirit is entirely foreign to man, it is devoted entirely to glorifying beings, things, and abstractions toward which man is not drawn by his true nature, but by prejudice, or the cult of the moment. And it was to this spirit that allegory owed the favor which it enjoyed under Roman academism. The great artist does not love allegory. If it is imposed on him, he dominates it, he drowns it in form, drawing from form itself the sense that is always in it. Allegory, on the



Pompeii (1st Century A.D.). The Arena, detail.

other hand, dominates the false artist, to whom form says nothing. Allegory is the caricature of the symbol. The symbol is the living image of the realized abstraction; allegory has to mark the presence of the abstraction by external attributes.

These cold academic studies, these mannikins of



Sarcophagus of Julius Caesar (Potter)

brotze and of marble, these frozen gestures—always the same—these oratorical or martial attitudes which knew no change, these rolls of papyrus, these diapenses, these tridents, lightnings, and horns of plenty crowded themselves, heavy and tiresome, into all the public places, into forums, squares, and sanctuaries. Sarcophagi and statues were made in advance: the orator dressed in his toga, the general in his cuirass, the tribune, the quæstor, the consul, the senator, or the

imperator, could be supplied at any time. The body was interchangeable. The head was screwed on to



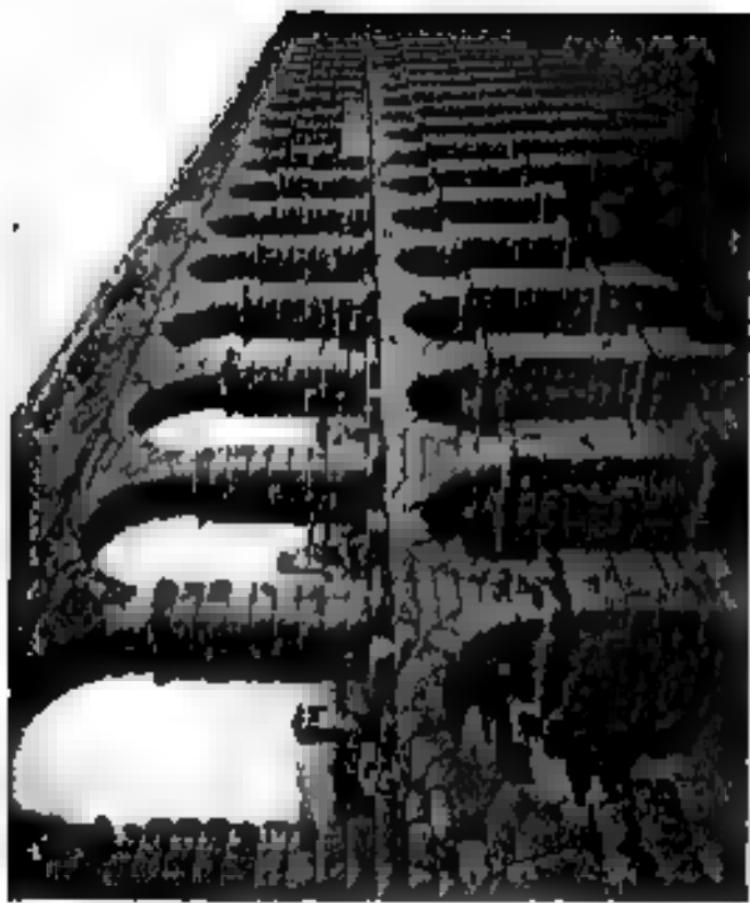
The wife of Trajan (British Museum).

the shoulders. To recognize the personage one had to look at the face, which would sometimes be placed too high to be distinguishable. It was the only thing that did not have the appearance of having come from

the factory. It alone responded to a need for truth, an obscure and material need, but a sincere one. It was made only after the order had been given and from the person who ordered it, thereafter, the artist and the model collaborated honestly.

There is something implacable about all these Roman portraits. There is no convention, but also no fantasy. Man or woman, emperor or noble, the model is followed feature by feature, from the bone-structure of the face to the grain of the skin, from the form of the hair dressing to the irregularities of the noses and the brutality of the mouths. The marble cutter is attentive, diligent, and of complete probity. He does not think even of emphasising the descriptive elements of the model's face, he wants to make it a *likeness*. There is not the least attempt at generalizing, no attempt at lies or flattery or satire—no concern with psychology and little character, in the descriptive sense of the word. There is less of penetration than of care for exactitude. If the artist does not lie, neither does the model. These are historical documents, from the real Cæsars of Rome to the adventurers of Spain or of Asia, from deified moonlets to Stone emperors. Where is the classic type of the "profile like a medal" in these heads? They may be heavy or delicate, square, sharp-featured, or round, at times dreamy, often wicked, but they are always true. Whether puffed-up play actors, slightly foolish idealists, wholly incurable brutes, weather-beaten old centurions, or crowned betairie who are not even pretty. Some of these heads, certainly, through their

Sacra (in Century A.D.). Agrechet.

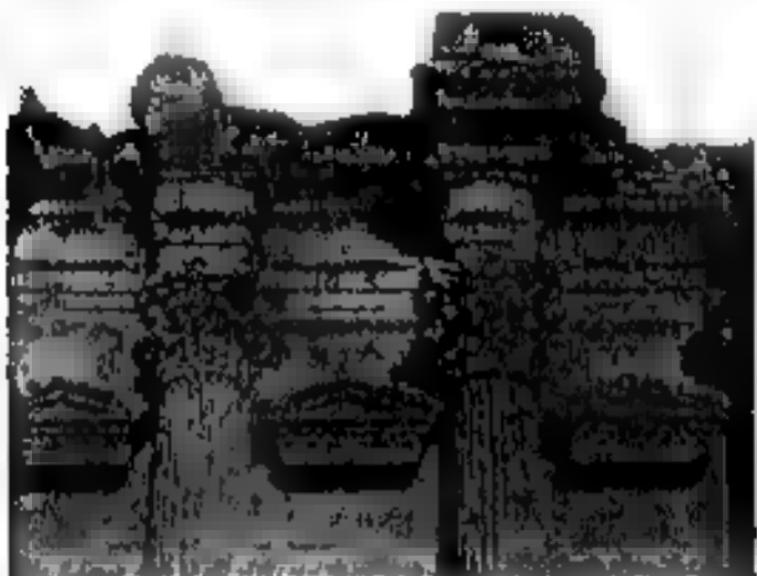


quality of attention, and the intensity with which life concentrates in them, by their density and mass, by the pitiless pursuit of the profound modeling which the bone structure of the interrogated face possesses by chance and reveals to the sculptor, are of a powerful beauty. In the statue of the Great Vestal, for example, immediate truth attains the stage of typical truth. Then the whole of Rome, with its domination of itself, and the weight it laid on the world, appears in this strong and grave woman, it is as solid as the citadel, as safe as the hearth, without humanity, without tenderness, and without weakness, until the day when slowly, deeply, irresistibly, it is to have plowed its furrow.

IV

We must turn our back on the temples, give scarcely a glance to the massive arches and columns of triumph. Around them the brutal mounting of the processions lifts the power of Rome to an empyrean no higher than their summit. The Rome, which wanted to be and believed itself to be an artist, put the whole of its native genius into the marble portraits and into certain bas-reliefs of startling authority and ruggedness. To find this genius again in more characteristic and disproportionately imposing manifestations, we must leave the domain of art, properly so-called, of that superior function whose role is to exalt all the higher activities of the intelligence and of love. We must consider the expressions of Rome's positive and materialistic daily life. Rome had no other moral need

than that of proclaiming her external glory, and any monument sufficed for that, provided it was graced with the name of temple, arch of triumph, rostrum, or trophy. But Rome had great needs in matters of health, physical strength, and, later on—in order to pour out this health and strength which had grown



Temple of Jupiter at Baalbeck: detail (ii Century A.D.).

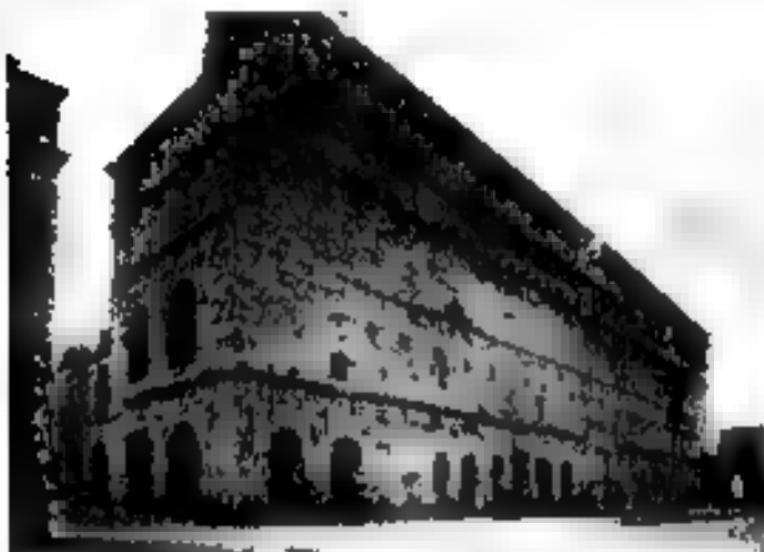
too heavy to bear after the end of the wars—it had great need of food, of women, and of violent games. Hence the paved roads, the bridges, and aqueducts at first, and afterwards the theaters, the baths, and the circuses—blood and meat after travel and water.

The Roman ideal throughout history has the uniformity and the constancy of an administrative regulation. In Rome the real artist is the engineer, as

the true poet is the historian and the true philosopher is the jurist. The Roman imposes on the family, on society, and on nature the form of his will. He represses his instinct for rapine, by living on himself he acquires the moral vigor necessary to conquer the earth, he escapes from his land surroundings by reaching out with his tentacles of stone to the ends of the world. He plants the whole of his work—his law, his annals, and his roads, with one paving stone after the other, just as, starting from Rome he extends over the plains, the mountains, and the sea, circle after circle of his domination.

The pride of this people and its strength were the uteri where it dwelt—a few low hills amid the marshes, from which the inhabitants of the Sabine heights and the plowman of Latium flee. There is neither bread nor water the view is closed by a distant circle of hostile mountains. It is a refuge of pariahs, hut of violent and voracious pariahs who know that there are fat lands, rich cities, and herds behind the horizon. Cost what it may they must break through the accursed circle. The race is to draw its strength from the mountain springs which rigid paths of stone are to spread in torrents over Rome. Rigid lines of stone are to direct that force across the dry marshes, across the open forests, the rivers, solitudes, and mountains, to the light of the south and the mists of the north. Cement binds the stones and the slabs of the pavement, making of them a single, continuous block, from the center of the inhabited world to its boundaries. Blood starts from the heart. Rome is in the whole

empire, the whole empire is in Rome. The ancient world is an immense oasis of woods, of plowed lands, of opulent cities, and fecund oceans, Rome is a mass of walls and huts, a surge, black and low, of the dens of the people, its noise never ceases, it crowns itself



OMANON (II Century A.D.). The Theater.

laboriously with hard buildings of stone, heavy in their form and in their silence. Between the world and the city lies a mournful desert crossed by rigid arteries, as far as the circle of the horizon, it is a sad tract of country, undulating like a sea under the sun or the night.

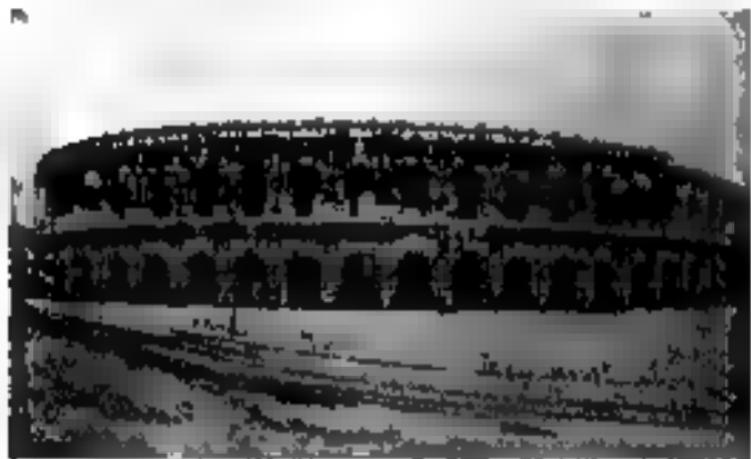
Thus to weld this isolated city to the rest of the world, materially and morally, an enormous pride was needed, an enormous energy, and enormous works that increased this energy, exalted this pride, and

incited it to undertake works still more enormous. Under the Empire the tendency toward the enormous quickens till it becomes a wild pace. More aqueducts, bridges, and roads, more stones beside stones. With Asia subjected and peace imposed the thirst for pleasure and the freedom needed for it made their entry into Rome. The city gives itself up to enjoyment with all the strength it had devoted to conquest and authority. The enormous is in demand more and more—in play, in love, in tableaux, as in war law, history, and the construction of the city. Rome is no longer content to make the pulsations of its heart felt to the limits of her empire, she is not to rest until she has brought the material of the empire back to herself. Men of all races congest her streets, bringing with them their manners, their gods, and their soul. "The climates are conquered, nature is subjected—the African giraffe and the Indian elephant walk about Rome under a movable forest, venus fight on land."¹ After the aqueducts and the roads, amphitheaters are constructed, circuses in which armies kill each other, where eighty thousand Romans can see all the beasts of the desert, forest, and mountain let loose upon men, while pools of hot blood dampens the blood already clotted. Thermae are built with tanks in which three thousand persons can bathe at once, immense tepidariums, promenades with monstrous vaults, where the idler passes his day amid women, dancers, matinicians, rhetoricians, sophists, and statues brought from Greece. But the soul of Greece did not enter with

¹ Mela, *Natura Romana*.

them. The Greek, even to the days of his saddest decline, loved these forms for themselves. The Roman sees in them a fit frame for his orgy of the flesh, of blood, of streaming waters. He plunges with frenzy into his heavy sensuality.

But in that, at least, without knowing it, he is an



Arena of Nîmes (II Century A.D.)

artist. The activity is of a low form, doubtless—quite positive, egocentric, cruel, and not to be freed from materialism. But the organization it calls forth is so powerfully adapted to it, that it thereby acquires a crushing, rare, direct, and monotonous splendor. Thus in all cases, at the bottom of the scale as at the top, on the lowest step of the temple as in its pediment, in the material as in the moral order, the beautiful and the useful mysteriously agree.

The official religious architecture is flooded with ornaments, quadrigas, bas-reliefs, allegories, and false

columns. The Corinthian column which, with the leaves of its capital crushed by the entablature, was so illogical that the Greeks hardly ever used it, seems invented to permit the Romans to display, in stupefying contrast, the lack of artistic intelligence of those among them who were intrusted with preserving the city of art. As soon as they use ornament, their architecture loses its beauty, because it loses its logic. And the same error occurs every time they aim at effect before considering function. Here are silver cups of the Romans, their bowls cluttered with chiseled forms. One can scarcely drink from them. A lover of enjoyment and the positive life, the Roman goes astray when he approaches speculation, the general idea, the symbol. As soon as it is a question of satisfying his material instincts, he says admirable things.

There are no ornaments on his aqueducts, his bridges, or his thermae, very few on his amphitheaters, and these are, with those positive portraits, his only real works of art. Bare, straight, categorical, accepting their role, they present to us their terrible walls, piles of molder gilded by the southern fire, cracked and whitened by the frosts of the north. They present their *strix* vaults on cyclopean pillars, the lines of giant arches bestriding the valleys and the swamps, bursting through rocky barriers or sealing them—as sure, in their vertical rise or their progression, as cliffs or as herds of primitive monsters. The goal toward which they aim gives them a look of implacability. They have the inflexibility of mathematics, the force of the wind, the authority of pride.

They have the lightness of the foliage that quivers at the top of the trees, sixty feet above the ground. The arch, the vaults of various kinds, the corridors, and the cupolas, a thousand blocks of granite are, for



ROMAN. Antique column of 4th century A.D.: Kneeling of the Germanic chieftain, detail.

twenty centuries, suspended in the air like leaves. They cannot crumble before the infiltration of water and the assault of the winds and the sun have uprooted their trunks, they have an air of being natural growths which would outlast all winters. To petrify the depth of the azure, the depth of the tree top! It needed the imagination of man to realize the miracle of offering to the crowds, as their *perpetuum shelter*, the curves which bent over the curve of the earth. It needed the audacity of man to suspend matter in space by

■ ANCIENT ART

its own weight, to stick stones to one another by leaving so little space between them that they cannot fall, to check their tendency to separate by thickening the pillars that bear them, until a point of absolute solidity is reached.

The higher it is, the straighter it is, the barer, the denser, the less of light, the fewer openings and empty spaces it offers, the better the wall presents, on the smiling or dramatic face of the soil, the image of will, of energy of continuity in effort. The Roman wall is one of the great things of history. And, as it is Might, it is Right. It seems to be uninterrupted, it holds forever, even when split and fissured. The fall of a thousand stones does not shake it. For ten centuries all the houses of Rome were built of the stones of the Colosseum. The Colosseum has not changed its form. The Roman wall remains identical with itself everywhere. The pavement of the roads, which for two hundred leagues pursues its rigid march, is only a wall lying on the earth to embrace it and enslave it. The arch of the bridges, which is only a wall bent like the wood of a bow, draws taut the passive bowstring of the rivets. The wall of the aqueducts, hallowed out like the beds of the rivers themselves, carried their waters in a straight line wherever the will wants them to go. High and bare, the outer wall of the theater prevents those whose appetite or rebellion is to be overcome from peering into the free expanse of the horizon. The wall of the circuses, continuous and compact as a circle of bronze, incloses the bloody orgy within the geometrical rigor of a law



The Great Vestal (III Century A.D.).
(National Museum, Rome.)

The wall that rounds itself over the tepidarium and the swimming pools, with the docility of an atmosphere kept within in its spherical boundaries by the gravitation of the heavens, confers on voluptuousness and hygiene the grand authority of a natural order.

It was in Rome that the Peumagic poem of the wall, developed so sensitively and wisely by the Greeks



Vase from the Treasury of Bomy, silver
(Bibliothèque Nationale)

and the Etruscans, found its most powerful and durable expressions. It was in Rome that the applications of the Asiatic vault were the most various, its use the most frequent, its employment the most methodical. The vault, in Chaldea and in Assyria, had lengthened itself out, weighed down on the palaces and houses or swelled above them, and hung over the cities. In Rome it is the very base of every utilitarian construction, and the greater part of the architectonic forms

derive from its presence—the arches of the bridges, the portals, the corridors around the circuses, the immensity of the halls made possible by the might of the walls, the power of the supports, required by the height of the edifice, the circular monuments—



GALLO-ROMAN ART (beginning of the 1st Century). WOOD BEAR (Museum of Orléans).

images of the horizon, of the plains bearing the cupola of the sky

The Tombs of Cecilia Metella, the Mole of Hadrian, and the Pantheon of Agrippa especially, are epitomes of the force of Rome and of the severe and savage ring of hills, the circus in the center of which it is built. It is a sad power that it possesses; the full walls are as rough as the hide of a monster, the interior is as secret and jealous as the soul of this people,

which did not consent to manifest itself before having stripped from every other people the right to discuss that now. The thing weighs on the crust of the earth and seems to emanate from it. At the top of the Pantheon a circular opening lets in the light of heaven. It falls as if regretfully and never succeeds in illuminating the farther corners. Rome is self willed and closed.

It is only into the stone circuses that the sun entered in a flood, to light up the spectacles which the tamed world gave to Rome while it waited till it should gather up in the city its hatred, revolt, and thirst for purification. *Panem et Circenses.* The Colosseum is nothing but the formula in stone of the monstrous needs of the king-people. The patrician no longer has war at his command to occupy the plebeian. Here is bread; here are circuses, in which a whole city can be seated and which are built in such a way that from each of the seats one can witness the death struggle of that city. Never has there been seen under the heavens a theater better arranged for presenting the spectacle of a suicide than that one.

The equilibrium of Rome had not the spontaneous and philosophic character of the equilibrium of Athens, and this does not result so much from the multiform extent of the Roman Empire as from the depth of its moral anarchy. Greece, while at war with Persia, was much nearer to harmony than Rome was at the very hour when she decreed peace. Her repose, her art, her pleasure, even, were of an administrative order. The struggle of interests, the rivalry of classes, and the social disorder continued from the early days of



GALLO-ROMAN ALTAR. Altar (Church of Yenne).

the Republic to the triumph of Christianity. Through-out Roman history the poor man struggles against the rich man who holds him, first by war, then by games. But below the poor man there was a more miserable being who rarely saw the games, save as an actor in them. This was the slave, the dark rumbling of Suburra and the Catacombs, and woman, another slave, outraged every day and by all in her flesh and in her tenderness. The being who lives in the shadows ceaselessly calls upon the sun to rise within him. The mystic tide of the poor, the tide born of Hellenic scepticism was mounting and was to submerge Roman materialism. Rome did not dream, doubtless, that the day on which she broke the frightful resistance of the little Jewish people marked the beginning of the victory of the little Jewish people over herself. It was in the law of things that the soul of the ancient world, compressed by Rome, should flow back into the soul of Rome. The patricians had been dominated by the Greek ideal—the plebeians, in their turn, were dominated by the Jewish ideal.

The church was to be built on this hard stone, and the rich man was again to enslave the poor man by giving him the promise, or the simulacrum, of the well-being to which he laid claim. Rome, by becoming Christian, did not cease to be herself, as she had remained Rome when she thought she had become Hellenistic. The apostles had already veiled the face of Christ. Rome had no trouble in casting the feeling of the masses in the mold of her will to launch them anew upon the conquest of the earth. Her material

desire for world-empire was to reawaken upon coming into contact with the dream of universal moral communion, which Christianity, after far-away Buddhism, imprinted in the souls of men, and it was to transform this dream to its profit Julian the Apostate, the last hero who appeared on the dark earth before the fall of the sun, thought he was combating the religion of



Cinerary urn (National Museum, Rome).

Aeneas. It was already against Rome that he was struggling, and Rome had the habit of conquering. The men of the north, flood after flood, may descend toward the Mediterranean, the great mirror of the divine figures, the inexhaustible basin of rays to which all the ancient peoples came to draw up light. Rome, buried under incessant human waves for more than a thousand years, is to remain Rome, and when she reappears at the head of the peoples, the peoples are to perceive that they are marked with her imprint.



GALLO-ROMAN ART (1 Century A.D.),
Altar of Jupiter (Cluny Museum).

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SYNOPTIC TABLES



Roman altar. Museum of Arles.

SIGNS AND ABBREVIATIONS

Employed in the synoptic tables

a. Architect.	Sp. Spain.	A. Attic School.
b. Sculptor	Af. Africa.	Ag. Argive School.
p. Painter	A. M. Asia Minor.	AE. Arginian School.
c. Ceramist	M. G. Magna Graecia.	S. Sicyonian School.

The names of painters, sculptors, architects, ceramists, and other workers in the plastic arts are in italics. The names of the principal authors are in heavy type.

Only such monuments are mentioned in the synoptic tables as still exist or of which there are fragments of sufficient importance to constitute a work which possesses interest from the artistic or archaeological point of view. Exception is made in the case of destroyed monuments of particular celebrity, as the temple of Hera at Olympia (the earliest Greek temple known), the Colossus of Rhodes, the Tower of Babel, the Temple of Solomon, the Sanctuary of Eleusis, and the Asclepion of Epidaurus.



GALLO-ROMAN ARRAS (2nd Century A.D.). (Museum of Sens.)

Epoch	Principalized terms	Area	Enter
200th century (?)	Beasts of the Garonne, Vézère-Pyrénées, etc (Cave-dwelling reindeer hunting)		
	Split-off terms		
200th century (?)			
	Arms and tools of bone		
	Carved bones and stones		
	(Bison skull, <i>Lion</i> from Rouffignac, <i>Vogelherd</i> , sites of Altamira, <i>Leviathan</i> in Möllnchen, <i>Schlossmuseum</i> in Neuchâtel-Höglund, <i>Cro- Magnon</i> , <i>Le Moustier</i> , <i>Andy</i> , <i>Laussel</i> , <i>Nuria</i> , <i>Cay-Bleau</i> , <i>Warendorf</i> , etc.)		
	Painted and engraved skins		
70th century (?)	(Cavebear) as. <i>Pied de Gauze</i> , <i>Le Tuc d'Aud- housie</i> , <i>Hirondelle</i> , <i>Le Moustier</i> , <i>Michelet</i> , <i>Narce</i> , <i>Saint-Crépin</i> , <i>Le mas</i> , <i>Contrebas</i> , <i>Teyjat</i> , <i>Le Nan</i> , <i>Le Pari</i> , <i>Les falaises</i> , <i>Castelnau</i> , <i>Torteval</i> , <i>Un- ite de la Futa</i> , <i>Ahamira-</i> <i>mo</i> .)		
60th century (?)	Split-off skins		
50th century (?)			Carved skins
			Carved skins
40th century	Reindeer Finsen, <i>Eskimos</i> (Lapita culture)		Pottery
			Wrought metals
30th century	Polished skins	Chaldeans	
			Stone and ivory statuettes

Choucos

Roux

Historical Epochs

Ullacat period

Period of Andean

Paleolithic epoch

(Chalch)

(La Horadada)

(Huelar)

Mesolithic epoch

Totomism

Warm and moist period

Holocene epoch

Totomism

Rochlo period. Classic calendar (3400)
Hieroglyphic writing (?)
Babylon. Mesopotamia

Fou-Hi. Chinese calendar (3400?)

*The dates are merely approximations
and may vary by many centuries.

B.C.	Paleolithic-Lower	Upper	Upper
33rd century	Necklaces, bracelets, powdered	Observatory Temple (The Tower of Belzal)	Ancient Empire Memphite & 1st Dynasty
40th century	Southern Africa: Hunter-gatherer, Bushmen, Khoikhoi (Megolithic monuments)	Engraved cylinders Plates of Telliq, Statue of Goddess Stela of the Vulture Old-World hunting paintings in Caves. 15	Sphinx of Giza. Throne Representations of Atum-Ra. Hieroglyphs and Dynastic Necropolis of Memphis at Heliopolis Temple of pink granite Amenhotep III's obelisk Pyramid of Djoser
50th century	Mesopotamia		Hypogeum of Balawat
60th century	Dolmens	Megalithic monuments in India	Pyramids of Giza Mastaba of Nefer Unfinished statue Reliefs of the King in child. of Heliopolis Pyramids of Aman Mastaba of Merneptah at Beni Barran Apoget of sculpture and painting Horned of Amun at Heliopolis Mastaba of Merneptah Mural Murals of the Louvre Minoan文明 (Thera, 1570-1450 BC)
70th century	Telleries	The Chichen ruins (P)	
80th century	Cromlechs	Temple of Orus in Chichen	Obelisk of Telleries Hieroglyphs of Huayna Hypogeum of Atopus Pyramids of Fayoum
90th century	Alignments	Colosse of the Sun at Machu Picchu in Chichen (see above)	Great Temple of Amun at Karnak
100th century		First Chinese ceramics (P)	Hypogeum of Jeni-Pissaro Obelisk of Amun Apoget of Inca's art and gold smith's art
110th century	Covered sites	First Chinese ceramics (P)	Industrial and ceramic art Pyramids of Dahshur
120th century	Megalithic monuments		Chinese funerary sculpture The Labyrinth (Temple of Maatara)
130th century			Columns of Rovsingtop (L) Sphinx of Tora The bears of offerings of the Louvre Hypogeum, Judaea
140th century	Megalithic monuments	Stela of Napir-Ausa in Chichen	New Baucus (Thera, 1570-1450 BC to XX Dynasty)
150th century	Megalithic monuments		Academia funerary sculptures Temple of Deir el-Bahri
	Megalithic monuments		Temple of Amun New hypogeum of Biban al- Moluk

Character	Date	Geographical Events
Beehive Period (Crete, Anatolia, Archipelago, Troy)		Menes founds the Egyptian empire (3100?) The great deluge
Cyclopean walls Palace of Phaestos in Crete		Exploitation of the mines of Sinai
Peloponnesian walls		Observe. Karpasia, Theraeans
Wrought metals, pottery (Troy)		The House of the Dead
Terra cotta (Troy).		Dynasty of the Ma in China (2200?)
Vase of the Repairs of Thesus		Abraham. The patriarchs of Israel The exodus in Egypt (?)
Palace of Tyreinth (Bau-culture, Francois pottery)		Palace of Sargon. Cuneiform writing (?)
Minoan Minoa		Lake Moeris (?)
Palace of Knossos. Crete (Bau-culture, Francois pottery)		Conquest of Nubia by the Egyptian Invention of papyrus (?)
		Invasion of the Mycenae in Greece
		The Aryans in India (?)—The Rig-Veda (?)
		Egypt expels the Mycenae
		The Mesopotamian oasis (?)
		Minoan
		Painted (?)—The Mahabharata (?)
		The Phoenicians invent the alphabet
		* The dates are purely approximations and may vary by many centuries.

B.C.	Persianicane Lands	Africa	East
34th century	Megalithic monuments		Space of Gebel Sella Hypogae of Cherk el-Kind et Kouros Sekhem, s. Colossus of Memnon Temple of Amunophis III at El-Kab Temple of Iupor Hypogae of El-Amarna
13th century	Megalithic monuments	Therrian textile, pottery, and glass	Temple of Sethos I at Kurna Temple of Sethos I at Abydos Great hypostyle hall of Kurnak Maisy, s. to chief of Thebes The Serapeum The Ramesseum Colossus of Ramesses II. Great temple and colosses of Amenophis Cave-temple of Derr- Hassan Temple of Heir-el-Qurna Temple of Mather at Ibsen- bol Temple of Sobek Spots of Dart Hieraticodes of monasteries Hypogae of El-Mamidieh Temple of Khonsu at Kurnak Great temple of Ramesses III at Medinet Abas Tomb of the Queen at Medinet Abas Hypogae of El-Ban-dikobah
23rd century	Megalithic monuments Bronze weapons and tools		First Chinese Jades (?)
11th century	Bronze weapons and tools	Cypriote art	Jewelry—Goldsmith's art Industrial and Intimate art
	Bronze weapons and tools		Rings, Phrygians, s.
			Sarite Empire
10th century	Bronze weapons and tools	Temple of Jeropalem	Dels, XXI to XXX Dynasties (850)

Chronicle	Review	Historical Notes
Mycenaean pottery		Conquest of Anatolia by the Mycenaeans Minoans. The Minoans depart from Crete
Transition with cupolas Tomb of Mycenaean		Power of Tyre
Date of the famous Mycenaean Potteries, term cities		Ramesses II (Amenophis III) (1333-1250)
Treasury of Atreus Tombs of Mycenaeans (Jewels and wreaths of gold)		Sacred Iff (Minoan?) (1200-1100)
Vases of Vaphio		Trojan War
Illyrian Prince		Chou Dynasty in China (1123) The Judges in Israel
First霸主 周穆王		Invasions of the Dacians in Greece and in Crete
		Hezekiah
		David (999-930)
		Solomon (930-900)
		Nimrod

* The dates are merely approximations.

Sec	Pottery and Tools	Art	Type
8th century	Bronze weapons and tools	<p>Amarna</p> <p>Reliefs (tomb of Akhenaten)</p> <p>Hanging gardens</p> <p>Bas-reliefs (Mothers, winged goddesses, kings and noblemen, scenes of hunting, and war activities)</p> <p>Engraved cylinders</p> <p>Palace and temple reliefs of Akhenaten</p>	Jewelry—Goldsmith's art Religious and symbolic art
8th century	Bronze weapons and tools	<p>Palace and bas-reliefs of Kuruntash</p> <p>Palace of Hammurabi</p> <p>Palace of Dura-Europos</p>	Religious and symbolic art
7th century	Magnificent monuments		Portraits
7th century	Bronze weapons and tools	<p>Palace and temple reliefs of Kouyunjik</p> <p>Reconstruction of the Tower of Babel</p>	Jewelry—Goldsmith's art Religious and symbolic art Religious art

Opposites	Rome	Greece
Dipylon vase at Athens		Elijah—The prophet in Israel
Kings (monarchic ideals)	Etruscan art	Liberator of Africa (Rha) Amunmose (1648-600)
The Doric Order	Punic war	The Aphrodite (Cassiope) Struggle of the Amazons and the Hesperides
Temple of Hera at Olympia		Founding of Carthage
Corinthian torso		Hercules
Sphinx and Theodore model in Uruk	Etruscan paintings and basins	Men of the Nymphades (770) Achilles
Finnish statue of Eshmunapha (Crete)	(The Tuscan Order)	Founding of Rome (753) Romulus
Temple of Artemis (600). Mt. G.		Founding of Carthage (814) Tyre
Athenae of Delos		Anthonios (607-34)
Mithridates, s. of Cales		
(The Ionic Order)		
Chryselephantine s. of the first temple of Ephesus A.D.		
Temple of Corinth		
		Laws of Draco (614)
		The Phoenicians make the port of Africa (600)
		The Median empire Maxima (600)
		Assyria (800-600)
		Foundation of Jerusalem (600)
		The date are approximate.

B.C.	Ptolemaic Period	A.D.	Roman
3rd century	Magnificent sarcophagi Marble sarcophagi with reliefs	Mausoleum of Cleopatra Construction of the Temple of Hathor	Statuettes and portraits Mosaic—Fayum style Jewelry—Goldsmith's art Industrial and utilitarian art
2nd century	Magnificent sarcophagi Marble sarcophagi with reliefs	Palace of Persepolis Death of Cyrus at Pasargadae Burial site of Darius Apadana of Persepolis Stomachion bowls Prince of the eunuchs and the lions	Palace of Persepolis Death of Cyrus at Pasargadae Burial site of Darius Apadana of Persepolis Stomachion bowls Prince of the eunuchs and the lions
1st century (First half)	Magnificent sarcophagi Death of Darius at Pyrrhipolis Monuments of Ishtar	Monuments of Ishtar	Jewelry—Goldsmith's art Industrial and utilitarian art

Greece	Rome	Hipster
<p>(Athens, Eleusis, Olympia, Sparta).</p> <p>Vases (black on red).</p> <p>Polygnotos, Ag., n.</p> <p>Dorian Apollo.</p>		<p>Founding of Corinth (694); Neoclassical (500-300) <i>reinvented</i> Hercules (307); Belos (304)</p>
<p>Dipylon and Stoa of Cimon at Athenaeum of Samos (580).</p> <p>Temple of Zeus at Olympia, M.G.</p>	<p>The Closer Maxima of Thymo-</p>	<p>The Python (580); Capitoline of Babylon (500-530); The Python (580)</p>
<p>Athenaeus, n. of Chios.</p> <p>Temple of Melinus, M.G.</p>		<p>Athenaeus, Sappho</p>
<p>Nike of Delos.</p> <p>Cleobis and Ardemos, B. M.</p> <p>Kanakidion, d. a.</p>		<p>Emperors</p>
<p>Polygnotos Wall of Delphi.</p> <p>Arpalaces, Klytemnestra, Medea, n. and p.</p>		<p>Forester (?)—the Avant (?)</p>
<p>Basilica of Myra, M.G.</p> <p>Mausoleum of Mausolus</p>		<p>Leda-Titus (504-526)</p>
<p>Parthenon of Parikia.</p> <p>Magnesia (Ag., n.)</p>		<p>Soldier-Priest (The Flimble) (?)</p>
<p>Ephesus, A. & The Monomorphic</p>		<p>Philopatra (500-52)</p>
<p>Beggar and Athene, m. or b. Temple of Apollo at Delphi.</p>	<p>The she-wolf of the Capitol</p>	<p>Ahuramazda Cyrus (500-399) takes Babylon (539)</p>
<p>Vases (red on black).</p>	<p>(Kleopatra)</p>	<p>Jerusalem (670-640); Assyria (639-622), conquers Egypt (522)</p>
<p>The treasury of the Children at Delphi.</p>	<p>Black stone of the Pyram. 1st</p>	
<p>Kunuris, T. Oriente of the Acropolis</p>		<p>Pythagoras (535-472)</p>
<p>Rathmone, n. of Magnesia.</p> <p>Great temple of Herakles at Agrigentum, M.G.</p>		
<p>State of Aratia.</p> <p>Temple of Meteogeneia, M.G.</p>	<p>Temple of Terquintius Hypothem at Rome (500)</p>	<p>Athenian Republic—Ionian Republic (400)</p>
<p>Anaximenes, A. P. The Tyrannicides</p>		
<p>Athenaeus</p>		<p>Confucius (Kung Fu Tsu) (400-479)</p>
<p>Caius A.P. n.</p>		<p>Phoenicia of Memphis</p>
<p>Temple of Aegina</p>		<p>Aetolian (380-360)</p>
<p>Glaucon and Diogenes, Ag., m.</p>		<p>Dionysus (321-305); Athens replaces Asia</p>
<p>Ephobe of the Acropolis</p>		<p>Markaboth (490). M. Grindas (3-200)</p>
<p>Clytemnestra, p.</p>		
<p>Argos and Mycenae, A. n.</p> <p>Temple of Demeter at Paestum, M.G.</p>	<p>Etruscan tombs</p>	<p>Black of Athens (Alkala) (430). Thracian series (520-470). Phoen. Myrrhe (470). Punic-Arabs (2-676)</p>
<p>Pausanias, Ag., p.</p>		<p>Medeia (535-460)</p>
<p>Demeter of Eleusis</p>		<p>Ptolemy (323-410)</p>
<p>Glowes, A.E. n.</p>		

B.C.	Parthenonized Lydians	Asia	Europe
7th century (7th-6th)	Bronze weighing rod tools Inferior bronze	Tomb of the Archonides Bronze	Mycenaean bronzes Egypt
6th century (6th-5th)	Inferior bronze measuring cup Bronze	Illustrate-Mycenaean bust of knight	Mycenaean bronzes
5th century (5th-4th)	Bronze weighing rod tools Mycenaean metalworking	Illustrate-Mycenaean bust of knight	Mycenaean bronzes

Class	Date	Topic
Pythagoras and Oracle. A.D. III.		
Term colossus of Tanagra,		
Dancers of Heracleaenae		
Temple of Hera at Argos, M.C.		
The Charioteer of Delphi (460) <i>Elgin n. of the</i>		
Temple of Zeus at Olympia (460) <i>Centaur and Lapiths, The long walls (490-480), Cithara, Nymphs, and Lions,</i>		Extreme walls of Norms and of Athens (?)
Temple of Zeus at Argos, A. II.		
Polykleitos, A. II.		
Temple of Concord at Agrigento, M. II.		
Theatre of Dionysus, M.C.		
Myrrhe, A. - The Ilium Thirteen		
Temple of Neptune at Paestum, M. II.		
The Theseion		
Phidias, A. n. (490-480)		
Ictinos, A. n. of		
The Parthenon (447-432)		
Medusa's head by of Alkibiades		
Athenian Parthenon, A. n.		
Elagabalus, A. p.		
Aphrodite, A. n.		
Neptune, Nymphs, and Nereids, A. n.		
Temple of Artemis, M.C.		
Mesagoras, A. n. of		
The Propylaea (437)		
Temple of Cape Hymion		
Theatre of Dionysus, P. M.C.		
Temple of Zeus at Nemea		
Nemean colossus, M.C.		
Jewelry - Goldsmith's art.		
Industrial and Intimate art		
Temple of Philopatra (419)		
The Erechtheion (415)		
Kallimachos, n.		
(The Corinthian Order)		
Temple of the Wingless Victory		
The Dancers of Delphi		
Burial of Romulus, M.C. (600-597)		
Bas-relief of Lecha (Athens)		
Statue of Delphi (?)		
Polykleitos the Younger n. of the Theatre of Epidaurus		
Dedalus, A. n.		
Architect of Epidaurus		
		Rebuilding of Athens
		Crimea (3-400)
		Pericles (490-430) Hegemony of Athens
		The Law of the Twelve Colonies
		Archelaos (408-400)
		Hermes (380-360)
		Democritus (190-370)
		Theraphos (470-400)
		Narrator (400-300)
		Aristophanes (400-360)
		Wars of the Peloponnesians (431-404)
		Aristophanes (400-360)
		Hippocrates (460-350)
		Hegemony of Sparta
		Retreat of the Ten Thousand (399), Xenophon (410-380)
		Rome taken by the Gauls (300-200)
		Epinomis (415-380)

B.C.	PALM-LEAF LANTERN	A.D.	Egypt
		4	
		Palace of Firuz-Abed in Persia	
4th century			Jewelry—Goldsmith's art Industrial and Intimate art
		Mogao-Pakhtahai set	Portico of Nekhamka of Egypt
	Bronze weapons and tools	The Hindu sets	
		Palace of Shurrian in Persia	
		Pearl-chain inlayed of India	
			Thracianic Jewelry
	Mogulistic minarets		
3rd century		Temple of Debod	
			Jewelry—Goldsmith's art Industrial and Intimate art
		Stupa of Sanchi in India	
		Columns of Asoka in India	
		Li-Yi Chinese p.	
		The great wall of China (214)	

Greece

Aegathocles, p. and dictator
Encore perspective
Zeus, A. p.

Alexander, A. p.

Ptolemy, A. D.
Hypopomps, p.

Caphisodorus, A. s.

Boys

Briareus and Typhon, A. s.
of the Museum of Naples
unseen A. M. (1921)

Apse of the Temple
Persepolis, Maedanian, p.

Pylaea, Icarian n.

Theatre of Dionysos (?)

The Nostalgia

Monument of Lycurgus (330)
Temple of Dionysos, A. M. (1924)
Second Temple of Olympians, A. M.
Laodicea and Hierapolis A. M.

Theater of Chilches

Temple of Hermos

Apollon (XIV-XIII), A. p.

Hermes, s.

Apollo of the Nostalgia

Nostalgia A. M.

Praxiteles (470-390) A. s.
Antinous of Persepolis (350-?)
Phidias, s. of the
Portico of Eleusis (311)

Lysippus, A. s.

Hermogenes, s. of the temples of
Magnesia and of Teos
Pantheos, Proleptos and Askleios,
s. p.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, A. M.
Venus, Psyche of Capua, M. G.

Kallimachos Paros

(Ant. Minn.)

Dionysos, Alexandria Cyreneus)

The Stomachus of Antiochus,
A. M.

Victory of Metonebraces

Charon, s.

Temple of Apollo at Delos

Colossus of Rhodes

Tintoretto, p.

Polyphemus, s.

Hydriotes, s. of Persepolis

Terra cotta of Myrrina, A. M.
(Dipylon, egyptian)

The Dying Gladiator

Rom.

Etruscan tombs

Plane (420-340)

Hecatompylos of Thebes

Etruscan tombs

Dionysius (437-323)

Aristotle (384-322)

Philip (386-338). Hegemony of Macedonia (338)

Macedon (Mausole-Pyr) (323-16)

Alexander (356-323) conquers Egypt
and Asia Minor and extends
into India.

Nestor (?) The Nestorians
The Nestorian Empire (320)

Ezra. Ecclesiasticus

Foundation of Alexandria (330)

Sarcophagus of Selips Barbatus
(300)

Alexandria. Egyptian historian
The Museum of Alexandria
Mural
Rock subjects Stirrup

Epicurus (301-270)

Pompeii against Rome (280-274)

Rome becomes mistress of Italy (270)

First Punic War (264-241)

Ashoka, King of India (277-232) becomes
a Buddhist

Etruscan tombs

Aeneas (287-210)

B.C.	Ptolemaic Land	Africa	Egypt
	Buried weapons and tools	Buried human, pottery, masks, and jewels of Carthage (Africa)	Temple of Isser at Philae Temple of Edfu (237-212--196-18)
3rd century	Predatory amphora (silver); (Gaul, Hispania) Mediterranean bronze weapons and tools Coins and tokens of Gaul	{Djedja} Temple of Mandulis Greek-Buddhistic sculpture Temple of Ushas Obelisk of Karnak (183) Temple of Amon Reliefs of Queen Hatchepsut Buddha of Hsia-Tsing-Chan Inanna Temple of Buddha-Gajah (b. India, 17)	The writing stone of Rosetta 1901 Temple of Kom Ombo Temple of Habesha at Philae Alexandria
			Temple of Ramses
			Secretary of Osiris at Memphis
		Habesha sarcophagus	Alexandria
1st century	Weapons, coins, and tokens of Gaul		Temple of Habesha at Dendera
			Roman Monk of Philae (U)
			Roman temple of Horus at Kalabsha
			Restorations of temples

Objects	Roms	Murours
The Sleeping Fury Jewelry. Chaldaean art Indo-Greek sculpture	Cist of Eumenos (Nestor Plautius, bronzereworker) Flaminian Way (92B)	Tolomeus III Spent the length of the year in 365½ days (235)
Glossarius, s.		Thessalyans
Alexandria	art	Nominal (247-183), Second Punic War (215-02) Tribute subtribe Magus-Creole and Bledy (211)
Headed pegslet of the Thermae (Amphitheater, s. (Picture of Lycurgus)		Plautius (96-84) Anthonius the Great (238-184). Power of Antioch
etc.		Philopappus (122-163)
Emperors and Emperresses, etc. of Pergamum Altar of Pergamum, A. 34.	Pausafer (230-190). p.	Egypt (240-100) Hipparchus, and Philopappus
Theatre of Delphi	Aqua Marcia (140)	Julius Maceratus (203-160)
Timarshians Polydora, The Forum of Aelio (Mosaicoquadra t =	Cleopatra, etc. Roma	Invention of paper in China (?)
Crassus invents the organ		Invention of arches (147) Cleopatra, Berenice & Irenaeus (Roman provin- ced)
Philopappus, s.		Zosimus and Galba Graeculus (188-131)
Andronicus Cyrrhesticus, s. of the Tower of the Winds, Athens (Relief at Eleusis)	Mithra, s.	Marcus dedicates the Cleopatra and the Tiberius (103-101)
Apollonius of Tralles, s. of the Parthenon Bull	Importations of Greek works at Roma	Syria (136-70)
Aqueducts, s. of the Teneoce Apollonius, s. s. of the Hercules etc.	Roman copies of Greek works Aqueduct of Trajanopolis	Luxor (100-55) Revolts of the slaves at Roma— Xysticus (21)
(Roman School)	Cleopatra, s. Tributus Lator and Aratius, pp.	Cyrenaica (100-55) against Mithridates Civis (100-55)
Faunus, s.	Veteribus, s. and wife	Cover (100-60) conquers Gaul (51)
The Shrine of Venus (?)	The Aldobrandini wedding	
Stephanus, s.	Tomb of Cecilia Metella	Vergil (70-19)
Venus of the Ecclisia (?)	The Ediliary of Agrippa (231)	Augustus (63 + 14)—the Roman
Gloves, s. of the Faunus Hercules	The Palatine-Horus of Liviu	Xysticus (51)
Dionysius, mosaic, M.G.	The Fastidium of Agrippa (230)	Berone (50-00)
Amphitheater of Pompeii, C.I. M.O.	(Vestinus & Gaius, s.) Post du Gard (18)	Third Edition (-50 + 10)
Mosaic and Archigies, ss. (Roman School)	Ludius, s.	
	Theater of Marcellus (13)	Jesus Christ (-04 + 30)
	Principate of Octavian (13)	Pilate the Jew (-30 + 54)
	Tomb of Vergilius Euryalus	
	Obelisk of Heliopolis, Memphis tomb in Algeria	Julius
	Strophaid Briseis and Andromache	
	Bridge of Rimini (14)	
	Arch of Triumph of Orange	
	Amulius, p.	

A.D.	Prae-Roman Europe	Asia	Europe
1st century			Alexandria
3rd century			Necropolis of Akhzadria
			Gates of Hadrian, at Philae
		Bas-reliefs of Cro-Lengy-Tse in China	Alexandria
			Buridapagros portulaca
		Tsai-Yang, Chinese p.	

Classics	Rome	HISTORY
Theater of Telem Crouching Venus Venus of Arles	ca. M.C. Theatre of Saguntum (11). Sp. Mausoleum of Meant-Remy (F) Quattro Fontane, R. Art of the Catacombs	Graecia pillaged by the Romans Brennus (3-45)
art	Alexandrian art	
	Actor Claudio Tiberius, p. Playing the Elder (23-79), relief Mosaic Letter of Nicom The Colosseum	Actor Paul at Athens (54)
Monuments of Hercules	neum and Panoplia. M.C.	Nero (54-68). Thriving of Flavian (64) The Emperor Vespasian & his son Titus (64)
Sculptures, paintings, and inscriptions of Pompeii	Arab of Titus	Taking of Jerusalem by the Romans (70)
Antiquities, Papyrus, Greek art at Home	Arena of Pompeii	Destruction of Herodionium and Panoplia (79)
	Pompeii (60-79) monument	Jamphilius (37-7)
	Arena of Arles	
Monuments of Cherebati, Af.	Monumenta of Cherebati, Af.	Juvencus (48-51)
	Amphitheatre of Malaga (71)	Tarquin (539-510)
	Lector a of the Bridge of Alcantara (100)	Hadrian
Monuments of Trajan	Monuments of Trajan, Greek a. of Tyre	Trajan (98-117)
	Golden Gate of Trajan's column (113)	
	Gate of Benevento	
Monuments of Philopappos	Bridge and monuments of Milet Aqueduct of Negrile Bridge of Salamine	Miletus
	Monuments of Trajan. Af.	Hadrian (117-138)
	Arab of Hadrian at Athens	
	Temple of Baalbek. A.M.	
Circus Maximus, Roman a. of the Colosseum (104-80)	Kenya (Africa, n. of the Aqueduct of Cisternell, Af. (107)	Lucius of Samos
	Amphitheatre of Tarraco	Therapy, hydrotherapy
	Aqueduct and Waterworks of Zaghouan, Af.	
art	Alexandrian art	
	Mole of Hadrian	
	Theater of Orange	
	Art of the Catacombs	
	Arena of Nimes	
Persepolis visits Greece	Capitol of Dougga, Af.	Roman Embassy in China (100)

A.D.	Precious and Lapis	Asia	Egypt
3rd century		<p>Charms of Amavasi in India.</p> <p>Bangle of Karobrundib [i.e. India / Nepal]</p>	
4th century		<p>First founding, Chinese p.</p> <p>Bridge of Daxiuli and of Chuqian in China</p> <p>Established of Nagas at Naksh- e-Rouz Beg</p>	
		<p>Fortress of Qutb in India.</p> <p>Tree column of Shait</p> <p>Buddhistic frescoes of Tark- sharan</p> <p>First portraiture known in Nordia [China]</p>	Carved gypsum portraits

Quattro	Roma	Milano
	Area of St. Peter, AD Column of Marcus Aurelius (180)	Marcus Aurelius (161-180)
Odore di Ferro ed Acciaio	Monumenta of Diocletian, AD Septizonium or Septimius Severus Arch of Septimius Severus (203) Arch of Triumph of Galerius, AD Arch and Temple of Tiberius, AD (214) Theater of Aspendos C. A.D. Art of the Catacombs Mosaic of the Virgin	Nikeion C1. The Sebasteion C1 Tertullian (160-240)
Above, glass art	Stupa, stele, sarcophagi	Plautius (200-210)
	Colonnades of Palmyra, A.D. Walls of Antoninus at Benevento (200) Temple of the Sun, at Palmyra, A.D. (200)	Amphitheatre (180-200)
	Area of Verona (300) Paints of the Theatre at Lutetiae Columns of Trajan at Antiochia (200) Throne of Michael at Hagia Sophia Area of Constantine (315)	Constantine (300-317). Triumph of Christianity Symmachus (325)
	Basilea of Constantine Arch of Jason Quadriga (3)	Julian the Apostate (361-363)
	Gates of Trajan (?)	Barbarian invasions (375-450) Theodosius the Great (379-395) destroys the pagan temples (393) St. John, Ephesus (347-407)
	Church of Saint Paul outside the walls (316)	The Visigoths destroy Hellenes (410) End of the Olympic games (494) Hypatia (370-411)



HISTORY OF ART

MEDIÆVAL ART



BIRJAND (Persia).—Man painting.
(From *Les Miniatures Persanes*.)

ELIE FAURE
HISTORY OF ART

MEDIAEVAL
ART



To
My Friends of the Université Populaire
"La Fraternelle"
1905-1906



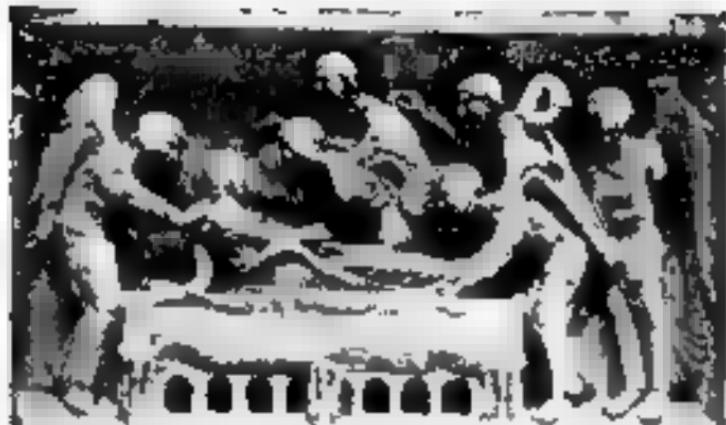


KHMER ART. Ornament of a pilaster. (Angkor.)

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THE ENTOMBMENT OF THE VIRGIN (Cathedral of Siena)

INTRODUCTION

While the distant civilization of China delays the hour of its death by turning to its past, while India, to assuage its fever, spreads a religion across Asia, the shadows deepen, little by little, over the sunset on which was passed the brilliant and virile youth of the western world. From the beginning of history, the ocean of the peoples ebbs and flows from the plateau of Iran to the fresh and healthful lands that face the Atlantic. On the banks of northern Europe silent invasions have accumulated reserves of men who will renew the innocence of the southern peoples when a too enervating contact with Asia shall weaken their faith in their own intelligence. We have seen the Phoenicians bring to Greece and to Italy together with the science and the ideals of Chaldea and Egypt the echo from India of the mystic intoxications through which the religious thrill of universal life entered the order of the Occident. We have seen Greece, in the train of Alex-

INTRODUCTION

under transmitting its spark of inspiration to the troubled and tried soul of man. Hence in its turn, is to feel the sensuous of love when it brings peace to that soul. The movement was exhausting its rhythm little by little. A long repose had to follow the expenditure of energy from which the future of the world had come forth. Human nature had to return into itself to save its overstrained mind and to permitted men to forget their conquests and to renew the desire to get back to their natural sources.

From the day when the unity of the Greek soul begins to integrate, when two currents appear in the thought of the philosopher and the sensuality of the plebeian when Plato and Aristotle oppose spiritual life to the materialism of Leucippus and Atomistic from that day the youth of man is learned to enchant the world. These antagonistic tendencies, rationalism that hails the movement of action and sensualism that unmans the soul both lead to the negation of effort. And the sceptic and the mystic open the road to the sporting transgression in the giddy heart of the mad Caesar, someone at having uttered for his own inner desire to purge themselves of the impurity of the body by such an exaltation of the soul that a thousand years will be required by the peoples of the Orient to recover their dignity in a new equilibrium.

It was by the spiritual fusion of materialism and immortality by the projection beyond ourselves who are wicked and corrupt of an absolute which makes it our duty to repent having been born, that immortality without compensation was formulated for the first time in the doctrine of the Hebrew prophets. God was outside of the world henceforward man could no longer attain Him save beyond the confines of his own life. This unity of the divine, which was asserted by the theologians implanted in our nature that terrible

deities which was due to an incomparable trial before us and which the Buddha said: "It was this disease that caused me to wander for many years in search of salvation. It kept me for a thousand years in the forest of that village the painful conflict between the two halves of the heart and the heart of love and compassion. But it is perhaps thanks to the disease again that we know that our strength lies in the balance which we seek in suffering and peace in pain between two extremes which are named 'extremism' which is bad."

The most extreme and highest manifestation of that karma was the being born which sprung from the passage of matter and mind to all in their unity and had for the object of the karma that the human race died when the human species appeared during its confinement and prolonging the human species for the rescue of man I had to lie up to that time. First he lived who straight like the golden thread through the impure and stony aspect of the universe, hated and condemned form. The Karma born of the same stock was now to greatest hazard destroyed. To change it the Buddha has invited the contact with the soul of Europe with its baseless movements its futile pleasure, its self-aggrandizement of appetites and a profligate life. I was once after ten centuries of painful struggle of effort forced to leave you. I never imagined that the progress of Europe from the manner from the power and virtue of the Buddha.

It was because that India abominated the non-existence of the Buddha who abhored violence and evoking of strength and the evoking beauty the movement action of formality and dress which causes its forms and makes a man to move that it always respects the temples with its hundred thousand living gods.

After the north-eastern of Vedic India and the polytheism of the classical Greeks had attained their highest eminence, and their decline had commenced, there appeared at the depth of the great moral religious which began to gain dominion over the world the same despairing sentiment of the final uselessness of action. Men everywhere was fatigued by living by thinking and he left his fatigue at when he tried action, he had lost his courage. The resignation of the Hindu, the belief in Nirvana of the Buddhist, the fatalism of the Arab and the traditionalism of the Chinese are born of the same pessimistic need for avoiding effort. But some countries the Arabs escaped the consequences of the intoxicating idea, but only because the one effect furnished them by the Prophet was an outward effort satisfying the material needs of their nomadic and conquering life and leaving no region that possessed them in death to it to which they believed them self in the charge of her country leaving to the vanquished peoples the task of working for them. The Chinese again escape over through their absence of idealism and their positive spirit made enough an impelled power to let live and retain action. But the gentile peoples of the classical, the animal peoples of India could extricate themselves from these consequences only if they profited by the lesson that the deities themselves impeded on them. And so they drove the roots of their root into deeper into their earth and fought with all their regenerated power against the spirit of renunciation to which the doctrine of Buddhism and of Jesus had dragged the crowd whose interest it was to listen to them while they had the faces of the fire gods who were inactive and therefore all action.

Now that the ethical religions are a part of history, now that we have learned that the motto need have its

power which it possessed to annihilate or destroy the world, and which it was now most urgent for us all to do the wrong thing to keep up the lie. But, as I said, the lie was not the only one. There was another, almost as serious. In India the masses had been too long used to the authority of custom, opinion, and the priesthoods, that they could hardly conceive the possibility of change. It was not the spiritual or material power going forth to combat the spiritual authority that was the chief trouble. It was the body of the people itself that urged the progress of India to stop at the point with the voice of the voice of the masses. The voice of the masses is peculiarly that of the voice of the people; of the people's religion in the broad sense of the term; a religion which accepts both the rest of the world, their own age, their race, their home, with the mass of the rest, with the forests, the waters, and the stones. In the Christian and the socialist, as he believed, there was no organization which a person could, the members of the former owing to the laws of nature, could take up on his other aspect, than that of rebellion. And therefore we have to realize what the teaching of Christ has stamping a profound impress on the hearts of most men.

In teaching the higher of life Christ did not play upon man's power to live when the forces of economic and political evolution in India had already brought them into contact with life, giving them wings to fly. He came and assisted them in their flight to their needs. Our country had kept away from these needs for a thousand years. The soil of India had not been tilled back to its heights for a thousand years. The sun had accumulated on a high plateau, a crust of unfertilized bones of civilization, of cities, of flocks and pastures, which covered the face of the earth to bury back from the past when it could be restored no longer, and then it appeared with all

the interpretation of the beasts of the forests when released from cages. There is no more magnificent spectacle in history than that of human society progressing steadily, bursting itself or form to make it fruitful again.

It is in this spectacle that we must seek for the origin of the differences that are noticeable when we compare in their ensemble the manifestations of present art and mediaeval art especially in France and in western Europe. The ancient world had never forgotten the love of form; it had on the contrary carried through form by a progressive harmonious, continuing effect, at the philosophical generalizations formulated by the prophets of Hebrews and of Phoenicia. Egypt confined by the theory which it was forced to go onward, had closed man in his structure and had left him for all time the form of the shadow that he will cast on the earth so long as the sun shall shine upon him. Greece, freed from dogma, has retained the relations that unite man with nature, has found again in the substance and gestures of living forms, the laws which determine and harmonize in the revolution of the heavenly bodies, in the unfolding of the powers of the earth, in the rising and falling motion of the sea. It rested with the Middle Ages of the Orient to render in form the relationships created between man and man by the goods that have been lived through together by the hopes too long deferred by the joy of the senses liberated after centuries of asceticism and of physical and moral compression. The new spirit manifests itself everywhere by a wild eruption of reveling in matter that contains all who are and magical understanding between mediæval Europe and modern India. Brahman India still living within itself the soul of Buddha as Gothic Europe, carried along by its social needs,

following agrees in this with Aristotle the logician, the historian and the teacher of the Church. The history may be said to be the art of stories.

The framework of the successive stories took many forms. Among the Greeks and Romans the drama appears, among the Germans it found its embodiment in the in the comic poems of Tacitus, and in the pastoral flocks of Roscius. It manifested itself again in the very spiritual and luminous school of Rustic Philosophy, in the epigrams of Martial and of Statius, and in the shepherds' idylls. Perhaps perhaps it obtained its purest shape from the song of the bards who sang of the heroes struggling together against the gods; of their tragic destiny, of their woes and of success in the guidance of the Universe, who through the ages of time, under the names of their masters, were still to be seen. But elsewhere in the Middle Ages, and probably the agents of them, in the popular were ignorant of the reign of hell, they were passing through the silent, silent land of the dead, the gloomy land of ignorance under the perfect of neglect, without the support of the office of the drama, always against the spirit. It is the task of the epic poet to penetrate at the end of the Middle Ages, its overlaid layers, its deserts and fenced prairies into the fields of education, its movements, its popular language, presented that language expressed supporting the scattered multitudinous feelings originating from the vicinity of the soul with the soul in the faded strength of mind and. The pastoral epic, which always will present not by such heroes of form, to receive colour from the garden of legend, which include itself leaves the isolated and scattered masses free to seek their education and purify the form that is inheritance of the world. In legend itself from the corners of the human soil. The pastoral

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logic of the French cathedral builders of the Middle Ages a primary is applied to realizing a practical object, and if the Arab raves over the desert, the abstract image of the mind, it is with bones and with women that he hits his own Alchymist. Just as Dionysus has renounced the earth, to mingle with his beloved fever the love of Bacchus, the gentleness of Jesus and the dignity of Mohammed, and when Prometheus, through the costume of the Disciple, is reborn at his side, Prometheus is a personage of himself; he also is flooded with mystic intuitions. The Middle Ages have persecuted iconoclasts despite the gods that they adored.

It is always against the gods that the iconoclasts of mortals are created, even when these gods, as those of the Greek Olympus express laws that are to be understood in order that they may be obeyed. An inevitable confusion has arisen in us, between the protest for our beliefs and their real meaning. From the beginning of things we have seen art and religion following the same road, art being obliged to move almost exclusively between the likes of religious exultation and changing its appearance as soon as one god replaces another. We have never asked ourselves why all the religions even when they combat one another express themselves in forms that constantly survive them and that time event, as it finds to be in accord as well as a necessity. We have never asked ourselves why the finest creations of the art do not always coincide with the moment of most intense religious exultation, why the same religion often remains silent throughout its youth and expresses itself only when it approaches to decline. We have never asked ourselves why the French image makers imprinted their deities on the stones of the cathedrals only after the movement of revolt which assured the

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de of the sentence against the members of the party and the acts of the agents of the government separated nothing from him so long as he was of any service to Russia when the latter had been brought to a standstill by the most severe of its enemies. We have never yet written to him, though we intended to write him words of comfort and sympathy, but I am afraid that we ought to do so. The consideration of the conduct of those who have been sent to him gives us pain, but it is difficult to bear such conduct, because it shows us how different were qualities the Emperor and himself, and of the importance of keeping him near by the Emperor to set a good example at the time when the latter was brought into the world of sin and vice. We have never asked ourselves whether the present will be better to them, but the loss of his services will

We used however in our house to have an intermission of about two hours during the service. This would consist of tea with biscuits and coffee, and the service would then be continued. There is a tradition which states that Jesus' first sermon to the people in Capernaum ended with the words "Behold, I tell you the truth; this day you shall begin to know the Son of man." The people were so overcome by the power of his words that they left him. They had no desire to hear more. What marked the departure was a shout of voices of men and of boys to spring from the air. The Maccabean spirit had shown itself in the language used for the writer wrote. The Latin of course uses the monogram to place them in the New Test. to it is said the demands of long whistling and gave to others from the way of he tried to even when they spoke tokens of death. How the people that follow the gods whichever they may be.

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INTRODUCTION

We gather the strength necessary to resist our disillusionments who to maintain before our eyes the image of our hope. But this is the which we deserve with new steps when a new system of metaphysics or of morality imposes itself on our needs. That is to say, only to avoid it does not change its spirit, and as long as it can do us whatever the period in which our activity takes place who over the religion that serves it as a pretext the forms of art even the most diverse, they do no more than express the fact. It is simply the confidence that comes after long numbers, and that grows weak upon a too prolonged contact with the mystery which our desire for love urges us to penetrate. When a religion arrives at its most harmonious and expressive degree of development, the faith is not thereto awakened; on the contrary, the religion is born of the faith. For the penetration into the field of our vision of the inner teacher which guides and exalts us. When man is near to realization he accepts at once and in the main a great simple synthesis of everything he is ignorant of so as not to be troubled by doubt and anxiety in his search for what he wants to know. When he has learned too much, when his faith in human weakness, his outward breath may last or even become exaggerated, but at the same time all the expressions of his thought vanishes. Peoples in action force any religion to bend itself to the manifestations of their original virtues. A religion moulds a people to its dogmas only when that people no longer believes in itself. Whatever our parasite we expel it on earth when we have achieved self-confidence. To despoil this parasite do we, we wait for centuries and search the world until the hour comes when life mounts high in our heart, and the word "faith" is the vigorous name we give to energy.

Never before had this energy arisen in the world in

such a violent stupor of extirpated existence. It is that foul dream from which we wake from the temporal life, now to be transmuted from earth to the presence of a brighter light, and who can estimate fully the real horrors of such a change? But this that drives them to the grave, is no less than the legitimate effects of those things before them; hence the next consideration is to perceive what dear forms of man's creation have the true forms of the infinite become to him, and what becomes of man. The world seems to me to be better. I have written of that form of stupor which signs the human soul as incapable of any other reward than that of a short time of abiding quietness and peace. I would give less credit to the dead hereafter, after them, & were that were of course then the last products of creation, were perhaps the most abject sort that man can be, but at least some a remnant of human nature exists in the last state of desolation and prostration. But I sometimes appear under the form of death, now living longer than before, and on the bed of sickness and sorrow and gathering up the flesh to the aching bones of memory and vigilance which the approaching death leaves still unalleviated. There it is, the mortal spirit itself, and its several parts, the body perhaps to be recovered again. While we yet live, or even if we report all the gods, the men who become to simple regard, express himself if he does not feel as he does the love of all the others, even those which carry along mind and intellect, but he is not awaiting his native being if he does not see the light of all the contemplations, even those which he longer abides. If the present life were when looked upon beneath the rest of the earth does not resemble his former life, the hearts of sinners even the dead, such things will be to him, do not sleep in his heart, of abstrac-

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tion does not mount from his senses to his soul to raise it to the plane of the laws which cause men to act the fates to flow, the fire to burn, and the celestial boughs to revolve.

And everywhere or practically everywhere in the Middle Ages the creatures had these hours of confused and hopeless contending with the heart and mass of matter in movement. And what is remarkable about these men is that none or almost none of them has left us his name. Therein lies a phenomenon. I feel that to perhaps half a century—the very masses of the people—succumbing the strength to the life whose tide flowed in them incessantly, if not unavowable abandonment to the contingencies to the blind impulse of their regenerated nature. Antigone, or Greek antiquity at least, has not known this hour because she had betrayed her country in a progressive effort. Here the people recovered at a single bound the soul contact with the world, and as the subjects of their past life were though unknown to them in the potential power that dwelt in them, the return to action took place in a previous tumult. These multitudes built their temples themselves, the heating of some obscure heart caused every stone in its power. Never has there been such a sporting birth of vaults, pyramids, bell-towers and towers, such a tide of clatter rising from the air-like plants to invade space and capture heaven. From the Dutch Ijsses and from the Himalayas to the Atlantic, from the Atlas to the North Sea, from the Persian Andes to the Gulf of Mexico, a current of irresistible wave passed through space to weld the worlds that were ignorant of each other. Architecture, the anonymous and collective art, the plastic branch of the crowd in action, issued from them with so deep a murmur in such a transport of intermission, that I counted the voice of the universal hope the same

among all the peoples of the earth, seeking in their substance the gods who were concealed from their eyes. When they had seen the face of these gods, the builders of the temples stopped, but with such a gesture of despair that it broke the iron armor within which the theocracies were walking in the intelligence, and decided the individual to make the conquest of himself.



MEDIÆVAL ART

*- the voices seemed all
to form the same song, so perfect was their accord.*
DANTE ALIGHIERI





Mont-Asoo

Chapter I. INDIA

I



To the hour when the peoples of the eastern Mediterranean were writing the first page of history, India was also beginning to live a superior moral life. But only the murmur of the Vedic hymns, more ancient by a thousand or two thousand years, perhaps, than the epics of Greece, arises from the confusion of the past. Not a single poem of stone, save a few megalithic monuments whose antiquity is not known, exists to unveil the mystery of the Indian soul before the Middle Ages of the Occident, and it seems nearer to this period than to the ancient civilizations.

It is because the tribes of Iran, when they had left the high plateaus to descend the lengths of the rivers toward the horizon of the great plains, did not find

everywhere the same soil, the same trees, the same waters, the same skies. Some of them had to face the unity of the desert, the source of the metaphysical abstractions. Others peopled the countries of moderate size, with scattered vegetation and clear-cut forms, which led them to observe objectively and brought about the desire to complete in their minds the balanced forces that make up the harmonious universe. The Iranians who had enjoyed the valley of the Ganges had first to give way to the invasions of the nomads. The keeping within them the essence and the coarseness of the high country they plunged without transition into a world that overwhelmed them with its ardor and fecundity.

Never, in any part of the globe, had man found himself in the presence of an aspect of nature at once so genetive and so ferocious. Death and life impose themselves there with such violence that he was forced to end to them no matter what their form. To escape the dead seasons, to reach the seasons of fertility, it was enough for him to move northward or southward. Nourishing vegetation, roots, fruit and grain sprouted from a soil that does not exhaust itself. He held out his hand and gathered up life. When he entered the woods to draw water from the great rivers or to seek materials for his house, death rose up irresistibly carried along by the waves, as with the crocodile, hidden in the thickets, as with the tiger, writhing under the grasses with the cobra, or breaking down the sumptuous part of trees with the step of the elephant. Barely, if at all, in the nocturnal tangle of tree stems, the branches, and the leaves, could be distinguish the movement of animal life from the movement of rotting matter and the blossoming of herbs. Even of the hidden fermentations in which life and death fuse the torrent of sap which feeds our universe burst from the susurri-

and birds of the earth in beautiful fruits and painted flowers.

The largest exports of presents and effects that have ever come to this country have recently

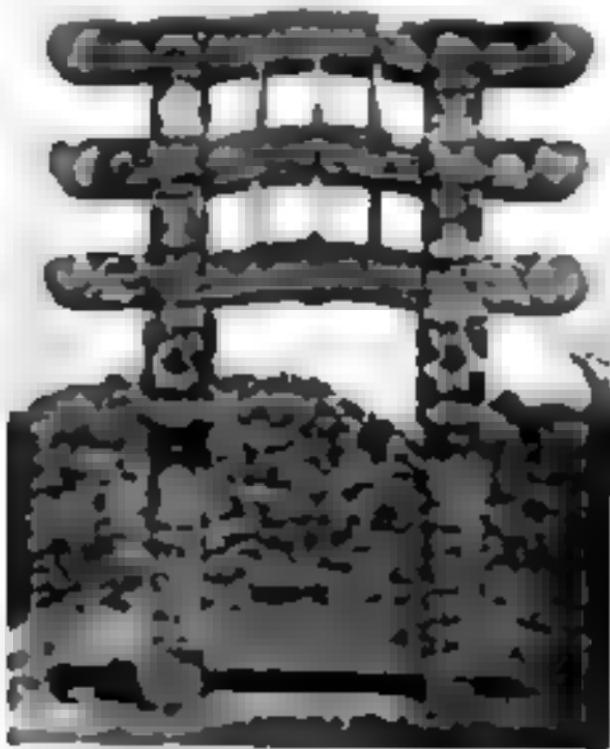
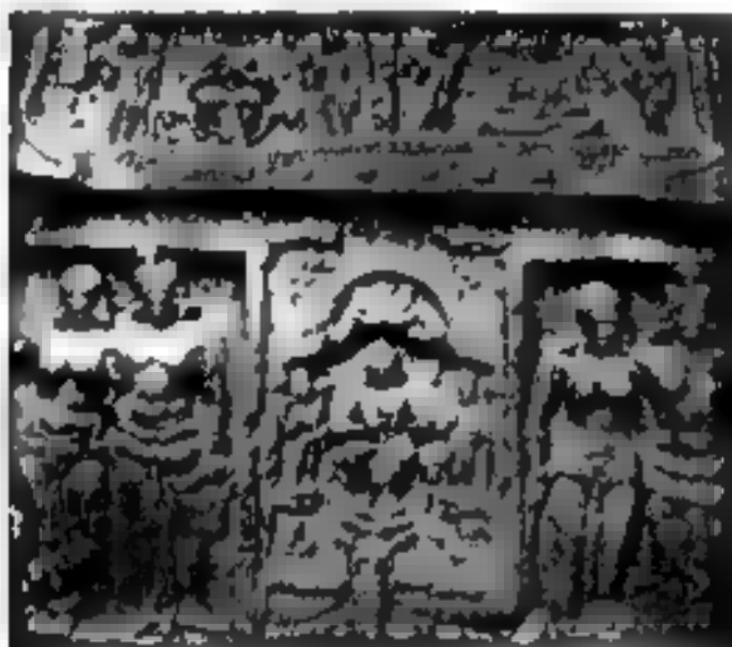


FIGURE 10.—A GATE OF THE DRAGONS.

been sent. The presenters of offering a moral wheel to the new-born king through the agency of two young boys and two aged temples around the town of Madraswaram in the State of the Madrasa Kings had brought dragon gates of the north into the bear sight of

the north. Accepting life and death with the same indifference, he had to do no more than lay open his senses to the penetration of the universe and permit the gradual rise from his first note to his soul of that grandiose, confused pantheism which is the whole of



Kali in Century B.C. Bas-relief of the Chaula.

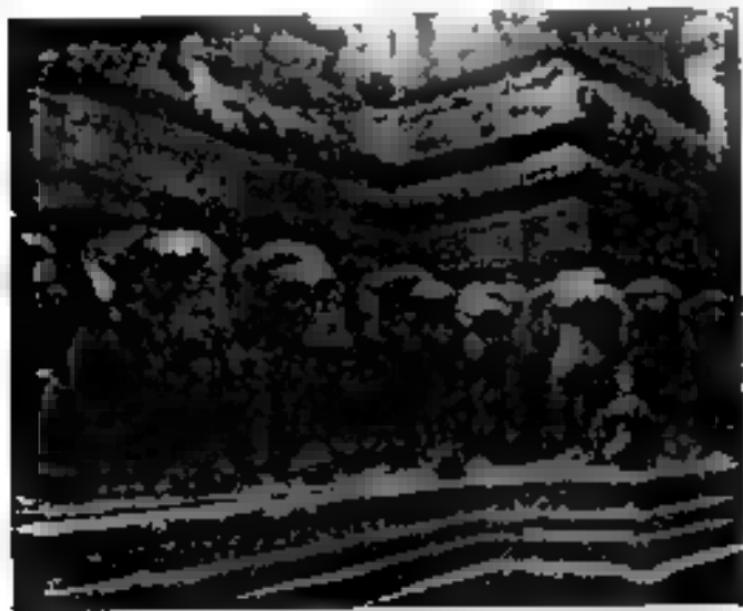
the science, the religion, and the philosophy of the man of India.

And yet, when Alexander reached the banks of the Indus, a great social revolution was shaking the peninsula. A century before, Sakyamuni, the Buddha, had felt the flood of pantheist intoxication in his inner life, had felt it invaded by a love whose power swept him on like a river. He loved men, he loved beasts, he loved the trees, the stones—everything that



Iron Headstone Art - British 11 Century BC - Prints
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breathed, that throbbed, that moved, everything, even, whose form could be grasped by the senses, from the constellations of heaven to the grass on which one trod. Since the world is but a single body, it must be that an irresistible tenueness draws together all the dispersed elements, all the different forms which



Kalona (VI Century). Basement of the Elephanta.

wander through the world. Hunger, longing, suffering, all are love. Sakyamuni tenderly offered his bare flesh to an eagle that was pursuing a dove.

Whatever the fatalism and the sensualism of a people, it always listens, at least once during the course of history, to him who comes to pour the balm of love upon its wounds. The tiger could not be conquered, it is true, the peak of the Himalayas could not be reached, and the sacred rivers that descended from

*Figure 4: Century I: Shunzhi (1644-1661), detail from the *Book of Poetry*.*



it could not cease to rot, fever and life in their waters. And yet the social machinery of the Brahman, the unplaceable regime of castes which reflected from top to bottom the relentless rigor of the energy of the universe, was shattered by the revolt of love. Half a century after the invasion of Alexander, the emperor Asoka was forced to follow the lead of the multitude and erect eighty-four thousand temples in commemoration of a man who had never spoken of the gods.

How long did Buddhism last in India? Seven or eight centuries, perhaps. An hour of the life of these built cities whose history as it survives in the past and in the future seems as infinite and as confused as their mounting in space. In his returned misery to the Archaic gods, the Brahman, smitten by the prince reborn, the same pyramid which swept from the earth man's hope of paradise. But Buddha took refuge in the sun of a few rebels and beyond the frontier of India, was to conquer Asia. That Christian by birth of the Semitic ideal was to dominate the whole Continent save the Hebrews. A revolution lost not man, such the fundamental nature of the surroundings that provoke it.

It was from the depths of the Indian nature itself that the materialistic mysticism had risen again to stifle all the desires for holiness aroused by Buddhism. The temples with which the crowd of people had torn the soil of India brought them, stone by stone to submit anew to the ritualization of the primitive beliefs, which did not cease to be source of their emotions. The Buddhist monument, properly so called, has almost disappeared from India. The stupas, the great reliquaries of brick, are perhaps the only edifices not dedicated to a god having a material figure. And yet the history of Buddha, the whole of his life as it was passed among the animals and the

forests, is sculptured on the door. The *chaityas*, the basileas that were built about the first century, already have capitals composed of animal figures. When Sakyamuni himself appears in the sanctuary, his teaching is forgotten and an instinctive sensualism overcomes the moral needs.

What did it matter to the crowds of India? They needed forms to love. The Brahmins had no diffi-



BHUBANESWAR (VI Century). The great temple.

culty in conquering. Were they even conscious of their victory, and did the miserable multitude feel the defeat weighing upon its hope? Was there a victory? Was there a defeat? Is not defeat the abdication of the real nature that has been developed by our geographical surroundings and the great secret atavism that binds us to the very depths of our history? Is not victory the triumph within us of that imperishable nature through which alone the conception of the life that is native to us can be manifested? Was a single Buddhistic temple destroyed, a single believer persecuted? Perhaps not. In India, the religious spirit

dominates dogma. One tide runs after another and on the shore leaves scattered, she a new corpus new precipitating, yes. Everything is mangled and confused.

The Brahman officiates in the Buddhistic temples and venerates the statue of Buddha as well as those of Shiva, Krishna, and Vishnu. A great underground temple began in the first periods of Buddhism and appears to be dug out when the Tartars, after the Persians and the Arabs, have imposed taxes on half of the Indians.

II

For the Indians all nature is divine and, below the great Indra, all the gods are of equal power and an threaten or delude the other gods, concrete or abstract, the sun, the jungle, the tiger and the elephant, the forces which create and those which destroy.

Was love and death. In India everything has been god, everything is god or will be god. The gods change, they evolve, they are born and die, they may or may not leave children, they tighten or loosen their grip on the imagination of men and on the walls of the rocks. What does not die in India, in faith, the infinite faith frenzied and confused under a thousand names, it changes its form occasionally, but always retains the same unmeasurable power that urges the masses to action. In India there came to pass the thing that, driven forth by an invasion, a famine or a migration of wild beasts, thousands of human beings moved to the north or to the south. There at the shore of the sea, at the base of a mountain, they encountered a great wall of granite. Then they all entered the granite, in its shadow they lived, loved, worked, died, were born and, three or four centuries afterward, they came out again leagues away having traversed the mountains. Behind them they left the emptied



Aurora in Century B.C. to Century A.D. — From, detail.

rock; its galleries hewn out in every direction. Its sculptured chiseled walls, its natural or artificial pillars turned into a deep larchwood with ten thousand brawling or chattering figures gods without number and without name men women beasts a host of animal life moving on the glister. Noted was when they found no clearing in their path they hewed out an abode in the center of the mass of rock to shelter a little black stone!

It is in these temples the temples, on their dark walls or on their sunburnt banks that the true genius of India expends all its terrible force. Here the confused speech of confused multitudes makes itself heard. Here man confesses unfeeling & his strength and his nothingness. He does not exact the affirmation of a determined ideal from form. He incuses no system in it. He extracts it in the rough from both smoothness, according to the dictates of the formless. He observes the intentions and the accidents of the rock. It is they that make the scripture. It was man who left his solid arms to the master, or cuts off his legs if the space is insufficient. It was man who of rock dug great the broad bases of fortresses that he has seen riding in boats tearing their heads on the banks of the rivers or at the edges of the forests. He cuts the wall into great pure planes to make an elephant of it. Whenever by chance the boulders and the projections come in contact swell boulders tighten and move. The

The drawing on page 14 represents a copy of the figure of Ganesha and the artist who made the original of such a masterpiece. The copy is from the book of Nanda, a famous contemporary Indian painter and a pupil of Akbar's great teacher. The action of Ganesha is being reborn or to be born again. It has been copied to take the impression from the original so he will reproduce that drawing a picture of the body of the little master and also the legs and other parts body and according to the most well known of Hindu and Indian Puranas etc. See No. 66 of *L'Art Indien*, February, 1914.



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mating of men or beasts, combat, prayet, violence, and gentleness are born of matter that seems itself to be suffused with a vague intoxication. The roots of wild plants may split the forms, the boulders may crumble, the action of sun and water may gnaw the stone.



Bhutanath (11 Century).—The great temple, a pillar

Yet the elements will not mingle all these lives with the confusion of the earth more successfully than the sculptor has done. Sometimes, in India, one finds enormous mushrooms of stone in the depths of the forests, abiding in the green shadow like poisonous plants. Sometimes one finds heavy elephants, quite alone, as heavy and as rough skinned as if alive; they mingle with the tangled vines, the grasses reach their bellies,

flutes and lutes cover them, and even when their debts shall have returned to the earth there will be no more complete abasement by the intention of the forest.

The whole of Indian genius lies in this never satisfied need for setting matter in motion, in this acceptance of



AMRAVATI. Women in adoration.

the elements offered by matter, in this indifference to the fate of the forms that it has drawn from matter. Before the art that reveres to us this genius one must not look for the expression which the Egyptian gave to his metaphysical system, an expression that was imposed, perhaps, upon the sculptor but was not the less free; we must not look for the free expression of a man philosophy as among the Greeks. What we have here is the dark and troubled expression, anxious and profound, but instrumentality strong for that very reason, of the intuitive pantheism of the Indian. Man is no longer at the center of life. He



BHUBANESWAR (VI Century). The great temple, detail.

is no longer that flower of the whole world which has now a set apart from most mortals him. He is no longer with us. Long before in the same place with all things he is a part of all the infinite neither more



Manu carrying the Tongue—Munster temple, Malabar.

nor less important than the other parts of the plant. The earth passes into the trees, the trees into the fruits, the fruits into flesh of the animal man and the man into the earth. The circulation of life exists along and propagates it confined in various forms given for a model only to be imitated and here to represent overpassing one another perpetuating perpetuating one another as they sweep the the earth. Man does not know whether yesterday he was not the very tool with which he himself had force better to bring the form that he may have to

monks. Everything is merely an appearance and under the shadow of appearance Brahman, the spirit of the world, is a unity. To be sure man has the greatest intuition of universal transmutation. Through transmigrations, by passing from one appearance to another and in thusing with himself there go suffering and sorrow; but the moving level of life, he who doubtless be pure enough one day to attain the beatitude in Brahman. But last as he is in the ocean of mingled fortus and energies, does he know whether he is still a forth or a spark? Is that thing before us a thinking being, a living being even, a planet or a being cut in stone? Continuation and putrefaction are engendered speedily. Everything has its heavy movement, expanded matter beats like a heart. Does not man do now consist in submerging himself in it in order to taste the intimation of the unnameable as one great passion of the here that dies in itself?

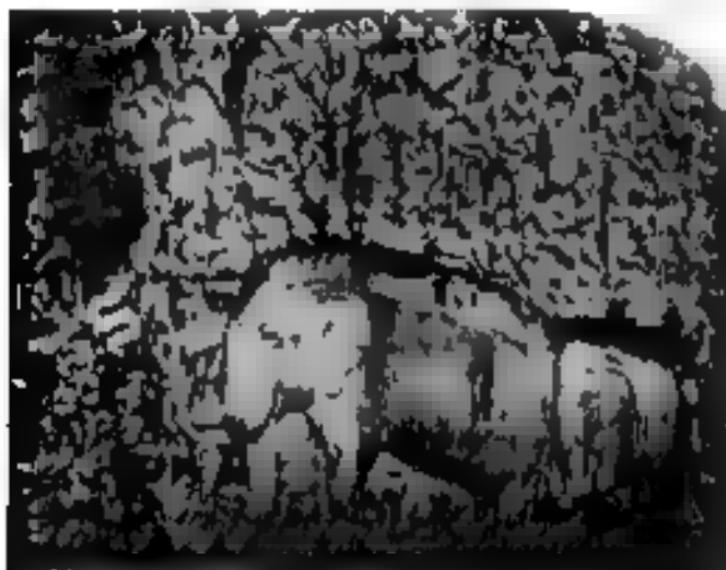
In the virgin forests of the south, between the heat of the sun and the fever of the soil, death caused the temples to spring two hundred feet into the air, multi plied them from vegetation to vegetation, and surrounded them with ever growing inclosures, whose position was constantly changed. Such an architecture could not issue from a source less powerful and less divine than the grottos hollowed out of the depths of the rocks. Artificial mountains were raised up, graded pyramids, whereon the thicket of forms moves as if alive. One is tempted to say that there was no plan for the construction of these forests of gods, as they bristle like cactus and evil plants, as they present profiles like the backs of primitive monsters. They seem to have been thrust up from the crust of the earth as if by the force of lava. It must have required ten thousand labours, working together and by their own inspiration, but assisted by their fanaticism

George or Mammalodon (von Cotta). The Sheep of Neptune.



MEDIEVAL ART

and their desire, to build these titanic platforms, carve them from top to bottom, cover them with statues as dense as the leaves of the jungle, and support them in space on the aerial festoon of the incisive ogives and the inextricable scaffolding of the columns. Here are statues upon statues, colonnades upon colonnades, thirty styles are mingled, juxtaposed, super-



MAHABILLIPORE (11th Century). Bas-relief on the rock.

imposed. The columns may be round or square or polygonal, in sections or monolithic, smooth or fluted or covered with carving that has an appearance of danger like masses of reptiles moving in oily circles, like pulsules that throb and rise, like bubbles bursting under leaves spread over a heavy water. There, as everywhere in India, the infinitely little touches the infinitely big. Whatever the power of these temples, they seem to have sprung from the earth through the power of

the seasons, and at the same time to have been carved out minutely like an ivory sculpture.



MAHABELLIPORE. VIII Century. Mudhitha temple. Bas-relief on a wall, detail.

Forms are everywhere, tufted bas-reliefs are everywhere, from the surroundings of the temples to their summit, on the inner walls, and often on the top of the

columns where the whole of humanity mingled with the whole of all matter. It supports the burden of the entablatures and the roofs. Everything may serve to carry a statue, everything may swell into a figure—the capitals, the pediments, the columns, the upper stages of the pyramid, the steps, the balustrades, the balusters of stairways. Formidable groups rise and fall—rearing horses, warriors, human beings in clusters like grapes, eruptions of bodies piled one over the other, trunks and branches that are alive, crowds sculptured by a single movement as if spouting from one matrix. One has the impression that the old monolithic temple has been violently twisted and shot out of the earth. Save in the more recent epochs when he moulded bronze of astonishing tenderness, firmness, and elegance, the Indian has never conceived sculpture as being able to live independent of the construction that it decorates. It seems a confused mass of odds on the body of a heavy plant.

III

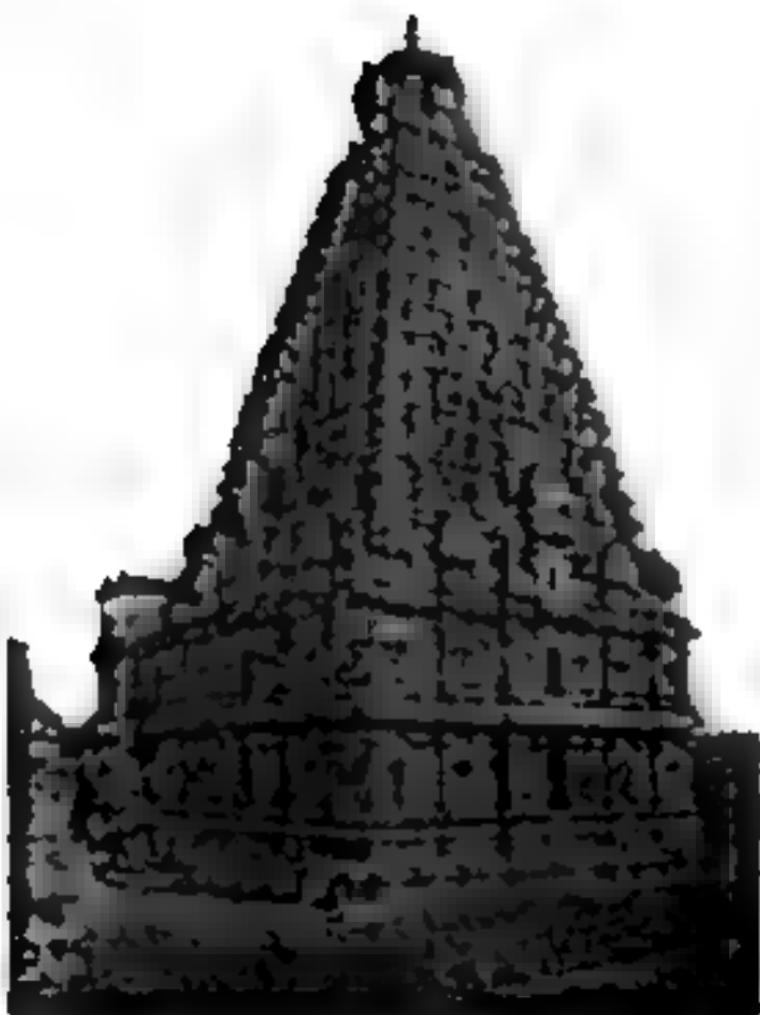
Even out of doors, even in the full daylight, these forms are surrounded by a mysterious obscurity. The torsos, the arms, the legs, and the heads commingle—when a statue itself has not twenty arms, ten legs, four or five faces, when it is not laden with all these aspects of tenderness and fury by which life reveals itself. The depths of the sculpture uncurl heavily as if to force back into the moving eternity of primitive matter the still unformed beings that attempt to emerge from it. We see writhing larvae, vague embryos, they seem ineffectual and successive attempts at gestation which start and miscarry in the intoxication and fever of a soil that continually creates.

As one views this sculpture from near by one must



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not attempt to follow it the scientific methods of the Egyptians and their painstaking methods of drawing animals. Egyptian art to a greater degree than the Greeks brought with it. A number of possibilities influenced the first Byzantine masters, perhaps even to the extent of reducing them to insignificance. There is no longer any desire to go to popular and its influences have become less evident. It might have remained in traces of a long forgotten past, but the religious influence which had such power in the early days of the past, now has almost disappeared. There is nothing now to be seen but the remaining vestiges of the past, the traces of a past that are in the complete paintings made probably by the Greeks. The paintings of course the work of the Greeks. It is still however a great achievement. An excellent example of painting that when known gives us the evidence of Persian influence must be found in the great Bokhara frescoes. In the Bokhara there were the remains of a series of the most ancient frescoes that have been found. In history of the most ancient frescoes. One may find designs & paintings better than that of the great known works to the treasure of Antioch or indeed the famous frescoes of the Bokhara which have brought down the spiritual culture of Egyptian paintings and the more civilization of the most ancient artists. On a level of office painted the great painting of India doesn't seem nearer to the Indian than those which are the chief representations of the Egyptian or Greek sculptures than that is ought to be. In the latter works is transfer to stone or metal the floating flying models of the painter. When we compare these with that of the ancient stone monuments of Thothor or with that of the Athenian marbles we find something in it that is grander, but that would not be done, nothing like the change from stone to a marble so compared with the



Tower in Caves - The Pagoda

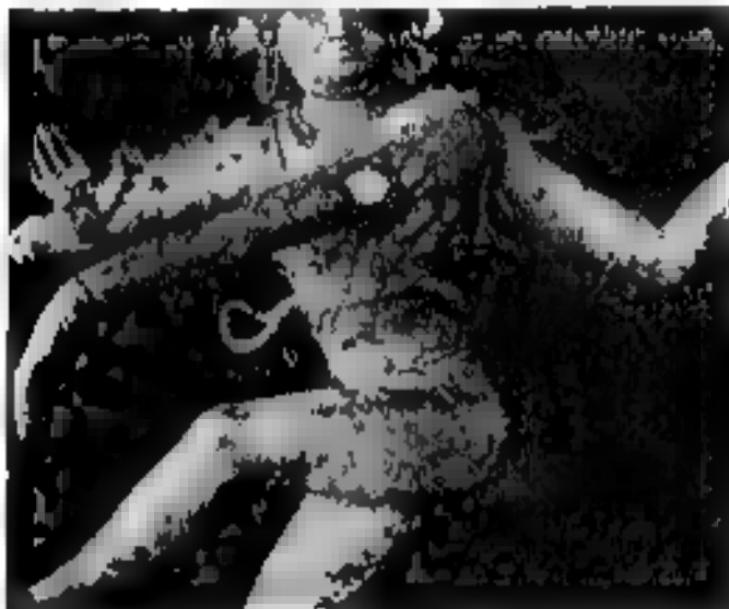
bigness of a theorem. The modeling aims at movement rather than at form. It is never considered in an isolated way nor in its abstract relationships with the neighbouring figures. Material passages unite the figures among themselves; they are always brassy with atmosphere; the background is always felt other figures partly absorb them; the modeling is fluctuating and billowy like the mass of the leaves when stirred by the wind. What models the rock what rolls it into storm waves; a desire and despair and earth swim. It undulates like a crowd raged by tempestuous fury. It swells and grows tense like the torso of a woman as she feels the approach of love.

As we have observed, it is the movement and not the form that interests the Indian sculptor and so we do not find him seeking harmonic or relationships of clearly stated abstractions, but expressive masses which give an intimated, fluid image of the whole world, and no longer seek for an equilibrium between the laws of the universe and the laws of the mind. By flashes, veiled by obscurity and by forget one can doubtless find everything in this art over lapping the neighbouring eternal opposing it or being oppressed by it. One can meet with brief jets of consciousness and sudden starts from the most rudimentary realism to the highest idealism. When one sees them isolated one notes the special quality of the figures, especially the figures of women, innumerable, gentle, religious, and yet formulative in their grace, their equality, their moral beatitude. At every moment they give evidence of the effort, gigantic vague, but often of a mighty fervor toward a higher adaptation to their role in humanity. The man of India loves to see the waist bent under the weight of the breasts and the haunches, he likes long tapering



Dura (xx Century) - Bas-Relief - (Museo di Ravat)

forms and the single wave of the muscles as a movement surges through the whole body. But this hymn to the more tender forms of beauty is lost in the clamor of the universe. At one and the same time he can



The Dance of Shiva (XII Century). Bronze, detail. Museum of Madras.

adore Indra, the supreme being; Brahma, the creator; Shiva, the destroyer; Krishna, the redeemer; Surya, the light of day; Lakshmi, who is love; Sarvasti, who is science; and the horrible Kali seated in putrefaction and the clotted blood of his victims. He can adore the ten incarnations of Vishnu and the crowd of heroes and monsters of his immense mythology and of the national epics, Ravana, Sougriwa, Hanoum, and Aswata. He can invoke Rama, the incorruptible hero who would have led the Greeks to the threshold of

divinity. Rama is only one idol more in the prodigious pantheon, an isolet lost among the gods of fecundity and death. On his walls he can bring together ferocity and indulgence, asceticism and lubricity, fornications and apostolships. He can mingle obscenity and heroism. Heroism and obscenity appear no more important in the life of the universe than the fighting or mating of a pair of insects in the woods. If everything is on the same plane Why not let instinct spread out through nature with the indifference of the elemental forces and, in its onrush, sweep away moralities and systems? Social idealism is vain. Impassible eternity wears away the long effort of man. The Indian artist has not the time to bring the human form to its realization. Everything that it contains is contained as possibility. A prodigious life animates it—an embryonic life, however, and one that seems



LAKSHMI, bronze (XIV Century).
(Private Collection.)

condemned never to choose between the confused solicitations of the energies of the will and the energies of the senses. Man will change nothing of his final destiny, which is to return sooner or later to the unconscious and the formless. In the fury of the senses or



Gwalior (xv Century) The Palace.

the immobility of contemplation, he must therefore descend unresistingly into the chaos of the elements.

The withdrawal of the Indian soul from preoccupation with morality, its pantheistic confusion and disorder, cut it off almost constantly from the great abstract constructions that characterize the aspiration of the ancient peoples of the Occident. In India, the eye does not seize things in their ensemble until it has taken in all their details. In Egypt, the desert, the horizon, and the straight line of the river as in Greece the winding bays, the transparent waters, and the clear-cut crests of the hills, had made of man a meta-

physician or a philosopher, loving the rhythm or the organic continuity that he observed in the universe, but here it required too many days to reach the mountains, the rivers were too vast and too muddy for one to see to their depths, the forests were too dense to



(Burmese, 17th Century) A temple.

permit the eye to take in at once the harmonious line of the trees, the outline of their leaves, the true form of the creeping animals that appear only in a flash to flee from death or to inflict it. Man is surrounded by an impassable barrier of luxuriant life, the eye is dazzled by the ceaselessly broken and mangled colors and lines of flowers that rain sparkling dust of vines, of beasts fantastically marked, one is caught up in the feverish spirit of the germs of life and death that roll under the ocean of leaves. The disorder of the material world of the Indians intoxicates his soul and brings him

to that pantheistic mysticism that every human being can feel rising within him in supreme moments of love, when, through the embrace of the Woman who yields to him, he feels the confused and real presence of the universe. In the architecture of India we must not seek that linear abstraction which, by its continuity, expresses the subtle rhythm of life, what is sought and found in life itself gathered up hasty and pressed pell-mell into form. It is part of the quivering skin of the earth from which it was torn. The unity of the world is expressed in it by the heaping up at one point in space of everything that belongs to life, from the densely populated soil, to the solitude of the heavens and from the motionless mountains to the roll of the seas.

IV

However, to the north and the northeast of India, in the regions where the forests are less heavy, where the glaciers are nearer and the jungle is cut into here and there by great desert spaces, the synthesis was infinitely less instinctive, more abstract, and therefore more sober. It was by this route, indeed, that Greece had entered India, as Rome came later and Byzantium and Persia which, from the depths of its history, brought the memory of Assyria, of Chaldea, and perhaps of Egypt. With Persia also came Islam, a spiritualling force that did not love the images and despised the idola. Finally by way of Lisbon and Venice, there came the Occident of the Gothic age and of the Renaissance. But India is a cruelly soothsayer in its heat that for centuries it forced Islam to submit to its genius, to cover the walls of its mosques with living arabesques—lotus, flowering vines, figures of men and of monsters. The Greek statue, hastily imitated by the first sculp-

tors, was forgotten as quickly as it had become known. The disquieting elegance of the works that it inspired was only a prelude to the reta. ation soon to be made by a sensuality impossible to restrain. Though capti- vated for a moment by the unbounded grace and



Indo-Mosqueean Art (XVII Century). The Taj-Mahal of Agra.

reason of the Greeks, India was to manifest its own power through the wandering smile of the mouths, through the smothered flame, the enervation, and the ascetic thinness of the bodies. When northern India carried its religion into the south, it also brought with it the pure column that had supported the luminous pediments on all the acropoleses of the Occident. But the column was to be overwhelmed by the extravag- ant growth of the living forests of stone. India assim- ilated everything, transformed everything, submerged everything under the mounting tide of her ever-moving

Some grandeur civilizations passed over her and sowed her deserts and her woods with the embers of cities. What matter? Here neither time counts nor men. Evolution returns upon itself at every moment like a sea, the Hindu soul a meteoric mobile between fire shores. At no moment can one say here the race succeeds here fails; sponges here die live. In the crucible nothing substance melt. Others are liquid and burning, and others cool and hard. India is the enigma, the phœnix unsavable being without beginning who, with children, without laws and without purpose, mingled with creation and yet alone in the interpretation which she cannot exhaust.

Thus the most exuberant and most abstract art of the north, although we may find in it traces of the Mediterranean civilizations from Chaldea and Egypt to Syria and Mesopotamia, remains at last only an Indian as the art of the Dravidians of the south. As it rises from the Deccan toward the Himalayas the pyramid becomes rounded. In central India the trees become curved, and though it is still stepped like the skin of the tigress, it is less taken in the ornaments and is almost a floral statue. In the valley of the Ganges the curvature upon contact with the Persian dome is more pronounced and the vault built of flat stones in tiers, takes up the form of the cupola or of the hood, supported by four pillars hemispherical, avoid, stony, pressed down or swelling out polygonal or circular, sometimes large like those of the mosques, or carved and capped with turbans like those of the Dravidian pyramids. The domes look like enormous fat tuberoses bulging with spongy bladders. The form is just such a one as Indian sensuousness has at all times desired. India, land of ruins that it is, must have seen the complete disappearance a thousand years before our era, of edifices that much resembled those forests of bus-

bous domes, temples, or mausoleums that she was still building in our day. The Ramayana speaks frequently of "palaces whose white peaks foam into heaps of cloud."

Even before the domination of the Great Moguls,



Minature of the xvii Century. (Private Collection.)

the Tartar emperors, who came at the beginning of modern times to impose order and peace on northern

India, the temple of the basin of the Ganges already had despite its wealth of ornament, a character of equilibrium and of abstract unity that one never finds in the south. The sensualism of the Indians, which caused the southern sculptures to enter the mountains, germinates in the consciousness of the north in trage-



TERRACOTTA (XVII Century). Pagoda of Shringarapura.

dia, in poems, in hymns of words and of stone. But if the walls are barer, the forms more peaceful and retiring, if there are longer silences, and if the dome is more abstractly calculated, the temple receives its visitors with more reserve, the mystic intoxication is less heavy. In the south what spoke was the profound soul of India, a wild murmur which we hear throughout the whole existence of this people, and which breaks out spontaneously at every place that it inhabits. In the north the voice of the higher castes dominates the chorus of the people, and does so with infinitely more majestic power, and splendor because these castes grew from the soil of India like a natural vegetation and because they were able to bind up the



The International Commission
Projects of Reconstruction.
The Court of the Negroes.

most grandiose philosophical synthesis that man has ever conceived.

The sensual richness of the south, purified by the metaphysical spirit and sanctified by the asceticistic spirit, is found again in the details of ornament in the Buddhist cities, as also as one has crossed their threshold. The Jain temples of central India have pillars as fine as cut glassware and the arches that carry their forests of white cupolas to the heavens turn like suns under the hands of the sculptors, and yet despite the over-judicive science of the decorators, these buildings express a living faith. In the monasteries of the north on the contrary the vanity of the south throws no luminous a garment over the artist's enthusiasm that its bareness and also the best of its human value are lost together. There are temples studded with gods of silver and gold, whose eyes are tubes of diamonds. Images of fire gleam in the shadows, the royal robe of the tigers, the iridescent plumage of tropical forests, their flowers, and the shining tails of peacocks incrust the sheathing of metal roofs or enamel that covers the pillars and the walls with emerald, amethyst, pearl, topaz and sapphires. It is an art of externals, and its overwhelming magnificence is of a power sight than that of statues in a temple underground. The spirit of feudal India is rather in the great rectangular castles, bare and austere, raised in like fortresses, defended by high towers, and crammed with polished elephant stables. It is in the palaces of white marble by the silent waters.

▼

The Orient of the Middle Ages, the Orient of the fortresses and the Romanesque buildings, is certainly less out of place in the hierarchic Louis of the

north than in the democratic India of the south. In one place as in the other the abstraction descends from the dominating classes to crush the miserable classes beneath the petrified symbol of its external power. But the Hellenic Occident where, on the contrary, the abstraction rises from the masses to express its inner power through the voice of the heroes—the Hellenic Orient and also the Gothic Occident would more easily recognise the trace of their dream if they followed the torrent of ideas that crossed the mountains, the swamps, the virgin forests, and the sea, to spread to the peninsula of Indo-China, to the Dutch Indies and to Java. The spread of Indian ideas is witnessed in the gigantic temples that cover Java; it is seen even more in the fortresses, the palaces, and the temples absorbed little by little by the jungles of Cambodia, the home of the mysterious race of the Khmers. They lived in a country less overwhelming than India, for despite the denseness of the forests, the undergrowth was certainly less redoubtable, the fruits were more abundant, the rivers more full of fish, and life was easier and freer. Moreover the metaphysical and moral life of China had



Khmer Art—Head of Buddha.

comes to give something of its peace to the troubled world; it almost seems to dispel the gloom of the centuries past. Years after the disappearance of Hinduism from India, perhaps even in the ninth century A.D., the Javanese people built at Borobudur the temple of Java. Among the pillars the slender trees of eastern Asia, swaying with the life of the sun, stand together except the monuments of Java, a column from top to bottom, to be records of medieval piety. The temple of Borobudur is an idealized tree, and most beauties converge with fruit and leaves and with beasts among clusters of flowers and blossoms. Each column represents the immensity and immortality of the tree that gives and gives and gives the elevated sense of beauty with all its might. But the Javanese people in their divine belief knew a never-sleeping sun, whose beauty and truth harmonized with the beauty of earth in the minstrelsy of the grottoes of caves and of the eastern temples.

The signs of attainment to be seen before went farther. This was a blossoming result of the old Indian trees beauty and more populous forms of the country of the Hindus, which is nothing but of the ever which is more interesting. But the ornament shows a specially blossoming of them. Turning away from flowers, of fruits, clusters of palms and rich plants sweep over the walls from top to bottom, over the facing surfaces, over the form of the spires rising up to the summit of the four sides of the high tower of Borobudur which here represent the Brahma-Premam, cupid and the Brahma-pierced, but the decorative stems always so well with the aid of the architecture that they together, it may be said, to an equal level of beauty of modeling stems of clinging foliage that together form a dense, returning row of petals and perfumes.



The Khmer sculptor gives a form to all those things which as a rule, strike our inner sensibility only through what we hear, what we taste, and what we feel. His carving tells of the murmur, the gleams, and the odors of the forest, the cadenced sound of marching



KHMER ART. The reliefs, mounted—Palace of Angkor-Tat

troops, low tones of birds that coo their love song, the hum of dust battle in the throats of wild beasts as they zoom through the jungles, and the invisible fluid that circulates in the arteries of the savages who dance when the moon drives and when voluptuous feeling bubbles in their veins. The secret heart of the world beats, tumultuously and regularly in the crowds that pass under impenetrable branches, whether they sing a s^t together or prepare for massacres or the feast for death, for justice, or for the building of palaces. And yet in that inner order which gives these sculptured symphonies so much rhythmic strength, everything interpenetrated without a break. The transmigration of the

thinkers of India causes the rock itself to quiver. Animal forms and vegetable forms pass one into the other. vines blossom into figures, reptiles, feet, and hands sprout and become lotus flowers. What matter? The luxuriant universe is good, since the divine countenance of him who consoles appears behind every leaf.



Khmer Art Prince of the Apasmas, Fragment Palace of Angkor Wat

since he loved everything, down to the snakes themselves. The heroes, the elephants, and the tigers that guard the temples or border the avenues, the immense cobras with seven heads stretched out, that frame the pediments or creep along the balustrades, have an indulgent visage and a welcoming smile, despite their clubs, their claws, and their teeth. Buddha is all love. The forces of the earth have penetrated him to spread humanity throughout his being. And so, on the highest branch of black trees, full of poisonous juices and swarming from roots to leaves with beasts that distil death, there is a flower.

The story of Sakyamuni, from his birth to his sleep in Nirvana, flowers on the walls of the sanctuaries. The Khmer sculptor grows tender over the god man of the Orient even as, at about the same time, the Gothic artisan grows tender as he recounts the birth and



KHMER ART—Decorative figure.
Angkor Thom

passion of the god man of the Occident. Everywhere we find smiles of goodness, everywhere open arms, hands inclining on friendly shoulders, hands clasping gently and the impetuous impulse toward abandon and confidence. Man is everywhere in search of man. The spirit of evil, Ravana, with the hundred hands from which plants and grasses are born whose feet traverse forests peopled with animals — the spirit of evil may come upon the scene, inconquerable figures of men may struggle under avalanches of flowers, like the spirit beset by the seductions of the earth. What

matter? Against background of heavy trees, Atmies march. Ram advances across forests. Man will end by attaining, were it only for a moment, the accord between his act in life and his most tyrannical instincts. Neither bestiality nor asceticism. Not only are the heroes of the will surrounded by friendly flowers and the fruits they may easily pluck from the branches that bend over their passing, but there are even gar-

Java (in Cather's "The Moonstone") Drilled from the life of Brodhead
(Extracts of their Remains.)



bands of naked bayadères who await them at the end of their road, each one different and all the same, dancing yet almost motionless, as they mark the rhythm of the music that one guesses. The other pulsation of the wave that runs through them. For the second time since the origin of man's intellectual effort and the joy of the senses seem to agree for the space of an hour. Fortune no doubt, and more summary but also fuller, more material, more charged with another breast-sore, and moving against a background of trees and flowers, the modeling of Greece seems to suggest itself here and there.

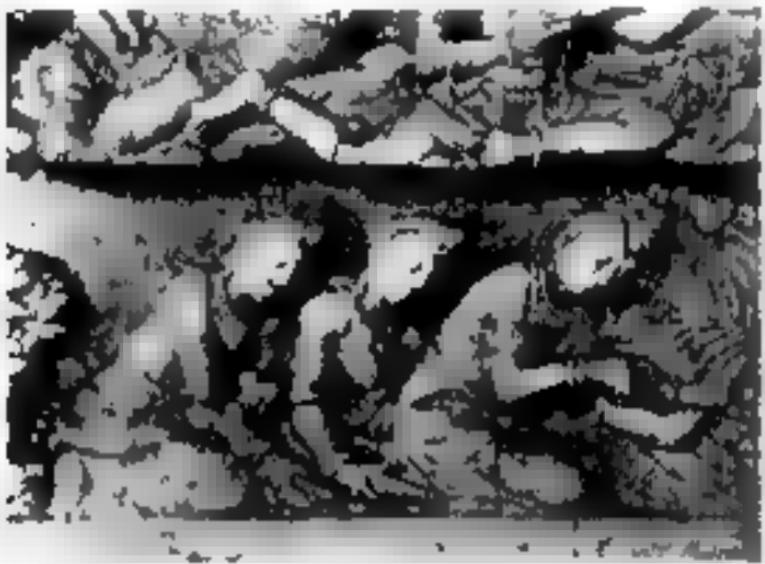


India, 11th Century A.D.—Detail from the Temple of Buddha,
Tomb of Biru-Boudha

Thus eternally balanced between its herosism and its sensuality, passing at every moment and without transition from the extreme of mere love to the extreme of malevolent infliction, from the highest spirituality of culture to the most impulsive violence of instinct, the Indian soul wanders across living forests of sentiment and system in search of the law. In its exterior, and in spite of its cases of hope and of real sentiment, it is pessimistic and cruel. The priests of India have no more need to inflict pain or death than other men. They are of the true human clay—they

fortunes of instinct; the Indian soul wanders across living forests of sentiment and system in search of the law. In its exterior, and in spite of its cases of hope and of real sentiment, it is pessimistic and cruel. The priests of India have no more need to inflict pain or death than other men. They are of the true human clay—they

are kneaded with weakness, they are armored with iron and gold, they are swept along to love at one moment, to death at another, according as the air they breathe brings them the odor of the trees, of the oceans, or of the deserts. In every case, here as elsewhere, the



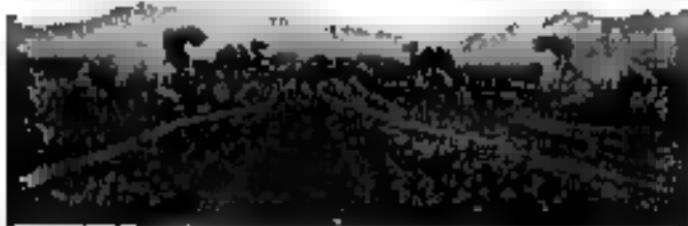
JAVA (ix Century?)—Detail from the life of Buddha, bas-relief.
(Temple of Boroboudour.)

loftiest energy and brute matter wed constantly. The manifestations of instinct, which is buried with all its strength into the immensity of life, arouse the loftiest sentiment of superior natures. If, after much suffering, the Indian sages rise above good and evil to gain indifference, it is because the crowd, in India, had plunged into the intoxication or the horror of life without knowing either good or evil.

As balance, for them, could be realized only at brief moments in the average life of society, they sought it

outside the conditions of that society in the bosom of an in-measurable harmony where life and death, whose origins and ends we do not know, mingle their equal powers and know no other limits than themselves. Let life then, exhaust itself with living unto death comes'. Let death, in its putrefaction, cause life to flower and reflower! Why should one try to infuse the energies of nature into the harmony of rotundities? Due abated for a moment, the energies of nature will take the upper hand again, and once more you run the will and the hopes of man into the confused intoxication of their regenerated youth.





ROAD OF THE MING TOMBS

Chapter II CHINA



IN India, it is still ourselves that we see. If the grandiose pessimism, which makes her plastic language so intoxicating, opens up to us regions in ourselves that we had not explored, it dominates us from the first, because the rhythm of that language relates it secretly, with all those other languages that express Occidental optimism. In China, on the contrary we no longer understand. Although it includes a third of mankind, this country is the most distant, the most isolated of all. We are confronted with a method that escapes us almost absolutely, with a point of departure that is not ours, with a goal that does not resemble ours, with a movement of life that has neither the same appearance nor the same direction as ours. To realize unity in the

spirit is, doubtless, what the Chinese tends toward, as we do. But he does not seek that unity along the roads where we seek it.

China has not however remained as closed as it used to have been. It mingled with India on more than one occasion to the point of profiting much from Indians, as in Buddhist art in Tibet for example where it absorbed the spirit of love pouring from the Hindu soul to carry a little of their inspiring ardor into the serious, positive, east going and ratherullen soul. It knew the world that lay the furthest removed from it and the most ancient. Rome trafficked with it two thousand years ago. Besides twenty centuries before Christ taught it otherwise. Heated in our time, Islam offered it to the point of being of twenty or thirty millions of Chinese to the god of Mohammed. In the sixteenth century after the Mongol conquest, Peking was perhaps the most cosmopolitan and the most open city in the world. The Portuguese and the Venetians sent their merchants there and the imperial court had artists and writers come from India, from Persia, and even from western Europe.

However as far back as we look into the past of China, it seems not to have moved. The sixth period of trade ends about the century of Pessinus, perhaps the apogee of its vital power on earth between the fifth and the fifteenth century of our era, its decline begins at the hour when the Crescent is about to pull its stamp on history. But one must look closely to distinguishing one or another of these phases of trade. The material testimony of its legendary period that comes down to us does not differ very greatly from what it is producing in our own day, and if its most significant effect coincides with that of the Middle Ages of the Crescent, the fact should seem to demonstrate many the more clearly through the innumerable paragons

that attach it to its past and its present—that it has never come out of its own Middle Ages and that we do not know when it entered upon them. In reality, it is the inner world of the Chinese that has never opened for us. It is in vain that we feel their social civilization as more perfect than our own, it is in vain that we



SHANG DYNASTY (XVI to XI Centuries B.C.). Duleian bowl, bronze. (Musée Guimet.)

admire the results among them of a moral effort that was as great as our own. We do not always understand them better than we do the ants or the bees. There is the same mystery, awe inspiring and almost sacred. Why are we so made that we can conceive only of our own mode of association and only our own mechanism of reasoning? Whether the Chinese is superior to us or inferior is something that it is impossible for us to say, and the problem, thus presented, is without sig-

nificance. The Chinese has followed an evolution that we have not followed—he constitutes a second branch of the human tree that separated from the first, we do not know whether their branches will reunite.

The Indo-European world turns, with all its instinct, toward the future. The Chinese world with all its consciousness, turns toward the past. Therein lies the gulf which, perhaps, cannot be crossed. There is the whole secret of the power of expansion of the Occident, of the hermitism of China, of the strange impersonality of its plastic language. Taken in the mass, China shows no change in time, no movement in space. One would say that it expresses a people of old men, ossified from infancy. It is never to himself that the Chinese looks for his law, it is to his father, to his grandfather, and, beyond his father and grandfather, to



CHINESE ART (VII CENTURY B.C.).
Tripod vessel (Zi).
(Charles E. Binger Collection.)

the infinite multitude of the dead who govern him from the depths of the centuries. And in fact, it is not the law that he makes, but the recipe for adapting himself to the surroundings that nature has made for him, surroundings moreover which change but little.

At first, one thinks of Egypt, of its geological and agricultural immobility of its impersonal, collective art, heretical and abstract. But Egypt is restless; it cannot quench the flame that, despite the will of the



Hsiang-kuo (from the 1st Century B.C. to the 11th Century A.D.).
Tiger, marble, guardian of the temple of Suwing-tou.
(Charles Vignier Collection.)

people bursts from the heart of the material in which they worked with such passion. An invincible steamer crowded them to a bosom which was fatal for them to behold. The hunger was evolved under outside influence, unquestionably, but around the same



*Relief Art (from the II Century B.C. to the II Century A.D.)—Illustrated at the Long Tie print of the stone
Ed. Chenevier-Maison.)*

fixed point. He remained practical and self-centered, taciturn, realistic, devoid of imagination and in reality without desire. Where the Egyptian people suffers from the domination of the priest and tries to forget him by exploring life in its depths, the Chinese people without recoil the tyranny—the benevolent tyranny we may observe—of the mandarin, because it in no wise disturbs the doting satisfaction of his tastes. At least, we know nothing of the unceasing evolutions

which must have led him to that state of mind. Confucius regulated morality once for all; it remained fixed in very accessible formulas and kept to its traditional rut through the unquestioning, dogmatic respect, ritualized and blind that one owes to one's parents, to the parents of one's parents, to the dead parents of one's ancestors. The upward movement, which characterizes life for us and prevents us from arresting it in a definite formula, crystallized, for the Chinese, into a form which is perhaps not always the same but through which one gets back to the same principle, a form determined by this principle to the minutest detail. The Chinese is satisfied with it, he has no need to seek any other principle. In reality, if he remains motionless, it is because he has so many native virtues and because his imagination atrophies through never having to exert itself or to struggle. He will receive without difficulty the moral teachings of Buddhism and later on of Islam, because they are practically in agreement with the essential part of what Confucius brought to him. In the religion of Confucius he will find even the belief in Nirvana of the one and the fatalism of the other, and they will cause



ART LATER THAN HAN (2nd to 1st Century A.D.). Ovoid vase with screw decoration.
(Charles Vignier Collection.)

how to hold onto in defiance whatever momentary impulse to anger or joy it may have.

As far back as we go into the distant childhood of China we find the base already laid down to certain metaphysical abstractions and certain moral entities from which all later forms of expression will develop. The basis goes from the concrete to the abstract. The Chinese from the abstract to the concrete. With the Aryans the general idea is the flower of object or other values, and a realization of however anything in process of evolution. With the Chinese the general idea seems to perceive the order created of the world and the progress of the abstraction as it sharpens so much as a blade can to a point to make it sharp as has appeared to the prophet. In the instant the symbol comes into life and frees itself from its little by little through progressive generalizations which are forever broadening of which start out with no other base. In China the symbol governs life and death in every side.

The ever changing reality which the Buddhist denotes, the idealistic concept which tends to bind man's attention to the toward harmony and together and mortal is seen to remain unsuspected by the Chinese. He has found at least he thinks he has found his mode of social relationships. Why should he change? When we remember his absence of idealism perhaps we are only saying that his ideal realized its presence long ago also that he enjoys the unique privilege of maintaining himself in the mortal - its lot of which he has been able to gain possession while around him everything else away disappears, and reforms itself. However that may be we shall never see him approach form with the desire to make it express the adaptation by the human being of his intellect and his wishes to surrounding nature. That



Buddhist Altar (Wei) (5th Century, second half).—Kuan-Yin, soft stone. (Charles Vignier Collection.)

is what the whole of ancient art and the whole of Renaissance art did; but when the Chinese turns to form it is with the will to draw from it a tangible symbol of his moral adaptation. He will always aim at moral expression and it is he can without regarding the model to furnish bags with other elements than those which he knows in advance he will find in it. he will never be compelled to translate from the gestures which translate it. When it will be crystallized in the sentences that guide him. He has only to that not to make a sketch where pages he will turn until he finds the dispositions and the forms which in their own evolution are the proper ones to fit the teachings of the sages. The agitation of the senses no longer cognizes upon him how to surprise when he studies the elements of the plastic transmission too closely, and his sense of form detached wholly from material things, no longer serves him for more than the depth of abstraction. His middle-art demanded this acquired truth instead of art using new intuitions.

To sum up the Chinese does not study the material of the world that he may adapt it to instruct him. He studies it when he needs to identify his beliefs in order to attach more firmly to them the men who share them. It is true that he brings to this study gifts of patience, tenacity and attention which are to end comparison. The several groupings of the best Chinese artists surprise us. One book says that for ten or twenty centuries they studied in secret the laws of form before demanding of form that it express the laws of the spirit.

II

In China plastic expression is a kind of conventional grammar analogous to writing. The best Chinese popularize with the Buddhist books that in the course

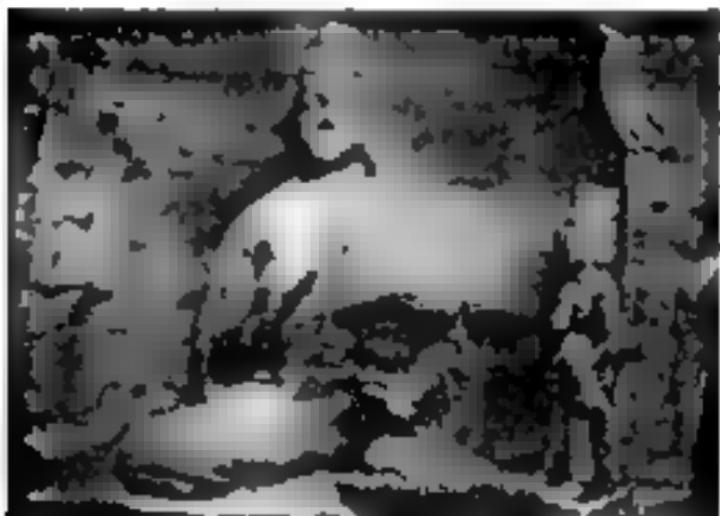
of the same centuries in which the Christian monks were gathering up the debris of the mind of antiquity, cultivated in their monasteries the only flower of high



Buddhist Art (Wei) (4 Century). Grotto of Yungang. The great Buddha.
Ed Chappelle Marion.

idealism that blossomed on this immovable soil for thirty centuries, and note that these first Chinese painters were also writers. There were no other painters than the poets, and they painted and wrote with the same brush and caused the poem and the

image to comment one on the other interminably. The hieroglyphic signs which required us let me to learn and which were clothed in a kind of spiritual beauty that the artist seized in the top by the thick base or the nobility of the black arabesques with which they covered the white paper. From China



Chinese Art. Wei's Century. Section of Yungang
Museum. Cf. Chinese Museum.

little by little to handle the brush except in India ink with consummate ease. Whenever their poetry, born of the same current of feeling as the painting, held in the freshness and the calm of the world around the transmutes, nestled in the upper spaces, the painters who committed upon it a poetry looked upon the world with an innocence that had never before been permitted by their limitations philosophy to Chinese artists. Landscape that instrument of vibration and conquest, appeared to them suddenly. And at that



Depository Altar (7 Century) Bas-relief on rock Grottoes of Tuklong. (Ed. Chapman & Hall)

presented the Buddhist soul found in them its most divine expression.

Nevertheless the Chinese painters, despite the beauty of their art, go no far as these poems. The artists of Nippon in the schematized dimension of nature. Here there was no question of decorating houses or temples. They made these poems for themselves in that mood which is gentle and yet profoundly agitated spirit of the author to which all seems to pass from the eye of the painter. The agitation of the stars did not reach them. The images which they traced on the silk had a softness that knew the violence of which they alone brought to birth from the claws of pink that they break through the rice paper often expressed nothing but the inner peace of the author who goes to meet the settings of the suns above and against them or at the edge of pure waters. They heard no other sounds than those of the torrents in the mountains or the bleating of the herds. They knew the harmonies that the wind unceasingly gives, the vibration of the earth, the winds, the rocks that went at dawn from the flooded rice fields. They had gathered a tenderness of soul like that of the painter in whom the herds interwoven the mountains.

It is almost impossible to consider Chinese painting according to that harmonic rule which in the case of almost all the other schools seems to sum up all the elements of the work from its beginning through the progressive expansion of the elements after into a balanced extension and also due to their disorder and their dispersal. According to the place given long to the composition the aspect of a century will change. Here for example Buddhist hermits and not apes. There it will be presented up to the threshold of the modern world isolated in some regal

that lies far away from the centers of life, or in the depths of some well guarded cloister, thoroughly cut off from the surrounding world that lives and moves. It sometimes takes two hundred years for a province to accept and to yield to the sentiments of another province where they have already been forgotten. Among the Tibetans this is constant, but it is also more explicable because, for example, always lags behind China, whereas Japan, which leaps over transitional stages, can imitate at will either a form which disappeared from China ten centuries ago or one that is scarcely born to-day. Tibet is impregnated by India, Turkestan by Persia, Indo-China by Cambodia and Laos. In China itself we find the same thing, according to the dynasty, the school, the region, or the religion. A thing apart, as it is everywhere and almost immovable in time and space, Buddhist art remains distinct from everything that is not itself. It weakens, evidently in proportion



Buddhist Art (Wei, second half of 7th Century). Kuan-Yin in soft stone.
(Harvard Peabody Collection.)

as far it decreases but if it increases the net and the last σ language increase of the activity and the last σ language of the figure failed to be satisfied. Results from our fitting work are shown in the surfaces of that figure.

If we consider Chinese painting as its entirety and without according due honour to some attempts of development, the general tendency from primitive times of prehistoric ages has been to develop and to develop, so that we may find more and more passed before Chinese artists consented to separate from the common practice of life their art and give it up to the present where the English might see it. It is not difficult to trace through which the right stage should be drawn off before a stage of development had not yet entered the last stage belonging to the work. It was always before the Ming Dynasty in the fourteenth or fifteenth century that Chinese painters made their first appearance before the public, and to be beneath to Japan which was seeking their imitation. The circumstance of time with which two or three thousand years of political and economic interest of China had covered them with a long history of culture and language they have had their art to grow and they succeeded to complete thereby that enabled them to express the feelings of emotional beauty by representing and exhibiting the signs of human

Let us both away from the tomb. The robes, the flowers, the thongs to be despatched in those gloomy aspects let us for the moment forget; the quiet pure and clear portraits whose countenances gladden us when we look at them; let us also forget the mischievous persons and the despicable partisans with their treacherous promises that trouble the better of things. We then perceive what the great painting of life is.

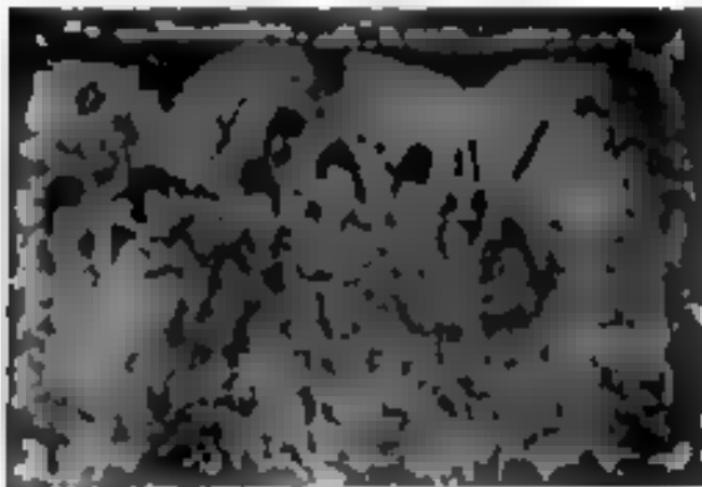
it invades our spirit like a wave of music. It awakens intimate and vague sensations, impossible to seize, but of a countless profundity, they pass one into



Buddhist Art (Wei (3rd to 5th Century). Grottoes
of Long-Men. Guardian of the Gates.
(Ed. Chosanna Mission.)

another, gradually welling up until we are completely overcome by them. We cannot discern their origin or their end. The forms in Chinese painting have the

appearance of still living parts in the sleep of the picturesqueness. One might say that they appear through a cover of water or vapor or foam that it does not let us see the leaves which have been dead and macerated under it for a thousand years. Whether



Bremen Art Museum, to the Center. One of
Long Hair from the Champleve Screen.

they tell us of a palace of flowers, of the unshaded shades on the thorns of briers, or of the infinite variety that one finds in the depths of ripening fruits, the sub-paintings of them have nothing in common with the subject. There are states of the mind in the presence of the world, and the object is only a sign, a signified, certain, in which according to the way of definition it comes into contact with other signs; it suggests that state of mind. The transformation is complete and constant. And through it when the painter paints or rather evokes things has the depth of the screen which he has never seen he does it with a purity so profound that it shames today. That is to say in the eye of a man,

kin, a heron preens his plumage in the morning mist - and the immensity of space is suggested. Space is the perpetual accompaniment of the Chinese artist. It condenses around his paintings with such slow subtlety that they seem to emanate from it. The masters lay on their blacks and their reds with gentleness and power, as if they were drawing them forth little by little from the patina of dark amber which they seem to have foreseen and calculated. Children play, women pass, sages and gods converse, but that is never what one sees. One hears peaceful melodies that light on the heart in waves of serenity.

But serenity, unfortunately, is exhausted as quickly as is enthusiasm, for it also is a result of effort. When the Chinese artists departed from the original sources of their inspiration, they resorted to wine in order to attain the mental state prescribed by the sages, and in the artificial enthusiasm of the stimulant, in which they indulged more and more, they discovered their fire, their joy, their irony, their serenity even, in proportion to the amount they drank and to the turn of their minds.



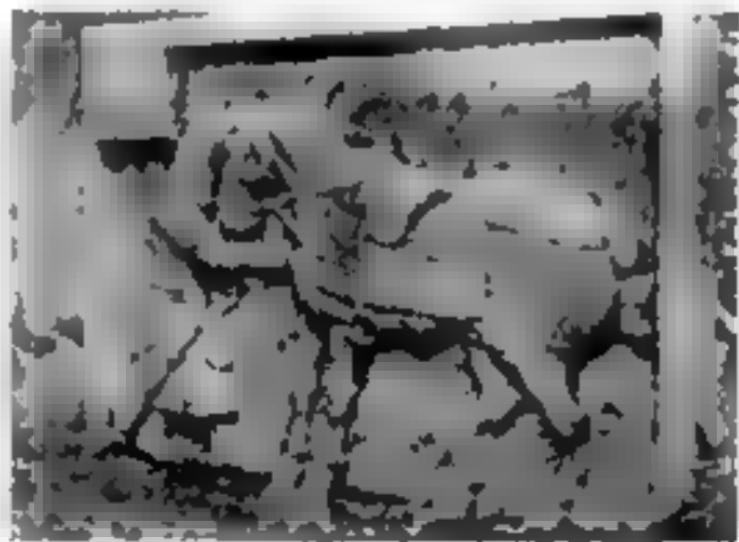
T'ao Tse (7th Century). Tomb of Tchao Ling. Mandarin.
(Ed. Chavannes Mission)

In gaining masters over themselves they destroyed their own life. From rent to rottedness with the plague sickness that characterizes the activity of the Chinese their painting would have been taken into the service of the imperial court so soon as it left the monasteries followed the evolution of their other means of expression. It turned to traditionalism and did so with an obstinate religious dogmatism since it sought to have it must remain the most artificial of all languages. Here it developed as in a most unnatural atmosphere of formulas of rules and canons which were written down in twenty thousand words under histories lists of practitioners titles of publication and technical treatises that transformed the art of painting into a kind of exact science and rendered the means of simulation and pragmatism of an almost scientific level. And with this new painting returned to its origin as a graphic art its created equilibrium of all forms of means to which the art of course resort for being drawn in all their clarity and all their aspects leaving him only the work of grouping them. The capital vice of Chinese engravers which arrests the development of the mind in blocking the exchange of ideas and which carries abstraction into purest negativity manifested in the just expression of the art which it had enjoyed with its first technical tool. It is the form of revenge which the objective work takes when it is forgotten too quickly. That deterioration of the spirit known to men who have no themselves of self-shock is preferred to him who has lost the right to seek other forms for his equilibrium than those in which his ancestor found peace.

III

Here we have at once the anchor that holds firm the soul of China and its people. The architecture of

luxury, the pagodas and the palaces, reveal this in the clearest way. Everything in China is planned and artfully arranged for the demonstration of a certain sort of a mathematical law of beauty, even and common sense. The lattice and the enamel of the



Tomb Art 3rd Century. Tomb of Tchang-Lung. Bronze relief
(Ed. Charnier Marion.)

roofs, the blues, the greens, and the yellows, shining in the sun under the veil of dust always hanging over them, exist above all for the joy of the eyes although each one of them symbolizes a meteorological phenomenon, or the forest, the plowed land, the waters, or with other strip of the earth's robe. And if everything is blue in the temples of heaven, everything red in the temples of the sun, everything yellow in the temples of the earth, everything blue-white in the temples of the moon, it is that there may be established, between the harmonies of the senses and the



Buddhist Art (early T'ang, vii Century). Bodhisattva.
J. Denos Collection.

harmonies of nature, an intimate and continuous coherence, in which the serenity of the heart fixes itself, becomes immobile, and demonstrates to itself its certitude and necessity. But beneath the great need for purity and calmness, festidum and magic patiently assert their rights. The placing of the edifice, the invariably uneven number of roofs superimposed on one another and turned up at the corners—a memory of Mongol tents—the little bells jing ing at the slightest breeze, the monsters of terracotta on the openwork cornices, the moral maxims painted everywhere, the scrolls of gilded wood, the whole mass of thorn bushes, arrises, crevices, bristling and clawlike forms—everything shows how constantly the Chinese were concerned with attracting the genii of wind and water to the edifice and to the neighboring houses, or of keeping them away. We observe a similar idea in the great artificial parks, where all the accidents of the earth's surface, mountains, rocks, brooks, cascades, forests, and thickets



Terracotta (III Century). Tomb of Ch'ien-Lung. Han.
Ed Chouanne Museum.

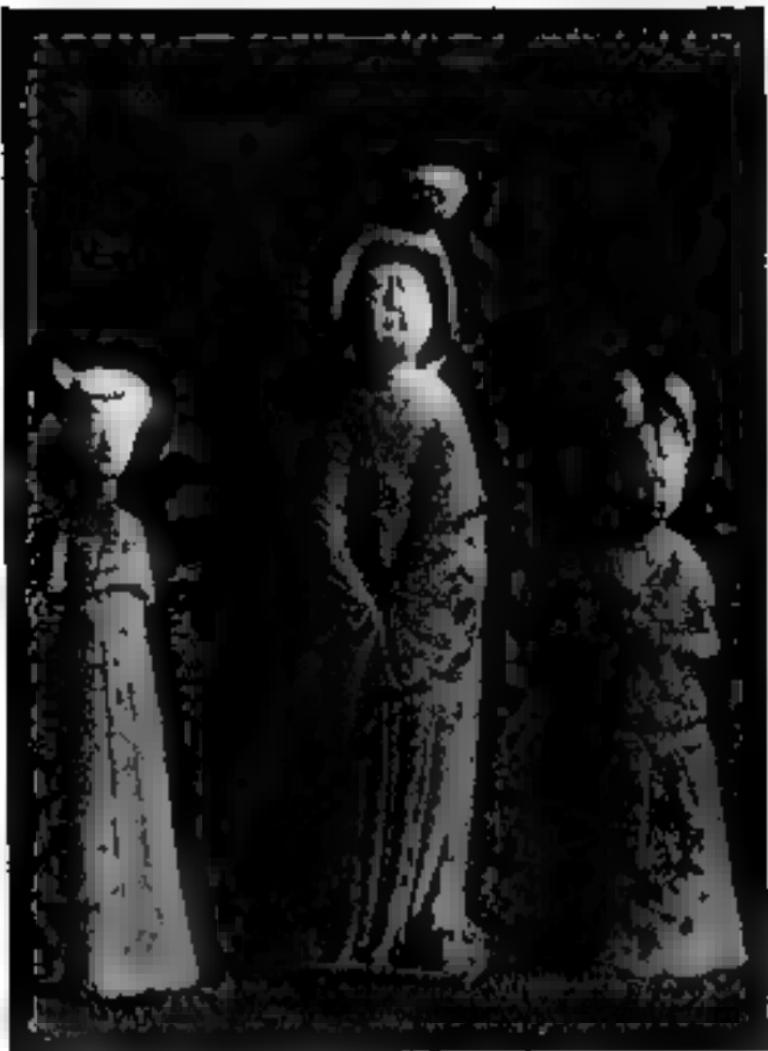
are related to the mortal man. It was of the character of the empire of the sun who brought the solar aspect of their nature into being, according to legend, by bringing it down to the earth of human beings. The human people came from the sun, and the sun gave them the name of human beings. The sun people were called suns, and the suns had gods, so that it seemed he gave them to them. From that time there were many other names of the people, but the last he left in his last setting the name of people, which was perhaps the name which he gave them at the end of life. However all those who follow him are called to be the protectors of popular superstition, and the agents of popular gods and superstitions, so that it be set forth that the world is such that there cannot be no people. In regard whether he called them a Sun or a Moon, or a Star, the common sense is that he has been obliged to call it without distinguishing the great works need to measure the month or the day by his birth and death. His gods are the protectors of a wise and just life, longevity, riches, knowledge, literature, charity, and there are demons protecting us from the gods. He speaks of the earth of the sky, the sun, the stars, the mountains, the sea, the winds, the winds, the clouds, and he speaking names of signs, they are divided between land and water. But they have no other importance. If the Emperor comes to himself privately concerning it, he speaks concerning his own nation and the Emperor and the man who he represents, the Emperor of the Empire, to give his charge in such a way that the signs shall not be disturbed and that their safety, and of all other signs, damage or prevention of which through the power of men of his government and army, shall be done, and that it be known that these signs will keep signs from a like harmlessness. No departing thoughts, please. The



T'ANG ART (VI CENTURY) Tomb of Kao-Ling, Ostroich,
Imp.-relief (Ed. Charonnes Mission.)

depths of his soul. When one cuts out another one kills
himself, but one also makes an end of the life of the
dream.

It is remarkable in this aged-old habit of doing the
good man's substance so patient. The Chinese were
not perfect I myself to inspect in matter the extent of
the abomination until he has what signs feature for so
long a time that all of them are believed in his identity
by their own long history. When the flesh of it is
seen all consider our trouble and we need to teach the
new we do not hesitate to think made the greater fault
that made it. The Chinese, on the contrary, resist to
these accusations, refutes them and sees them in
order to demonstrate the law. He is also too equal
about those who know his master. Since his abomina-
tion is fixed he may express the fact more clearly at his
breasts, arms, and hands form in every direction, and
so he makes the wrinkles in his face so deep that they
must cut into the bone. He opens the mouth with a
bunched teeth, and the shoulders with ten arms. The
head is surrounded with a mane which all the
features gnaw. The eyes stick out of the sockets or
are sunk deep in them. He呈现出 laughing or
weeping with the most impudent faces. The breasts
lie in folds on the lot of his face. Arms, arms, and legs
are numerous and fingers are knotted like bunches of
grape-vine. Because of his piety though he can cause
the others to crawl on his garments, and from them in the
yellow silk of his standards, and from them (at the
threshold) of his passes. He has created a whole army
of terrible dragons of phantasies who now and without
chessmen which are perhaps bold off there than a
vague memory transmitted by the old legends of the
last period of monsters abiding among the first men.
In all of this we see the spirit that forms the literary
and to every a ritual until on these gestures are studied.



TANG DYNASTY (618-906) Three Figures, terra cotta.
(Charles E. Younger Collection.)

that causes the historians to deform history in order to make it fit the outline of their systems, that causes the gardeners to guard the trees and manufacture flowers, the fathers to crush the feet of their daughters, and executioners to cut men to pieces. Traditional morality will destroy life rather than adopt its free movement.

But also, when life is in accord with morality, when emotion and law move in harmony, when the spirits of goodness, kindness, and justice dwell in the mind of the artist naturally what goodness, kindness, and justice there are in the faces and the gestures of the gods! The great Buddhas of gilt wood sit on their beds of lotus, their hands open, their faces illumined by peace; their whole forms filling the shadow of the sanctuary with the glow of the absolute which penetrates them. To combat them and make men forget their steps is the devout priest gathers from all every engaging expression that he can find. The grace of the sage and the dancer of women, the quizzical leniency of the sage, the childlike joy of the saved, the indestructible and hitherto atmosphere in which dwells the Trinity of happiness. A strange streetcar rattles from all those little works of wood and ivory, of jade and bronze that people the pagodas and encumber the flat baskets with the colored paper signs along the crowded streets where the refuse of humanity accumulates. In the heart of this philosophic people the philosopher has indeed extinguished all of that disquietude which rocks men, but so often causes them to rise higher. What matter? situated as they are they have the strength of those who know little but who are certain of what they know. Their peace is a little stupid, no doubt, their absence of care, their absence of drama, has something that perhaps irritates one in course of time and is even unhealthful. But one reads in it such a



Ko-kan-Hi-o (?) Lohan, painting (first half of the
x Century Charles F. Mayer Collection.)

constituents of beauty that one feels oneself attached to these men. They have given their singular expression to the mortal life by showing the permanent struggle that takes place in the depths of human nature and by making that it has its origin in the aspiration toward higher levels. The strange thing is that we should see beauty in that struggle itself and that the Chinese should find it in the victory his ancestors won for him in ages past. He expresses his infinite universal enthusiasm for those who give him repose of conscience for all time. And it is the weight of that repose that we feel in his art.

Therein are the mystery of this soul which is simple on its surface but infinitely complex in its depths. It achieves a sense of form in such a way that it can carry the grandeur of its logic to a point that we should call impossible, but it can also attain to emotion and profound beauty when it is set up by a flash of emotion or when it is confronted with the necessity of constructing a durable and immutably useful work. We must bid adieu ourselves to think that these arts like parks are lacking in freshness and variety. We must not fail to see that the whole Orient is in the torrent of strange flowers they cultivate there. They gather into their imaginary symphonies the color of its total reefs strong with genius, its sumptuous figures with that display the red or blue of the horizon, dragons on the imperial robes which is studded with flowers of dark and gleaming enamel. It is indeed the whole Orient that they give us—the hung and setting of its hosts of golden stars in the darkness of far swept skies. Neither must we allow ourselves to forget that Chinese architecture lacks variety and variety. The fact that the most ancient examples of it do not date back farther back than the tenth century is due to the fragility of the materials. To protect the buildings

from heat and sun the Chinese know what slope and width of projection to give to the roofs which they support by combinations of demountable framework, as powerful and as light as the creations of nature. There is one thing that they know especially well, and therein they are like the Romans, nay more they are like all the ancient peoples of the massive continent in which great summits alternate with great deserts and great forests with great rivers. They know how to give to their work the appearance of style. Whether an airy or a heavy style, it affords invariably a firm and substantial base on which to rest our certitude of having achieved our aim completely. We find this appearance in the gigantic edifices of the Chinese in their bridges, triumphal gateways, and gigantic arches, their battle-mantled ramparts and the immense walls that inclose the plains and climb the mountains. Like the old sculptures of the valley of the Nile, they have animated the desert with avenues of colossuses, whose modelling is so vast and so summary that they seem to be installed in the solitudes for a eternity—the undulation of the nation, as they spread out to the buttresses of the mountains, seems gathered up into their structure and the sphericity of the sky as it spans the expanse of the plains.

IV

If at about the time that Marcus Aurelius was sending embassies to China there had not been the strange story of men picturing the walls of the temple of Hing-tang-chau with flat silhouettes that look like shadows on a wall or if we had not begun our acquaintance with certain archaic figures that date back at least to the beginning of our era, we might still believe, as we did for a long time, that not a stone had been sculptured in this land until the conquerors of the

northern provinces had in the fifth century introduced the more contagious of the religions of India. Here as in the Indus or the Ganges a hundred and fifty suberged by the great wave that rose from hearts filled with hope to overtake us. When the flood has receded it left behind it column figures with pure faces and lowered eyes, male & female whose hands in spiraling each other palms beat her pale faces are raised over the processions that pass with mighty rhythmic steps the walls of the temple with thousand personating silent and gentle love in the darkness.

The effects from top to bottom were magnified the
more of each till at the rock became bare. The gloom
of the spirit descended from the granite and the granite
as they were hewed out along the lines indicated by the
guides of their projections and their boulders. A hundred
men plied hammers in the shadow to complete
the sombre modeling of some gigantic statue and
such was the art and power of the creative energy
which animated them, that the divine monitor seemed
to pass from their hands and from one silent voice
it seemed the city of love that a single broad prolonged

The present-day situation of the majority of Hong Kong and of Kowloon districts, such as M. P. C. has been described in the previous section, is very much like the past situation, and it is quite natural that the same thing will happen again in the future. The following is the analysis of the situation.

the author's own words, "I am a human being by birthright, and nothing
but the love of the things of the present world can make me feel
that I have been born into something which is dead." A man of such low per-
sonal worth can never grow up, get a foothold on the ground of honest
living, or become a real factor in the life of the nation. He is not fit
for society. He is not fit for the church. He is not fit for the home. He is not
an expression of the best in man. The author's idea of the meaning of
life is that every being should spend his time in the effort of getting the most
out of it. This is not the best way to live. It is not a noble way of
conducting life. It is not the way to live in the light of a higher law of
righteousness. The way which God intended Christians to conduct their lives
is the nobly good way.



La Koocheekwa about 1910. Children playing on buffalo, pausing. (Charles Fugner Collection.)

across the ages. And it is here perhaps that Buddhist sculpture attained the supreme expression of a sense of light for which there is no equivalent elsewhere, even among the greatest sculptors. The light does not seem to mingle, as in Egypt for example, with the planes of the statue in order to render subtle its passages and profiles. One would say that it floats round the statue. The form seems to strive to undulate in the light, like a wave that passes without beginning and without end. But we have here a specifically Buddhist quality shared by the school of the northern conquerors with the statue makers of India and Korea, of Japan, of Cambodia, of Tibet, and of Java. It is held in common by all the representatives of this strange international school of Buddhist sculpture in which the Greek influence is always manifest through the nervous purity of the idealized profiles, the harmony of the proportions, and the manner in which intelligence sums up and idealizes objectivity. China proper did not share fully in the faith which the invader from the plateaus of central Asia brought within her borders. Doubtless, it was but for an hour that she consented to abandon herself to the supreme illusion of the promised paradies. The most mediocre, but, perhaps because of that, the least idealistic people in history had reacted only against its will to go with the current that swept all eastern Asia and gave it that impersonal secret art, of a spirituality so pure that the creatures passed before China had freed herself from it.

To tell the truth, it was in this land that the wave of Buddhism lasted the shortest time. China reverted quickly to her habits of positivist meditation. Buddhism, with its brief climax of love, was able to give a greater depth and weight to her thought, as happens on the morrow of a passion tender and too clear-sighted.

She turned again toward death, and as the men who had hollowed out the mountains under her eyes had taught her to bring out of chaos the architected form on which the light and shade paint the spirit of life, she was able to give to the funeral chant which she sang for a thousand years, from the seventh to the sixteenth century, a plenitude and a gravity of ascent that had been forgotten since the days of Egypt. There is a heavy, categorical strain to it as of a settled thing — like the final conclusion of an intelligence that has turned round itself in a complete circle without discovering a single fissure through which doubt could enter.

Certainly, we do not find in the funerary statues of China that secret illumination which mounts from the depths of the Egyptian colossuses to unite, on the plane of their undulating surfaces, the mind of man with the light. The Chinese people, as the masters of their soil and their culture, never suffered enough to



SUNG ART (960-1280). Water Lilies.
(Charles Eigner Collection.)

seek more liberty and the consolation for living in a constant hope of death. They looked on death with placidity with no more of fear than of desire. But the fact that they did not lose sight of death gave to Chinese pessimism a formidable importance. Meditating on death causes one to see essential things. The anecdote in which one loses oneself when one is concerned with the adventures of life leaves the mind forever. The things that interest and hold the majority of men cease to fetter the mind which sees not that it passes like the daylight between two blitters of an eyelid, and that in the night of this flesh it must seize the absolute. And because it perceives nothing beyond life its hymn to death gathers up and confides to the future everything that is immortal in life.

Funerary sculpture increased in grandeur as the power of China increased and decreased when Chinese power began to wane. From the time of the Tang tombs to that of the Ming tombs, from the dynasty that represents China at its apogee to that which marks the end of the period, the red and yellow desert that runs in slow waves to the distant mountain clusters where copper and iron repose, the desert of China saw the rise of massive forms—men, elephants, camels, rams, horses, and ostriches—some are standing, some lying down—all are motionless and on guard over the sleep of the emperors.¹ The whole plain was a work of art, like a wall of decoration, and the sculptors used the curves, the projections, and the perspective of the plain to give value and accent to the giants of stone. They were seen advancing from the horizon, marching like an army climbing the hills, descending the valleys, and when they had once arisen for their march

¹ Three tombs of the first great dynasties, from the seventh to the eleventh century, were discovered also by M. Edmond Chavasse in the course of his explorations.



Léonard (x Century). Children playing.
painting. (Longueil Collection.)

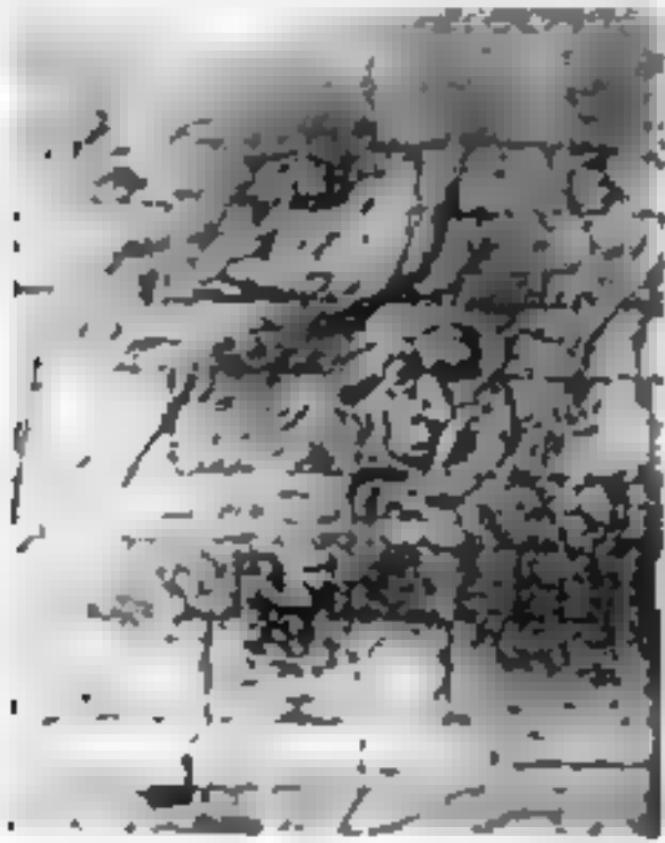
or parade, they heeded neither the grasses nor the briars that began to grow again as soon as the hewers of images had disappeared. They followed one another



Iron Pagoda of K'ai-chou-fou (XIV Century).
(Ed. Chantier Mission.)

and gazed upon one another; and the crouching lions witnessed also the passing of men laden with tribute —now hidden, now revealed by the undulations of the soil. Separated, absolute and definitive, the lone and silent multitude of forms rose up in the dust, under the

sky, as if to bear to the ends of the earth and to the time when the sun itself should be burned out, the formidable testimony that man had passed this way.



Tomb of Tz'u-wang (about 200 B.C.). (Courtesy Dr. David Ed. Chamberlain Museum.)

Starting with the tombs of the T'eng dynasty, from the powerful bass-reliefs that remind one of an Amyntas visited by Greece, the Chinese sculptors, already possessing the most direct vision, condense their science gradually to arrive at a more summary expression.

Under the Sung they were able to conceive an object as a mass so full, so sharp of details and accents, so heavy and condensed, that it seemed to bear the weight of thirty centuries of metaphysical meditation. Thenceforward they could permit themselves all the extravagances, all the deformations, all the subtleties needed for the affirming of the moral truths revealed to China.

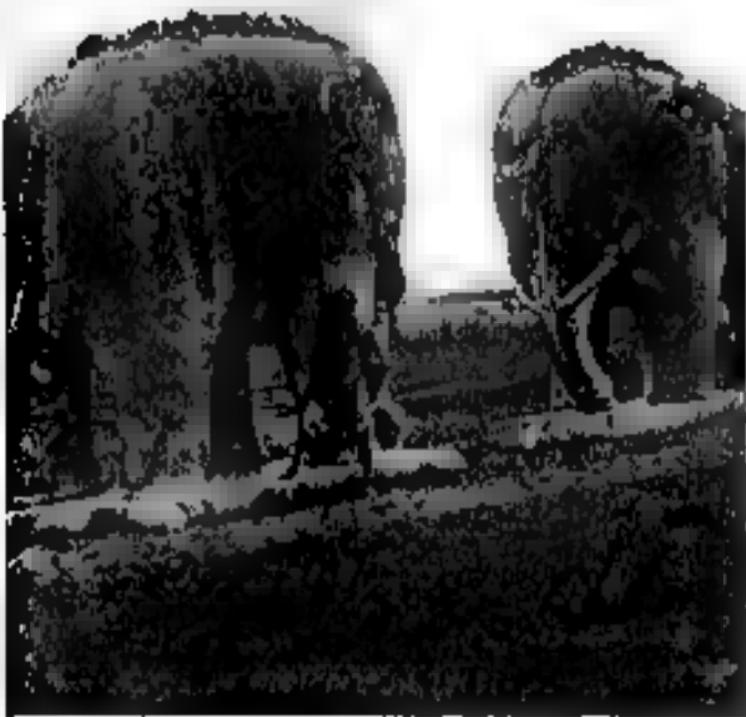


Wall of Glazed Brick of Tai-tung-lou.
Ed. Chantreau Museum

by the sages of the ancient days. Under the Ming, at the moment when the artists were about to lay down their tools, when China, then only marking time, was about to let Japan slip from her embrace, to rush into the life of freedom and self-conquest, the Chinese had acquired an imposing virtuosity. They cast enormous iron statues to guard their temples. They decorated walls and vaults with strange figures that form melodic lines undulating in curves which, while irregular, are

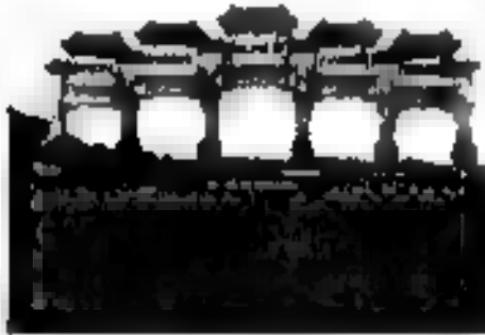
as continuous and rhythmic as the ripples on the surface of the water. Along the ridges, sections, the germinating stalks and the clusters alternate with the massive elements, the blossoms. All the leaves are straight and the buds thin like the lotus.

Thus we reach the same conclusions whether we study this race in the forms farthest removed from the tradition of the early ages, or whether we consider the numerous stories that have been told in manus and set out in relief against a dark plain at the approach of evening; the few figures that remain the heros and the savants, are very much in one type of art as well as in the other for the center of the Chinese soul. It is a soul devoid of imagination, but so keen and so concentrated that it is not surprising that it makes less fear on the one day drive back the vague look of suspicion of the Christian and impure faith on the Western races when they have become eager for religious Chinese art with their hosts. The art workman plays a role in China that is as important in the eye of his people and as predominant as in Egypt. For thirty centuries he peoples the four signs of the living and the dead signs of the dead with furniture, cups, vases, jewels and figures. Three quarters of his production perhaps is still buried. The valley of his tombs constitute a more of art that probably is inextinguishable as that of the valley of the Nile. Thus the forms that it yields vary to no great a degree from the grave or terrible to the charming. From the gods of bronze that the Chinese turned for cent years so that the grass and in honor of the earth should always give them their path to the snakes of Tang-kuo that issue from the necropolis. These latter are less picturesque certainly than their Greek sisters, but they are also purer and more summary. They are conceived with more fleeting motions, more decisive



Nanmara. Stone elephants.

planes, and rounder masses, and they offer a more touching homage to feminine grace, elasticity, and majesty. What matter if this infinite art seems paradoxical at first sight? As in the case of that Egypt which at first appeared so monstrous, we are beginning to perceive here the simplicity, the unity, the grand coherence of the strangest conceptions. Under the



Tomb of the Ming (xv Century).
Triumphal Gateway.

grimaces of the statues, under the complicated robes that cover them, under the outlandish cornices of the architecture, the bristling masses of the varnished monsters, and the flaming of red and gold in the sanctuaries, there is present a real and indestructible principle of construction. Sculptural modeung which is sinuous and balanced among the Greeks, a thing of movement with the Indians, and rectangular with the Egyptians, is spherical with the Chinese. Under the ornaments and the symbolic attributes, under the most disordered coilings and twistings of the monsters, the passage and the plane of the sculptor penetrate each

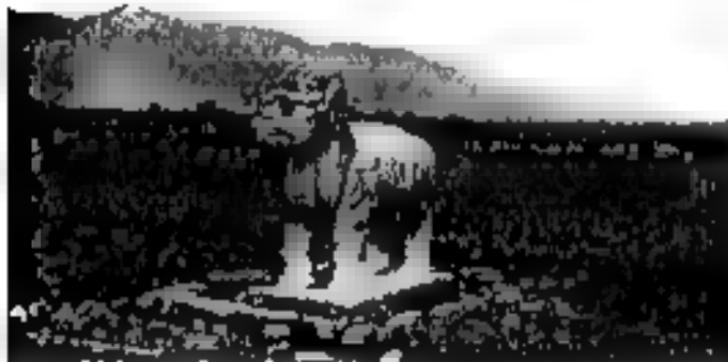
other in a slow and continual progress, as if to produce a closed block. In its essential examples, one would say that the sculpture causes form to rise slowly to abstraction, that the abstraction descends slowly toward form, and that lightning flashes from the two as they fuse eternal, compact and pure. At such moments China, like Egypt, Greece, India, and the France of the Middle Ages, attains one of the summits of the mind.

v

The spherical unity of the modeling, which expresses the impersonal soul of China, is the image of its substance. By its configuration by its soil, by the race that peoples it, the Middle Kingdom is a unit. China and the Chinese form one agglomerate thing in which the moral and the material solidarity, the passivity and the impersonality of the crowd, cause their immortal being to become a mere extension of the country itself. It is a yellow mass without contours composed of the dust and clay of the land—the age-old dust that is brought by the north winds and that whirls in never-ending clouds across the disk of the sun, and the clay carried along by the rivers to cover the earth with their deposits—the dust and the clay are mixed into plaster for the walls of the houses, and the houses, again, and the men with their yellow skin which contains the soil merge into the entity which we call China. The yellow earth goes to the very heart of the cities, and the perpetual exchange of masses of dirt, of provisions brought in by the caravans and the river traffic gives to the whole mass, and to the life that runs through to its depths, a slow, compact movement that never leaves the circle which it first followed. The horizon is as closely united as the life, and as the

space and all the duration of the world culture and are one.

An agriculturist, or rather, a gardener—for ten thousand years, perhaps—cultivating his square of earth with slow patience and solicitude, accumulating



Tomb of the Ming (XV Century). Triumphal Way. Monster.

human fertilizer for it, getting his food and the food for his family and his beasts out of the same vast space, always bending over the soft soil and often lying beneath its surface, his whole skin, his feet, and his hands impregnated with that soil—the Chinese knows its weight, its consistency, its degree of moisture and dryness, its very taste. He hears the dual murmur that stirs it when seed is sprouting. One would say that his whole sensual imagination has concentrated in the desire to handle that unctuous earth and the substances that he takes from it, the fat jade, cornelian stone, crystal, agate, chaledony, the hard stones whose spots he knows how to utilize, whose veins he

knows how to follow the kaolin and the flint, the white earth, the copper and the tin that he melts together to produce his black bronze. He knows his material so well, he is acquainted to such a degree with its habits and customs and peculiarities, that he can melt or



Tomb of the Muses (xv Century). Triumphal Way. Elephant.

boil it by linking back or by forcing the fire so as to render it more or less hard, more or less brittle, to vein it, to mix it with other materials, he causes powdered metal that has been liquified by heat to flow through it, or breaks its surface with a crackle. His brass is deeply mottled with the green gold that he runs through it, with yellow, red, or violet gold, and with mixed blues that have an appearance of danger, like sleeping waters. As he works his brass, weighty, dense, sonorous, and hard, the metal flattens and swells and takes on the aspect of solid blocks; the incrustations on its rough outside, with all the interlacings of slimy skins, of spines and tentacles, still leave its heavy profile intact and pure. His bloated dragons aroused by the rum-

bling and writhing of the sea monsters, his snails and his toads swollen with postures, are brought from within the metal by repoussé, and with so sure a stroke of the hammer that the creatures seem to adhere by their own viscosity. The Chinese artist grinds coral



Painting. (H. P. Poor Collection.)

and turquoise into an imponderable powder that he may melt it again and compel it to flow between narrow bands of copper or of gold, and in the enamel made somber by flame his deep blues, his mat greens, and his dull, opaque reds form flowers of blood, thick leaves, and the shining golden plumage of the birds. On porcelain, finally, he defines his gifts as a painter, for they had never been quite able to become a part of their own time and free themselves from the calligraphic processes to which they adhered in the monasteries.

When he reaches perfect painting the Chancery
incorporate the color with the paste and with the
glaze of vitrified materials and in strokes as fine as
cotton or as broad as petals he projects upon the
object to be decorated his art. In his gardens he sees,
borders and canals his banks and his groves full of flowers
that have dragon flies that believe me are fertilized
countless and blossoms under the eye of his master
of the sun the winds and the rains there are sun
bathed groves there are beds of birds swept along by
mountains there are also blossomed leafless trees and
by other methods. Here is the flower here for that
all the living flowers are here the wing the stems
the anthers the persistent petals as the leaves of
the sun are here. In another article I have written
it suddenly opens its infinite of colors from dawn to
night from the shower of rain to the dust and from
the pale moonlight to the rest of the sun. Against the
moving background of the trees the green the reds
the blues the violets the violets the whites and the
blacks he sets the painted stage on which are performed
the pastaking exercises and manual labor of
those who cultivate the soil. If he desires to present
that the soft and moving gardens his painting is as
if drenched with dew it is as free has a watercolor
and it is shown out bold against the breathily glazed
and translucent backgrounds. If the closest sky
darkens the surface of the waters then the branches
the leaves the dragonflies and the lilies appear after
from infinitely opaque depths and are seen vaguely
like mists and smoke through the water of a spring.
And if a sumptuous evening is the subject which
the ceramist has in mind he lets the flame of his
furnace creep over the sides of his vase again,
and the saturated stained glazes amid its wall of
gold.

Brass and terra cotta take on the sheen of great, ripe fruits adorned with thorns and ready to leave the branch. How heavy, how subtle, and how pure is Chinese form! One might say that it is less a material form, despite its heaviness, than a crystalized sound. The strange, positivist people! without an ideal, it still hears, in the depths of its obscure soul, this clear music. In the cylindrical form, the ovoid form, or the spherical form there is always the circular rhythm of China. Will China always turn in a circle, with the same patient, indefatigable, and slow effort which permits her to keep up the movement that is her salvation and to live without advancing? Or will she break this circle and adopt as her idea the constant renewal of herself at the crest of the mounting waves of things? Will she not attempt, in this incessant pursuit, to gain the illusion of freedom? It is probable. She is stirring. Her five



Miso-Any (xvi Century). Divinity offering lichens and ebryanthemous.
(Charles Ignatius Collection.)

hundred million men are going to be swept into the movement of the Occident they will break our painful, age-old equilibrium, overturn the economic rhythm of the globe, and perhaps, in their turn, impose on us an immobility that they themselves will require a thousand or two thousand years to regain. We know nothing. The complexity of the present and future world is a thing beyond our grasp. Life rumbles, life rises. It will yield up its forms to the men yet to be born, that they may be consoled for having been born.



VIEW IN JAPAN

Chapter III. JAPAN

I



JAPAN fifty years ago, had not emerged from a social state which recalls that of the Middle Ages. The Daimyos divided up the empire into a few great hereditary fiefs. Between them and the peasants was a warrior caste, the Samurâi, and a priestly caste, the Buddhist monks. Above was the Emperor, whom no one perceived, the mysterious intermediary between Heaven and men—and the Shogun, the real chief of the political and military organization, having powers of life and death. To bind the whole fabric together was the steady aim of the Japanese. Here, then, as our medieval society in its entirety was sincere and better policed.²

It is this medieval character, retained by social and political Japan until the end of the nineteenth century, which decided me to place this

When the revolution of 1868 caused the feudal system to fall like a piece of stage setting which had



BUDHIST ART. Lacquered wood. (Louvre.)

concealed from Western eyes the true nature of Japan, the Occident was astonished at the speed with which

entire chapter, as also all the others treating of the non-European arts, in the volume devoted to the Middle Ages, which should be looked upon as a state of mind rather than as a historical period. It must be observed, however, that Japanese individualism tends, from the fifteenth century onward in the Occident, to detach itself from the religious and philosophic symbols which characterize the medieval spirit.

Japan assimilated the external form of the European civilization. At a bound it covered the road that we had taken four hundred years to travel. The Occident



Buddha Amida. Buddha. Wooden statue. (Unrest.)

could not understand. It thought the effort disproportionate to the means and destined to failure. It took for servile imitation the borrowing of a method whose practical value Japan could appreciate before

she did just it, because old habits of artistic and metaphysical abstraction had prepared the mind of the people for Western ideas. Under her new armament of war-horses, of ships, and of captains, Japan retained the essentials of what had constituted and what still constituted her strength—her love to herself, her controlled passion, her spirit of analysis and recuperation.

The reprobate addressed to Europe and Japan is not new. She has been accused of deriving from China and through China from India her religion, her philosophy, her art, and her political institutions, whereas she had transformed everything except every thing in the mould of a strangely original mind. If one were to go back to the sources of history, one would not find a single people outside of primitive tribes, to which another people had not transmitted the main basis of its requirements. It is the wonder and the consolation of our human nature, By this solidarity, which rises victorious above all the wars, all the dynasties, and all the sciences, everyone who bears the name of man understands the language of man. I hold it fructified Assyria, Assyria transmitted Chaldea to Persia and, through Persia, stretched forth its hand to India and to Islam. Egypt educated Greeks, Greeks animated Italy and, across the Middle Ages, guided the modern Continent. The Middle Ages of Europe, and the Arabs through Byzantium and the Great China, which had felt the contact by way of India, of Egypt, of Assyria, and especially of Greece. China carried over all these mangling forces to Japan that the wiser might make such disjunction of them as the teachings of her love and her passion should dictate.

When, at about the time of Europe's conversion to Christianity, Korea transmitted Buddhism to Japan and with it the philosophy and the art of the Chinese



Koso Daishi (IX Century). Wooden statue. (*L'Art du Japon*,
publ. by Brunhoff.)

and the Indians the same can be observed the same position that Durian occupies due to relation to Egypt and Western Asia. Smart as early Greece had been, Japan did not know any more than Durian that she would have found the traces of her ancient life if she had sought the formulae statuettes in her tombs. Although Shintoism denied the forces of nature, it had preserved in ages that true doubtless a matter of dogma that was foreign to the soul of Japan and that came to her between those two other elements.

Mongol invasion of Korea which contributed to the formation of the race. It is certain that Japan accepted it only had heartedly. As soon as Buddhism had opened its universities to all the Shinto gods and fixed their seats in Uzumi and were the Japanese recognized the image of their real lesser in them.

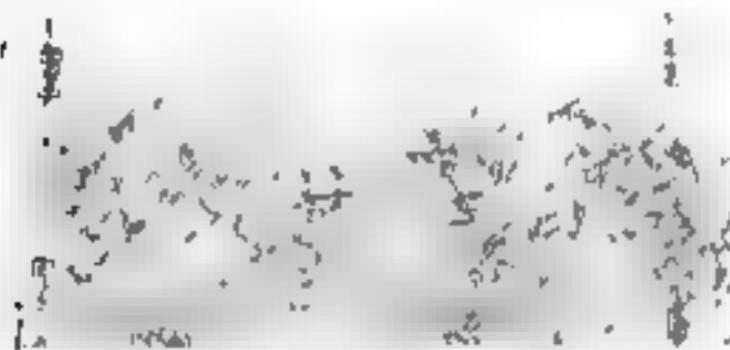
But so long as the original materials of the race gathered, the artists did not free themselves from the need of Korea from the remnants of the Hindus and the Chinese. The seated gods with the lowered eyes and the open hands are like a bunch bound and pure and modeled by the light. The spirit that inhabits them flows from everywhere and envelope them in solitude and silence. One feels them as bound up with space and from all points they seem to gather its vibrations into their fluid surfaces. Are they Japanese Hindu or Chinese? They are Buddhist. It is but very slighter that religious scripture beginning in the eighth century to reveal the silent germination of the true national sentiment. The development is seen in the work of Kobo Daishi, the old master teacher in his statue of warrior gods, in radiant with energy there is something of arrested gentleness and of arrested violence which is already purely Japanese. He will not surrender his self control. Whatever his fervor, his anger and the impulse of his heart, the Japanese,



Priest of the Tendai sect (about the x Century).
(From *The Kokka*.)

when he has attained his true nature, will dominate the expression of these feelings.

Even when men think they are the masters of those decisions which seem freest, it is their general and unreasoned needs which dictate those decisions. When Japan closed her ports, at the hour when the Fujiwara came into power it was because she wanted to grasp



TORA SUZU. XII Century. Painted. Ietsu.
L'Art du Japon, publ. by Stechow.

In herself the meaning of her own effort, amid the emerging currents of the military migrations and maritime exchange. This people does not barter either its power of withdrawing into itself or its power of expansion. As soon as it perceives that it is too much cut off from the world or that it has been too active, it bends all its strength to dissipate rapidly the need for repose that had succeeded action, or of the need for action which it gathered from repose. It starts out on new roads with such a frenzy that it must suddenly stop to retrace its steps and, turning its back on the horizon, take an inventory of its conquests. In the ninth and the seventeenth centuries, it forbade the foreigner to enter its harbors, once in order to assimilate Buddhism

and again to study in itself the deep echoes of the Mongol invasions and the first expression of the decadent tendencies. And it arrives at the decisive stages of its creative genius at a moment which is quite distant from the time when it closed itself up and the time when it reopened.

■

The art-haus that followed the first cloister and the cloisterism that followed the second both developed in the same atmosphere of quietude and work. The position is concentrated in a single capital, Nara for the big work, Noto for the Tokugawa. The people, which had been passive until that time, confided the care of its defense to the military classes, now to exploit the wealth of the forests and the woods and to ensure the security of the country. And the sudden peace produced its usual harvests.

Half-clad symphonies return to us from these first ages of intellectual concentration, in which Bud dhism shaped but very little by the people shut itself up in the monasteries in order that their culture should enable it to displace the old folk heterodoxies. And through these works Japan saw within herself the rise of her veritable realities. At the moment which is summed up by the work of Kōkei Kōshōka, for example, we find a hieratic art full of the spiritual radiance of Buddhist painting, and his masterpiece in the upper pane in the northern harmony, of its red and black, of the gold of the backgrounds and the surfaces, to give a warmer patina. But the new problems, those of the idea and those of technique, offer no grave than temporary obstacles to the nascent spirit of the Japanese in its manifesting of a vision that was already more direct, more massive and clear-cut than that of the artists of the past. These three obscure and very



Statue of the Jingō Kōgei (ix Century). (From *The Kokka*.)

slow centuries, when the artists are held in the archaic mold, do not yet, to be sure, permit the Japanese spirit to free itself, since the monastic life in which the intelligence is at work is closest to the life of movement, to what brings enjoyment, to what brings suffering, to what brings understanding. But sometimes, when the



Daibutsu of Kamakura. Bronze statue (xiii Century).

monk quits the cloister, when he comes into contact with the pine forests, the torrents, and the dark seas, prodigious flashes of light bring before his eyes—with a clearness that perhaps is not to be found elsewhere in history—the extreme scope of his genius when freed from imitations. Toba-Soyo, the painter, and Unkei, the sculptor, are already true Japanese. The one has quite left the temples, he roams the woods, collects the insects, and spies on the mice and the frogs; he accords to all the beasts a clear-eyed and joyous friend-

ship, and thereby sees them repeating in their own way the gestures of men—which he finds very dunting. The other, to whom the last sculptures of the Buddhist grottoes of China offered a pretext for releasing the unknown forces that slept in his race, suddenly carries his disguised violence into the brutal effuse of his warrior-lions. The vision of Kubo Dush is quite frequent in these furious, simple statues—almost pure—but with an inward impulse toward torture and combat.

Between these two contemporaneous works—that of the painter and that of the sculptor—who are so different in aspect, there is, therefore, or it appears conflict. They meet at the point where the materiality of the Japanese tree, itself from the start a marker of art to affirm itself in painting. The abstract art of the metaphysical systems which are present at the origin of every great civilization was drawing to its close. Under is the end of the great sculptors. Sculpture, the religious and heretic art, which always corresponds with a well-defined society, could not survive the feudal anarchy that preceded the Mongol invasion. In proportion as the remembrance of the teachings from abroad was obliterated, the great traditions declined in the monasteries. Civil war rent the country. Religion lost its original freshness to become an instrument of political domination. While, to the eyes of the people, the Mikado still represented the old Shintōism of their ancestors, the Shingon-shū supported by the performers, was opposing Buddhism to the traditional cult. Sculpture obeys the laws of dissociation.

M. Edmond Demarneau has already indicated the analogy that exists between the statues of stone and the garments of the gods of the grottoes of Lung-Meng (see figures in pages 47 and 48). The student will find that the Japanese are also more or less like these early Chinese. There is no imported bronze and wood carvings that were directly inspired from them.



COURTESY (21st Century). Guardian of the temple.
L'Art du Japon, publ. by Braunfels

dictated by the state of society. It overloaded itself with encrustations, complicated itself with draperies, and when it lost the charm of its lines, it lost the whole of its spirituality. It is only in the seventeenth century, when the painted wooden effigies of monks were erected, that among the severe profiles united by



Hōnen (died 1403). Dragon. (From *The Kōkō*.)

feeling pauses which envelop them with strength and security, the sculptors found again a little of the romance of the seated Buddha whose peaceful countenances had for eight hundred years bent over the faithful, and whose fingers, raised in their pure gesture, had taught them wisdom.

Painting on the contrary would not have existed without the invasion. The Japanese soul, which had lost its basis of religion and to which Toba-Sōjo had prematurely given a basis of popular life, was getting away from its course and becoming anemic in the service of the nobles. With the Tosa school founded in the thirteenth century by Tsunetaka, who claimed to represent the art of the ancient archaic master, Moto-



TAKANORI FUJIWARA (Tozai school). Portrait (end of the XIV
Century). (From *The Kodka*.)

Natu, its tenacity very quickly degenerated into baseness, its humor going into artlessness, its prettiness into coquetry. When it reached its end in the academic miniatures, in which the courtly people satisfied their puny taste for art pasted things the nature of art had long since been delivered of to atrophy or otherwise. Japan was weary from being at war in the same closed circle and having been harassed by the Barbarians ever since her art had emerged from the monasteries, being touched by the inconveniency life of the new ideas that in 6000 brought with it, she let herself go with the wind.

Toward the end of the fifteenth century, when old Kano Masanobu impressed by the work of the Chinese Juanchiu, founder of the great school of Kano, he appeared to continental China in order to control the narrow boundaries of Japan. In so doing he was following the tendencies that his master Shubun, and Sesshu and Bougu and Benzon and Shigetoku had already manifested. It was the good fortune of Japan that the Chinese painters of the period were willing to regenerate their vision by the patient and direct study of animals and flowers. They came within Japan as to her true nature, tear her away from the religious symbolism for which she was not made and make it possible for her to follow her in its evolution along the roads that Toba Sogyo had explored with so much energy. But the strong dispense of China did not immediately permit the Japanese artists, happy for the development of their mind, to go as far as their galloping perruves. First they learned the architecture of landscape, they gazed on their country with a religious emotion, they got the appearance of the rocks, the angular trees, the jagged mountains. A roaring murmur followed the awakening to life, a rude hymn after the silence. Powerful parts of the

Sengai (died 1867). The Tempest. (From *The Kotohira*.)



brush like Sesshu, Sesson and Soami, covered their white paper with those luminous black dabs of Indian ink which give us for the first time the effect of things seen in a mirror dimmed by having lain in water. We



Ramon de Llull. Bird.
From *The Art*.

see cranes in a sky, ducks in a pond, or the strong lines of a landscape, misty, chaotic and wooded. Sesson discovered in it fantastic applications, dramas of the air and of the lakes

wandering backs, birds at dawn half frozen on the branches, and trees lost in the fog; by his powerful abbreviations he an no need know brush seemed to live with the beasts and to share with indifference their implacable destiny. The violent life of the earth entered him like the breath

of his nostrils. He was far from men and seemed to remember the gods no longer. In his sober splashes of ink he gathered up the central forces that issued from the soil of the shaggy pine-grown boulders, the sap that poured through branches, the blood that swelled in throats and berries, the hunger that hardened beaks, the brutal flight that ruffled plumage, the terrible sun-

Sommer (1455) Landscape (From The Kōken)



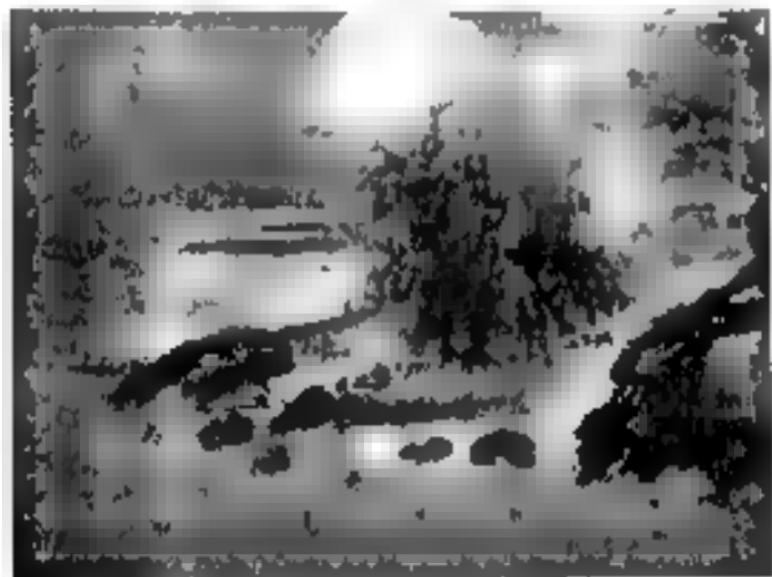
poetry of natural forms in the presence of nature, of space, and the wind.

Kano Motonobu—the son of the founder of the Chinese-influenced school, who borrows from the continental painters primarily as their subjects their motifs, and their composition. At bottom there existed such an antagonism between the spirit of the master and the spirit of the continent—the one immediately objective and quite devoid of substantial partiality, the other so often employing the aspects of the world for demonizing and moralizing—that what Motonobu naturally transmitted to his pupils before all else was the profoundly constructive action of Shogun and Shishi. He brought to his task the power for synthesis that only a predetermined genius possesses and, as he did, no man could so easily establish on an indestructible base the powerful instrument for picture that the Japanese people had been seeking for five or six centuries in the depths of its soil—in the scene that expanded it in the terrains where every pool it had impeded, where every stone it had lifted in the trees of its forests which it cut down and trampled for the building of its houses. Kano Motonobu saw how the herons polished their feathers in the morning dew and how the cranes stretched out slender legs as they sank earthward in their slow flight. Except for some sleepy creature of the air, its neck under its wing, its plumage ruffled by the ruse of the owner, nothing would be seen but the birds lost in fog and in space.

III

This austere trend was very soon to be transformed. After China there had arrived the world of the Moslems, of India and Persia, of the Portuguese and the Dutch. Japan had either to free her mind of the robust

education of the Chinese or else submit to their definitively anti-warrior her privilege of self-expression. The Kano masters, on the outskirts of the evolution of ideas, were turning the continental tradition into academic form; but, little by little also some of them—Kataoka, for example, a powerful poet of tree forms—



BONSAI (15th Century). Landscape. (From *The Kōkōshū*.)

unfold an arresting personality in the discipline they observe. Meanwhile, the live elements of the country strongly concentrated scattered energies in the growth of austerity and faith which followed the protectionist edict of Iemitsu, which again closed Japan to the outer world. In a movement analogous with the one that was taking place at the same moment in western Europe—

It is, moreover, remarkable that the intellectual evolution of Japan should correspond almost exactly in its general development, with that of the Occident. Its *Hamamōto* is of the fifteenth century, its *chōshū* is of the seventeenth, its art of pleasure and luxury is of the eighteenth, its landscapes of the nineteenth.

which was realizing its classic expression in France, in Holland, in Spain, and in Flanders at the same



MUROMACHI TOSA SCHOOL. 15TH CENTURY. PAINTING. LEAVES.

time Japan found the moment of equilibrium when the spirit freed from encumbering rules became master of the new rhythm it could then offer to the

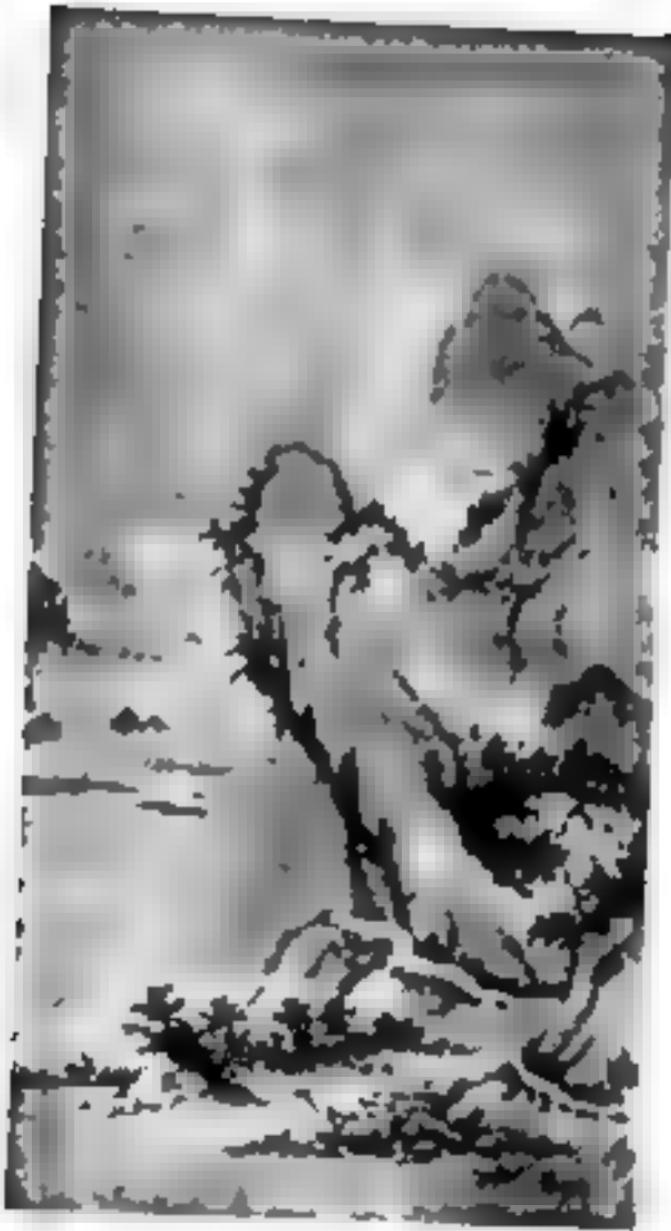


KANO MASANOBU (1434-90). Peking.
From The Artists, vol. 6.

sleepy crowd a safe refuge for ideas ready to scatter over the rich but re. A new architecture is to recreate the statue maker's art and for two hundred years Japan will pour into it the resources of its flora and fauna. before the end of the period, the artists, by their ingenuity, will be compelled to develop from this architecture even the liveliest arts of metal and ornament which will be dispersed among the people as the dust raised in the fall of the temple descends upon the plain. When, upon the order of the Shogun Iemitsu, Hidari Zangoro built the temples of Nikku, it was in the name of the whole race that this artist who was an architect, a chiseler, a smith, a healer of copper and bronze, a master of nio, a wood carver, lacquerer, decorator, calico maker, and gardener took possession of the inner reaches that Japan was then busy discovering in herself. These monuments, dedicated to the spirit of the national hero, Ieyasu, fixed in an epitomized and definitive image the desire of an entire people which thereby freed itself so as to expand in every direction.

On this convulsive soil, where volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and tidal waves have so often destroyed in a few seconds the great cities that lie between the mountains and the sea, the fall of stone walls would crush men every time that subterranean fire bursts through the crust of the earth. A construction of wood, set up simply offered no resistance to shocks. And the sanctuaries rose amid the forests of cryptomerias and maples whose eternal youth they called upon to witness their unshakable fragility and to sustain their vigor. The temple is mingled with the forest

which enters into the temple. It is conceived like a picture. Often it leads the traveler to its gates by rows of meowing gods, covered with moss and little bowers, and stretching away on both sides of the road



KANO MOTONOBU (1478-1530) Landscape.
(From The Kubin)

to the horizon. Avenues of closely planted trees, black and straight, compact one to the very stonewall of the portico. Among the horizontal branches hover the tufts of green broom. The walls of red lacquer narrowing the bare trunks, the sombre veriture of the cedar continues through the winter to prolong the monumental atmosphere into the summer. It is among the pines there are some groups of chestnut, of acacia, or of oak. The autumn will attire them with the creeping dragons of gold and the ones of gold that will about disport with the ornaments of the cornices. The sound of the bells and the gongs rings with the sound of the cascades and the sound of the moving leaves. The temple of bronze and of bambou penetrates to the heart of the thicket, and if heavy trunks and broad branches are here on the way, they are surrounded by a sort of atmosphere that lies like a cloud in the temple. In the center of the inner world, whether their limbs will stretch forth to reach the forest.

And amidst the haze too, the sunlit forest opens with its flowers all its trees, its blossoms, its springs, its birds, its reptiles, and the frailest and daintiest of the insects over which each leaf is spread. Through red lacquer, through gold lacquer, through incarnations of metal, mother of pearl, or ivory, the forest spreads out its branches over the base of red or black porticos that pierce the depths of the dawn or the depths of the night. It lets its petals and its pollen rain down in the temple. It sends flying, creeping or leaping into the temple its little beasts innocent or mischievous, for whom every blade of grass serves as a refuge, which baulks out galleries in the subsoil and whose hum resounds in the sunlight of summer days. Nature is there in an overwhelming profusion swarming with small living forms under the deep mass of the branches, and the artist of Nippon has only to

seek there at random to gather the things he uses to decorate the house of man or the house of the gods.

After this moment the Japanese artist no longer



KANO MOTONOBU (1476-1559) Painting. (Lower)

thinks of art as having any other function. Thus all the teeming life of the surrounding world is introduced, not only into the religious life of Nippon, but into its

everyday life. This is more important for religion is only a *shibumi*, though a necessary one, in the usual sense of the word. The life of the world is *shibumi* related to the Japanese by the *takemakimono*, the screens and the *tsubaki* which furnish his dwelling, the prints which pass from hand to hand by the flower-stalls, even on streets by the beasts mounted on the walls, bands and hilts of swords, on roofs and on rafter. Thus it is not at random that he introduces this world into his wooden and paper houses. It would have broken down the partitions and torn the windows. He does not forget their calculated fragility or their fixed highness when he lets in the outside world. He makes all the forms moving and adaptable to the thickness, to the transparency, to the directions and the colors of the constructions and of the variegated varieties of the *takamakibana* that cover them. He has spiritual nature.

An erroneous distinction has often been made between the *shibumi* of reason which consists in observing a form and the *shibumi* of instinct which tends to eliminate it. *Ideation* does not re-form an object; it reconstructs and completes it so as to deduce the most general, the purest, and most hopeful meaning that the object has for man. *Schematization* adapts it to its decorative function by systematizing the characteristics which appear in practice in a consistent manner when the form is studied. The artist saw that all forms and gestures and all architectures in repose or in movement retained certain dominant qualities which defined them in our memory and which when schematized by schematic processes, could be applied to decoration with the utmost exactitude. By its power of observing the world, Japanese art stands as the most intellectual, if not the most philosophic, of our plastic languages.



SCHOOL OF MATARÓ (XVII Century). Painting. (*Llorente*)

Stylization has never been an obstacle to the Japanese artist. On the contrary, it permits him to place his science at the service of a fantasy that knows no limits. It authorizes him to turn into geometrical



A monk. Sculpture in wood (xvii Century). (Louvre.)

forms the whole of nature, transposed and recomposed: beasts of silver pewter, or gold; plants of red or black lacquer; gilded flowers, blue flowers, green flowers, leaves—red or blue or black, nights and days and suns that no longer retain anything of their original colors. But the rigorous logic which brings about order among the sensations out of which the

forms come little by little clothes them in another kind of reality, robust, crystallized and magnified. Their life exists through their relationships, the object is of no importance save with respect to the one next to it and the higher type of truth is never in a fact, but in the way of understanding it and of uniting it with the other facts.

The miracle of this well-formed and precise language is that it above the painter of the islands to retain a personality as clear-cut as in persons, and as living as that of any artists of the Occident. One in each is, too, but touching age is neither transmuted nor repeated from century to century without contact with nature. Whatever science and certainty there is in his culture, whatever the power of his teacher, the Japanese decorator does less the visible world and takes counsel from it with unwearying enthusiasm. He is forever hovering over it, and if he can power from memory so as not to retain anything of the moving form but the strongest appeal it has made to him in ad. he goes so only after having accustomed, like a collector of insects and plants, the finest details of knowledge of that form that he can get from thousands of close studies, wherein the bird lives again, feather after feather, the fish with scale after scale, the leaf with nerve after nerve.

IV

Never was any people more naturally an artist people, never did such a race draw on a field of sensibility of enthusiasm and hope as rich as this one. As in Greece, all the aspects of the universe are gathered into a small space—mountains, lakes, forests, and arms of the sea that reach the heart of the land. As in Greece, an immensity of light glorifies the sea and



Kom - 'Kom the Dog at us when it runs fast.'

the sky. More than in Greece the spring deluged with flowers, the autumn with blood, the torrents carrying along the leaves or the petals which they sweep from their banks, all imprint the face of the soil with the sense of death and life. All the climates to be found between Sicily and Italy follow one another, from the north to the south in one continuous gamut upon which the identity of the geological formations disappears at haphazard.

Not had a century ago all the Japanese outside of the military caste were fishermen or peasants. Although their soil was hard to cultivate, it was fruitful, and they lived from it enough to feed themselves and, passing their whole life in this great tangled garden where the fauna of the human soil and of the flowers are so varied and powerful living in the intimacy of the foliage, the smoke, the caresses, the fruit trees, and the ever reverberating hum of the insects, they acquired a feeling for the forms and harmonies of the earth that penetrated them and was part of their nature, from the humbleness of the serfs to the most powerful of the Daimios. Since the days of the Greeks, no other people in the ensemble was ever an artist to the degree attained by the people of Japan. Not possessing the power of illusion and the enchanting vision of the Greeks, to be sure, the Japanese still recall them in a great number of ways, in the intimacy with which they live their simple healthy lives, in their optimism in their tendency to defy the forces of nature and to defy human destiny, in the position of woman and of the popular courtesans, in the masks of their theater and in their anxious and linear conception of form. It is the land where, in the springtime, husbandmen with their children and their women leave the fields and, taking with them provisions for a journey that may carry them twenty leagues from their village,

go to see the blossoming of the cherry trees at the edge of a torrent.

What is strange is how this people, always open to external sensations and thus always impetuous and vibrant, still remains master of itself. It recognises



AUTH. 1480-1710. Page of an album. H. Everett Collection

bles its soul, whose gravity masks the subterranean fire which is always ready to send forth its lava from a hundred volcanoes. It is an affable and smiling people, and if it bursts into furious violence there is always a methodical gravitas for these outbursts. Even its anger is reasoned, its fearsful bravery is only a lucid exaltation of its will. Its very emotion is stylized. And its art—whose flight it accurately controls, whose lyric impetuosity it holds in clear-cut, though sometimes abrupt form—does not abandon itself to the overflow of the marvelous instinct which directs it. Egotistic at bottom, and jealous of keeping its em-

quests for itself, thus people seeks to give only a transfigured image of them.

This is the only point held in common by Japanese and Chinese art, the two being as different as the indented, violent, gracious islands are different from



KATSUSHIKA HOKUSAI (1760-1849). *The Wave*. (From *The Kokin*.)

the continent in its massiveness, openness, and fixity. From the one to the other there is the distance that separated Greece, the investigator, the lover of forms in movement, from Egypt—almost completely immobile and in love with full, subtle, and closed forms. To the degree that China is a single block, slow in movement, secretive and heavy Japan: nervous, tense in movement like the twisted cedars of its forests—

In music and taste for innovation. The ancestral worship which the Japanese retained with the best ideas of reverence that came to them from their long tradition gave them a homage to the sun, the moon, to the cult of the sun power and the moon power with which the sun had endowed them. Its effect may be seen in the love of the Japanese for children who stated in their eyes for an assimilation of energy greater than their own, because they can see a larger number of days when they look before them.

The work of the Japanese is a thinking work. The flowering of the gardens that they cultivate with a patient passion has to do something of this industry which we see also in the varying shades of their wood and in the profile of the mountains which may change at any moment to the taste that in latter, now revealing now masking the pads of a phantom with a dark stretch of sea spotted with white stars in bright rose that starts up into the light the forests of black pines, and the red forests of autumn. The sun may begin to temper at any moment and the sunlight changes with the fire of the volcano. Japanese art has set itself to seize the characteristics of the object in movement, being saving its place and going despite its periodically constant form, the variation of visibility. It is as far from the quality of impressionism through which the modern Christian caught the variations of light with no much value to as it is from the universality of the Chinese. The Frenchman working from nature and adhering faithfully to direct sensation makes by losing sight of the characteristics of the object. The Japanese composing from memory sees nothing but those characteristics. With the furthest analysis reaches the point of de-

cuation¹ with the latter, synthesis reaches the point of creating a system.

The need of Japanese art to characterize things is so pronounced that our Occidental eyes can not always differentiate between a work of character and a caricatured system. Caricature appears at the moment



KOMON (1660-1710) Portrait From The Kotoku

when the descriptive element tends to absorb the ensemble instead of remaining subordinate to it. But how is that moment to be determined? Character and caricature re oscillate around a purely theoretical point which our eyes do not locate in the same place. For a Japanese eye, doubtless, character continues after caricature has already begun for us.

What carries the Japanese artist beyond the mark, perhaps, is the ironical turn of his mind and, at the same time, his miraculous skill, which he does not

¹ With Neo-Impressionists.

sufficiently distrust. When, in a flash, he seizes form in movement, he gives an impression of infallibility, though one must hasten to add that this applies more especially to his representation of the smaller animals. Save in the case of Sosen, a savage and pure painter who lived in the woods like a wild creature, so as to surprise clusters of monkeys as they huddle together



Ceramics, enamelled and free earthenware. The piece on the right
by Kozan (XVII to XVI Century). H. Peier Collection.

on great branches and shiver in the snow or the cold of dawn, the Japanese has not understood the larger animals so well as he has the smaller ones, for his eye is somewhat shortsighted, and he does not easily grasp the idea of mass. He has scrutinized the microcosms so patiently and sagaciously that through them he has remade the world, as a scientist reconstructs it in the field of his lens. He has seen the sun behind a spider web. Beside him, the Occident, in its effort to bring everything to the level of man and to the general surroundings of his activity, seems to have neglected what is at the level of the soil, near our eyes, within reach of our hands—the things one can see only if one bends one's neck and stares fixedly at the same point,

only looking up to rest one's eyes after too prolonged effort. The Occident saw form and lines, certainly and colors and their broad combinations, but it never saw a flower or a plant, it never studied the slight, curling lines on water or the trembling of a leaf. As it shut itself up in the house during showers, it did not see how the rain claws space nor how it bounces from the pud-



EITOKU KANO. A pine, screen. From *The Kokin*.

dles on the ground, and when it went out of doors again when the sun shone. It did not study the dust that dances in the light. But the Japanese has classified, as if in a science, the most secret revelations of his burning curiosity. His eye is a little shortsighted, he is very meticulous, he squats on his heels to tend his vegetables, to care for his flowers, to graft his bushes, and to make war on hostile insects. The life of his garden becomes the central theme of his meditation, which follows its ironical path through minute anecdotes and little concerts of rustling leaves. He has surprised the vast world in its humblest cares. He has visited the aquatic flowers with the sudden flight of the dragon fly, circled around with the bee from the hive to the glycine flowers, pricked the sugared fruit with the wasp, noted the bend of the blade of

gram beneath the weight of the butterfly. Under the wing she is, as the insect raises them, he has heard the transparent wings unfold; he has observed with passionate sympathy the tragedy enacted by the fly and the load, and it was in watching the circular muscles roll in the flanks of snakes that he came to understand the silent drama of universal hunger. He has had long vigils over birds standing in melancholy on one long thin leg, and over the tumultuous intoxication with the freshness of the morning sun. He has seen them stretching out their necks in their rigid flights, and how they wink the round eyes that are flush with the sides of their flat heads, and how the spoon-shaped or pointed bill preen their varnished feathers. He has described the concentric circles that the water spiders make on the pools, he has discovered how the reeds stand waiting when the wind is about to rise, he has felt the agitation caused in grainineous marshes and in ferns by the action of dew and by their proximity to a spring. And having made in these tiny reveries later a part of him, he had only to raise his eyes to the one of the horizon to be filled at once with the serenity of the mountains in the light of the dawn, to feel peace come into his heart with the fall of night, and then to let his dream wander over the immobility of the distance or be cradled by the sea.

V

And here is a strange thing. Although like the Greek sculptors, they saw around them nude human forms living and moving, the painters of Japan did not always evoke the human form more successfully than they did that of the larger animals, and it is especially when the human form is their subject that we hesitate to distinguish their need for character from their sense

of content are... Unquestionably they are moved on
seizing the roundness of a woman's arm, or the curve of a
breast whose purity seems molten in a cup of crystal.
The glory of the feminine body runs like a poem from
the artist Koryusai,¹ the painter of women and of

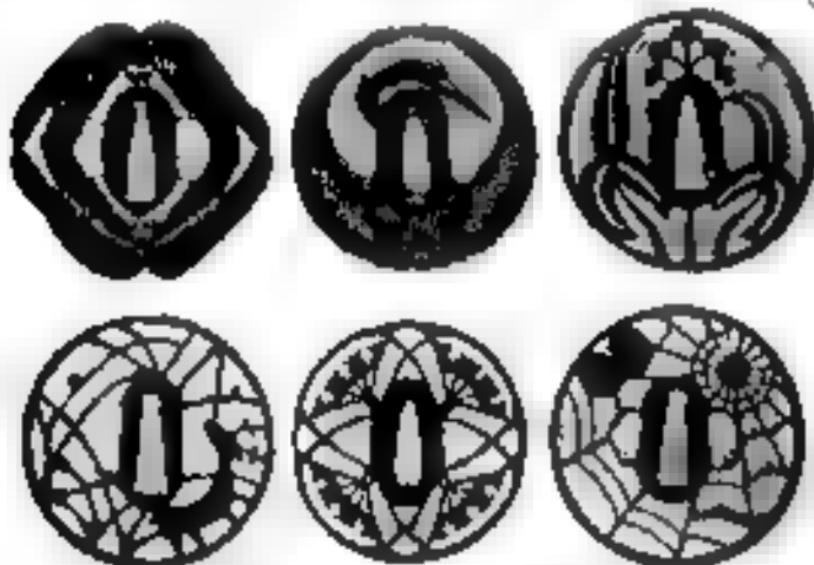


Mitsukuni 1746-1751. Phoenix-style print.
H. Lane Collection.

virgins. To Koryusai 1743-85, to Buntoku 1748
to Kiyonaga 1748-1813, the artists who so often
remind us of the Greek vase painters, and to the
great Hokusai himself 1760-1849, a man who could
draw the fat expanse of the hawthorn or the glistening
firmness of a human and at the same time understand
the upward thrust of the old volcanoes or the
flow of the morning sun or the rocking of the waves.
Almost the whole art of the eighteenth century here
as in the Orient was a voluptuous homage to the
woman in love. Utamaro 1754-1806 is fervent as his

¹Middle of the eighteenth century.

passion for the figures which he describes through the beautiful breasts that offer themselves like fruits, the high, hard necks under the hair that is combed upward, the oval faces under the jet black masses of the hair that is secured by gold pins. Harunobu (1718-70), who is in love with the young girls he meets in the gardens and on the threshold of the paper houses,



Sword Guards. (H. Peiser Collection.)

paints charming idyls in which he associates women and flowers and, through the discreet interplay of the effaced blacks, the burnt out reds, and the pale greens, gives us glimpses of landscape in which lanterns light up the cherry blossoms that have come out under the snow. The art of these two Japanese would suffice to define the period. But the very strong, very sensual, and very gentle sentiment that even its greatest men had for the beauty of women did not often suffice to conceal the lapses in their expression. Occupied as they were in penetrating the structure of small things,



Masks. (From *The Kokin*.)

did they perhaps not have the time to analyze the human being? When they speak of him their language hesitates and floats, and formulae appears. The feet and the hands, the arms and the legs, are singularly deformed and atrophied in ways that are not always very expressive—one finds them approximately the same among all the Japanese artists, as if one painter



Osto (1730-40). Young dogs. (From *The Kodans*.)

had transmitted to the other the patient and meticulous recipe for them.

In the eighteenth century these lapses of expression are rather surprising. The painters who spoke of women with so ingenuous a love possessed, at that time, a science of line that bordered on abstraction. With Morikuni (1670-1748), and especially with Maruyoshi (1761-1824) drawing is no longer anything more than a system, a linear arabesque that bouquets the movement with a stroke. The powerful modeling of the old masters of India ink is barely suggested by the

undulating line whose black accents on the white page gave only a slight hint of the succession of the planes and the flight of the contours. The mind of Japan was to evolve fatally toward this prolixious graphology which, by its own realization, satisfies the sensual needs of the imagination in the same way that it is satisfied by the crushed, tapering, or sinuous



Netsuke, wood and ivory (xvii and xviii Centuries).
(H. Peiser Collection.)

volute of the beautiful ideograms. But both expressions lead rapidly to forgetfulness of the external world, to pure abstraction, and to death.

In the full expansion of the Japanese soul from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, the understanding of volume, which is to the language of form what philosophic balance is among the teachings of the senses, the understanding of volume by Motonobu or by Kōrin 1661-1716 enabled the painters to produce

their finest compositions. Even when linear arabesque alone filled the white page, even when the grained stroke did not indicate the density and materiality of things, even then their line was so fat and supple, with an u-coupling and swellings that responded so well to the

moving modeling of the external organisms, that it sculptured the form on the plane of the paper. To grasp Japanese art at the summit of its power we must look to the work of Kōrin. All the masters of Nippon, from Sesshū and Sessan to Hokusaï, live in that work, in pose or as a prolongation. And it comes just at the hour when Japan shuts its gates to descend into itself again and when, in a few years, the teach-



Mitsuoki (1616-91). Page of an album. H. Fogg Collection.

ing of the primitives ripens in the meditative atmosphere of moral unity and of peace.

The school of Tosa and the school of Kano united their conquests to form a definitive bone structure as a basis for Japanese sensibility. Mitsuoki (1616-91) exhausted everything previous and rare that the academism of Tosa could offer to the aristocratic soul of the nation. Tanyū (1602-74) employed his verve and his vigor to free Kano from its last servitude to the



Soenek (1747-1881) Monkey, painting. (H. Lauer Collection.)

Chinese [1611-1744] struggle seriously against the Buddhist gods and was the first to go out among the peasants. When suddenly at all the sources, break, he fled to a river to get back to the city. There he found the new presentations with the Buddhist deities.

As a craftsman, he covered his albums with these powerful sketches, each one of which contains many pictures in a scroll and the whole arrangement of the object exhibited and beyond the object are the scenes that awaken in the viewer that we are the As a sculptor he seems to do no less than to invent an art which for ten centuries passed as the main manifestation of the Japanese gets it he brought to further perfection - self the nose of the great lacquer master Kotozo (1575-1645) and created the great lacquer Kotozo. His brother Kotozo (1613-1703) with Nansen the most powerful of Japanese retains the man who could render the dampness of glasses and the freshness of flowers in the breed his style, dipped into Kotozo's creations as in a mirror spring. As a designer he improved generations of workers who a hundred years after his death at Kyoto to take him the models for rounded figures and methods of decoration. When he let the dragon of the thick black varnish flow from the point of his brush when he painted his layers of opaque gold with powdered charcoal, it was as if the whole ancient soul and the whole present day soul of Japan were engrafted within his soul to guide his hand. He had the power to make in the eye that passes the supererogatory instant that attaches it to eternal life. A few scratches on the snow, a tuft of fur, or a tuft of moss sufficed him as a subject, a stroke, a shadow from his brush, and the

absolute flows through his work. He seemed even lenily to abandon his color and his form when he had barely sketched them in, as if warned by a prophetic flush



HARUHIDE (1718-70). Young women at their laundry print.
R. Keene Collection.

that he should go no farther. A leaf of his album took on the grandeur of a fresco.

Before transposing the reptiles and the birds and the

fishes and the little mammals and the aquatic growths into his profound gutt of greens, blacks, reds, and the golds of his characters, he had so seriously penetrated the meaning of their animation that it seemed as if that animation was what caused the glistening material to swell. The rolling trot of the mice, the flabby appearance of the hounds, the silent flights in the sky, and the undulation of seaweed at the water's edge passed under the glazed skin of his pieces. His heart beat at having understood the spontaneous force of life that is hidden under the grass we tread on, in the depths of the dark springs in which our gaze is lost, and under the broad leaves which spread themselves out and cast a green shadow. Gold on gold, gold on red, gold in black, red in red, black on gold, the lacquer incrusted with metals seemed with its seeming forms, to wings the flowered banners that traversed it, and the poison of gold powder that rained on it incessantly an agent of sun hot gold in which he trembled.

It was from Japan that there descended upon the later time that wave, formed of the minor industries, which becomes an ever babbling torrent and man given to any practical object that comes from Japanese hands the character of a work of art. Kōra like every great artist of Japan, remains a workman, and every workman in Japan can become a great artist, whether he is a painter or a lacquerer, a bronze worker or a smith, a caramut, a wool carver, a carpenter, a gardener or like Hidari Jingorō, Kōrin, and Kōran, more or less of all of them at once. A close and vast solidarity unites one with another all the branches of the most flourishing decorative industry that has ever existed, and it was from the greatest painters that the humblest of the carvers of the engravers got all their motifs. We find in them the spirit of the masters and the same passion, the same will, and the same

power of imposing on matter the direction of that spirit.

Before them, only the Egyptians, when they made the smallest objects, had had the power of giving the aspect of organic life to the minerals of the earth. The fired earthenware of the Japanese has the appearance of animal tissues, or viscera steeped in the sulphur of volcanoes. Their netsnakes, the millions of intimate bibelots and mischievous trinkets of which they reaped a sudden harvest in the seventeenth century, are precipitating little things whose ivory, lacquer, or metal our fingers love to caress, as if they were tiny, warm animals hiding in the hollow of our hands. Capable of casting the largest bronze statues that the world possesses, seated colossuses whose raised finger and whose smile dominate houses and forests from afar, these artists have also embroidered in iron and cut it into lace. They found alloys, unknown before, which give to brass the veining of a marble, they mixed and harmonized the metals as a painter amalgamates and



UTAMARO (1753-1806). Kitoki taking the breast, print in colors.
H. Peier Collection.

grinda colors and assigns to each its part. Iron the bronzes black or green, tin gold, and silver are overheated as in the processes of the print makers. Mother of pearl and ivory are associated with them, with the intimacy that the sky and the clouds have with the form of the earth. The old suits of mail, in which hammered copper and iron, lacquer and steel are bound together by cords of copper and silk, look like great black serpents. The Japanese have only to open their windows, and butterflies and grasshoppers, stamens falling from flowers, leaves torn from trees, and the broken wing cases of insects enter and fall here and there, wherever the breath of spring blows them on paper fans, on earthen pots, bronze vases, lacquer washstands, and iron sword guards. The fragile life of the ferns and the peach is mingled by the Japanese artist with man and fair maid and military life. Even from pools of blood come these creatures of gold.

VI

It was the period when art tranquilly left the temples and the castles to overflow the street as after the great centuries of Greece. It was the period when Matsubei,¹ a direct, sumptuous, and rare painter turned his back on dogmatic teaching and opened the way to that 'low school' which expresses with the greatest evocative force, to Occidental eyes, the everyday soul of Japan. The genius of Kouni, alone and free, the struggle of Goshin (1741-1811) against a half return to the Chinese school favored by Okio (1738-93), the powerful portrayer of great wild birds, and above all, the appearance of prints, popularized by the severe harmonies of Moronobu (1638-1711), and of

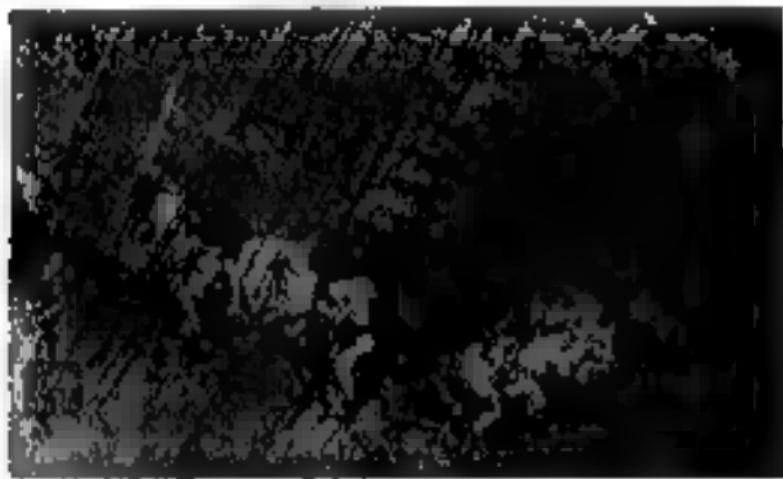
¹ Middle of the eighteenth century.



UTAMARO (1753-1806). The Mirror-priest. (Louvre.)

engraving in colors which was invented by Kiyonobu (1667-1729)—at this protected and helped along the activity of the school of the people. Netsukes, potteries, lacquers, inros, and sunomono were sold in every bazaar.

Prints invade the houses of the middle classes and of the common people. Views of the sea, of the moun-



Hiroshige (1797-1858). The Shower. print
(F. Vever Collection.)

tains and the woods, the dresses of passing women, pennants, signs, colored-paper lanterns, the whole noisy bustling twinkling fairyland of the Japanese, permitted the engravers of the people's prints to expend, in miraculous profusion, the fantasy and power of their genius as colorists, dramatists, and story-tellers. Europe came to know Japan by this popularized art, by this infinite subdividing of the central force that Sesshū, Motonobu, and Korin revealed to their country for the glory of man. It is not altogether the fault of Europe if, in unpacking its boxes of tea, its lacquer caskets, and its bamboo furniture, it hardly

saw more at first than the slightly comical exterior of the Japanese soul. For only the externals were at first conveyed by that rising sea of little colored papers on which stretched out parades of screen figures in epic posture, gnarled landscapes, warriors streaked



Hiroshige (1797-1858). Road of the Tokaido, print.
(H. F. du Pont Collection.)

with blood convulsive actors, bedizened, painted, pale women, and artisans, fishermen, reapers, and children—all a little droll—and multicolored, gesticulating crowds, and evening festivals on the waters. In that strange confusion the surprised senses of Europe could for some time discover nothing but violent colors and disjointed gestures, and it was only little by little that there came to be perceived a power of orchestration and a power for characterizing things that carried a flood of revealing sensations into the Occidental mind. How should we, without Hiroshige, have witnessed the progressive illumination and darkening of the skies over the islands of Japan, how should

we have discovered the import of the great drama that comes up over the horizon lines, the tall bare trunks of the pines which shoot up from the Japanese landscape of flat spaces between of the deep silence of the air and the sea, the singular harmony of the snows, the mass of the waters which are almost black and against which white units float one another? He has shown us how the winds come down the hills and bend the trees, he has shown us the poetry of the blue lights of his country when the trees are in flower and how its colors are lit up by firework and the incense that dance above the wooden bridges. we see the crowded boats and the men who that play on them. How should we have known design without the pair of tamato who first seated the audience and stopped at Isotoge to see mothers giving the bread to their little ones and without the troupe hand lighting the best miniphanes of the actors and without Shunsho, who spread the colors on his prints like streams of flowers and without his courage, the reticent lines of the long feminine bodies the bare legs, bare neck shoulders and arms that look out from amid the disrupt harmonies of silk harmonies and half of bodies and without Hokusai around whose themes like flowering rocks, plant the earth and without the whole Hokusai how should we have appreciated the value of the ones which outside the realm of scientific interpretation carry by their expressive force to impress the sensations of the places in whitened space? How could we do otherwise than forget that they no longer knew Kusshiro Motomachi and know as their models whom to stimulate our eyes their flat tents shoot out before us the folds and rasing of the robes and convert them into orchestral harmonies? We see them clearly even from our distance as when we are on a bright from which hollows and projections are

effaced one discovers the design of a great landscape garden.

With flowers of green or blue, with flowers of flame, with red leaves and golden leaves, the Japanese embroidered robes in which the down rises on the daylight falls, and all the blood of the veins is spread out on them and all the snow of the mountains as it glares in



HOKUSAÏ (1760-1849). — ILLUSTRATION.—*Private Collection.*

the sunlight, the fiery clouds that float in the twilight are on those robes, and the fields veined in mus—rose, mauve, or azure—and the fruits whose downy skin turns color as they ripen, and the silent rain of glycine petals as they fall on sleeping water, and the pink and white haze of the flowering fruit trees. Tossed upon the robes as the wind might toss them, the Japanese weavers and embroiderers have set frightened birds in flight, and into the folds they have twisted convulsive monsters. In the crinkling silk they have opened up landscapes where leaves and waters murmur,

and as if seen through autumn foliage, the inconceivable tone of the imperial chrysanthemum appears. The blacks, those deep and absolute blacks that almost always have a part in their designs, by the stripes or spots on robes, or in their patterns, by the note of the hair as it piles up in flat coils or by the fat arabesque of the powerful ideograms, their blacks are the muted accompaniment against which the violent incisions show their drama and their great calm and their peace and die. When the women pass in procession across the prints of Nippon we do not know surely whether the Bowers, the dead leaves, or the whirling snowflakes on their silk kimono were scattered there by the summer, the autumn, or the winter they have traversed, or whether it is not just the walk of these far away creatures which spreads about them the summer, the autumn, or the winter. Everything sings when they come even violent death. The landscape responds to them the landscape in the pink blossoms from which the petals will fall, the snowflakes, the landscape where the flowers stand the frost, the landscape with its lamps there over serene waters, the mountain landscape where without meeting gardens in the quiet trees pass against backgrounds uniformly black.

The sun of Japan, in these millions of living leaves, falls like ever heavier raindrops, but now it got farther and farther from its roots. The country had been closed for two hundred years, dead to the world from without and the trees from within beat against unbreakable walls. Too long deprived of the upper tanks for interchange which is life, impotent to renew itself, its soul embittered into itself grew ossified, and lost itself little by little in detail and in anecdote. Let us admit as much. The art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, despite the abundance in

which it spouted forth, despite its verve and its life, seems a little frail and troubled, feverish and caricaturish beside that of the preceding epochs. The

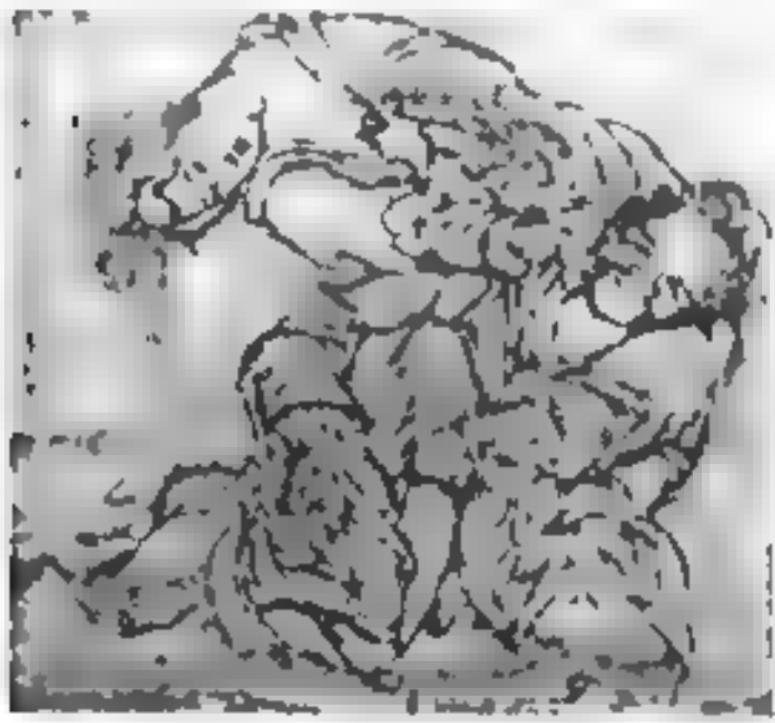


HOKUSAI (1760-1849). Drawing. (*Louve*)

great Hokusai himself the protean poet, the man with a hundred names who filled more than five hundred volumes and twenty thousand prints with his thought,

' the old bush mad about drawing — the distracted vagabond who gave the map to the art of the people and scattered the spirit of Japan to the four corners of the universe, as a great wind destroys the forests of autumn — the great Hokusai himself is an expression of the decadence. He has for his a fleeing feline creatures the unutterable power that was perhaps possessed among us by Repulse! — now he had that powerful yet timid that she babbles in the art and that love of secret lands open to which Cimole Linton and Bergereau set the tremble of their gold and silver. His bitter, critical or terrible or bantering or caustic or harrowing is the same as that with which Goya tore from the world of form the swift exhalts of the tragedies of his heart. He has the infinitude of knowledge and the skill of all the workmen of his nation. A pool of Shunsha, a river of Nechua of Iamus, and of Koen there was not a fiber of his in India's silks spent that did not find itself into theirs, to twist and spread in limbs and branches through all the beings and all the plants that he encountered during his very long life when he roamed through the woods and along the streams. When he breathed the mist of the cascade or crossed some baulked bridge to leave the busy crowd to it dispersed in the streets, the gardens, and the houses. He spoke the humbird and the proudest word that has come from the lips of an artist. When I am a hundred and ten years old, everything that comes from my brush is paint or a live odore alive.' He has described every kind of act and told the tale of all the days. He did the things that the peasants do, and the workmen and the bakers, and the weavers, and the people of the fairs, and the children. With a boldness that is now witty now quite pure he has set down the story of their games, their trades, and their passions. He

has loved all women their hard pointed breasts, and their beautiful arms that flow in such soft rose ones. He did not have time to tell us everything though at any moment he would leave the people he was talking



Hokusai (1760-1849). *The Rape*, drawing.
(H. Yosel Collection.)

with masters leaving their fine broad swords or ped
diers to follow a bee toward a flowering hedge over
which he would discover a gardener at his work. He
would lie down in the sun for his noonday siesta, but
without any intention of sleeping. He would not make
the slightest movement. He would hold his breath,
at the slightest vibration he would raise an eyelid. He

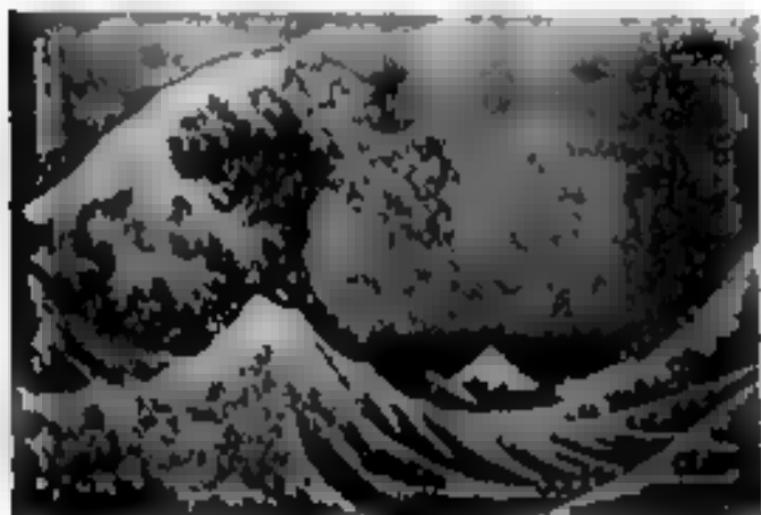
would follow the buzzing spot until it had settled on his bare arm—he would set himself be stung so as to study the monstrous eye, the sucking proboscis, the metal corslet, and the thin elastic members that the insect is forever rubbing together. When he had gotten wet to the bone while looking so carefully at the rain, he



Heuton, 1280-948. Drawing. From *The Knave*.

was in haste for the wind to come and dry him so that he might see the whirling flight of the dead leaves, the lanterns of the festival, and the feathers swept from wings. If he climbed a mountain and came out above its low-lying mists, it was to get a sudden sight of some peak mounted in crystal space; and, as he came down again, to durrover through rifts in the fog the thatched roofs, and the rice fields, and swarms of men under their round straw hats, and junks scattered over an opaque distance. When he had seen the pale Moon tree in the black sky over a world empty of forms, he waited impatiently for the red sun to discolor the air so that he might seize the appearance of the world,

in the islands of gold spattered with dark touches
that now the inner seas, and the blue or red houses that
appear amid the pines, and the wandering sails, and the
conical volcano, now crowned with blood, now with
silver or opal, now with the violet, the rose, or the blue
that one sees only in half opened flowers. The oily
oscillation of the sea, the glaciers thrusting up above
the clouds, the motionless or restless tops of the woods

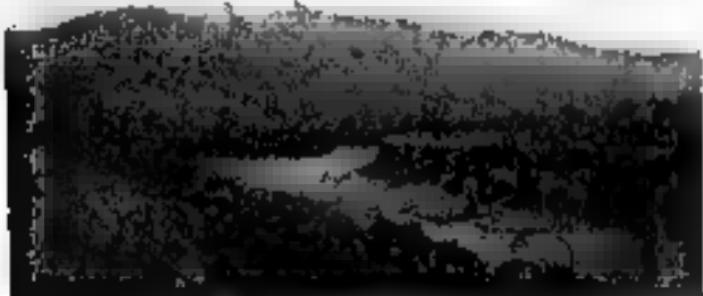


Hokusai (1760-1849). *The Wave*, print in colors. (Courtesy)

the whole universe stamped itself on his mind in
deep harmonies, he seems to crush blue-green, and
blood-red jewels in an air that is filled with watery
vapor and that transmits light to things. He com-
mands form like a hero, and at will he is lyrical or
philosophical by turns or simultaneously; and an
epic poet and a satirical poet, living in the most fright-
ful nightmares after leaving the most peaceful realties,
or whue still among them, and passing at ease from
the most unhealthful invention to the noblest vision . . .

And yet through his swift art analysis reveals, and burned too abysmal often has he in an expression of desolation. One is being told to say that he foresees the end of Old Japan, that he wants to prepare a living echo deposit of it, hastening to tell everything about it in direct immediate notes that strike like lightning as if to leave its image complete, too voluminous and immense to the future.

After both Yosa et al address a direct line an ebony and pure laurel to the & mother of women who pass before the background of blossoming branches and the sun has gone. The rest of him that throws Japan into the path of the Orient, brutally withdrawn from life. It is like a wheat field and low by the wind of compass. And notwithstanding Japan has yet fed nothing, abandoned nothing of her soul. She has imposed on the world her art to her life. Now she must find in the motives of her sister and her power for comprehending not as her power for expressing. The soul of a people cannot die entirely, it is the people or else living. Already some of her art students are beginning to be finding again the spirit of their race, broadened and renewed by the thought of the Orient. One day certainly a great art will be born of that meeting. But the present attempts are premature. Japan has a more hollow life and more positive purpose to achieve now. After attaining military strength, let her therefore acquire absolute strength. In the use of the energy that leads to action she will surprise the creative spirit that will spout forth me say later she will be rich. Then poor. And the cycle will begin again.



POTOCATITL, MEXICO

Chapter IV. THE TROPICS

1

ALl peoples feel the need, at some moment in their history, to come into that prolonged and fecund contact with the world of the senses from which there comes forth the verbal musical, or plastic representation of the mind. But each one of them speaks its own language, that a given people which has composed poems or orchestrated symphonies remains incapable of rising to plastic generalizations of a distinguishing accent. Outside of the French, the Italians, the Spaniards, the Flemings, the Dutch, sometimes the Germans—I hesitate to say the English—the societies of medieval or modern Europe have left the industrial art of the people only to attempt imitations, more or less disguised, of the great foreign schools. Now all the races, even the most primitive, possess the faculty of decorating pots, carving wooden figurines, making furniture, weaving stuffs, and carving metal. That is to say that any people in Europe which has not, in the general onward

sweep of Occidental culture, known how to utilize the stammerings of these rudimentary arts, to make up a language of its own, a living language that expresses

it in its highest desires, must seek to realize them otherwise than by images, which it does not know how to use because it does not love them. Besides, as civilization becomes universal, it perverts the needs of the people's soul, and the manifestations of that soul take on more and more of a mongrel character. To find a primitive art that retains its sap and can impart new and strong emotions to sensibilities that have preserved or regained their first ingenuousness, we must go to those peoples who have remained primitives.



AZURA HELMET (GUINEA).
(Guillaume Collection.)

It is in the tropics or near the polar regions that men, in the heart of modern times, have preserved practically intact the spirit of their most distant ancestors. It is only there that they have not passed beyond the stage of naturalistic fetichism and the grouping by tribes.

In one region the heat is too intense, in the other region the cold is too severe. Here the seasons are too distinct and too heavy, there they are too torpid and of too slow a rhythm. Among the peoples of the tropics, even the most rudimentary effort to get food and shelter is practically unnecessary, the effort to rise is too hard, and with the poor peoples the only use of effort is to secure an existence, which is vegetative and precarious, the nature of the country being too ungrateful for the inhabitant to imagine that he could modify his surroundings to his profit. Finally neither in the one region nor in the other have any great human migrations passed, to renew the race, to bring it the breath of the world outside, because the course of these migrations has been turned aside by the ice, the deserts, the over-dense forests, and the too-vast oceans.

The black race is perhaps that one among the backward peoples which has manifested the least aptitude for raising itself above the elementary human instincts that result in the formation of language, the first social crystallizations, and the industries indispensable to them. Even when transplanted in great numbers to places like North America that have



Africa. Fetish of the Bakoulas, copper and wood.
(Guillaume Collection.)

reached the most original, even if not the highest, degree of civilization that we find in modern times, the black man remains, after centuries, what he was—an impulsive child, ingeniously good, and ingenuously cruel as in

the case of other children, all of his acts spring from unmeasured sensibility. And yet his was the only one of the great primitive races which, inhabiting a massive continent in large numbers, lacked neither arms nor heads to modify its surroundings, uncover new relationships, and create new ideas. But this continent is divided into twenty sections by the sands, the mountains, the brush, and the virgin forests; it is infested with wild beasts; it is feverish and torrid, and is cut in two by the equator. Its northern shores, those on the Mediterranean, are habitats for white men, and only these regions have, from the beginnings of history participated in man's great movements toward the future.



Africa. Buste from Benin.
(British Museum)

However, if we revert to the earliest times we discover an Africa that was probably identical with what it is at this hour, and consequently on the same level with that of the tribes that peopled the north and the west of Europe—perhaps on a higher level. War and



Africa. Bushmen (water on shore. Copy in the Transvaal.)

commerce created constant relationships between ancient Egypt and the Sudan, and Central Africa participated in the development of the civilization of the Nile. From that period on, iron was worked in Nigrisia, while the old world hardly knew yet how to work in bronze, and the African jewelry that is still made by the Somalis of East Africa, the Pahouins, the Ashantis, and the Haoussas of West Africa, was brought by caravans from the confines of Upper Egypt to the markets of Thebes and Memphis. The jewelry is heavy, of a thick and compact material, with inclusions of blue and red stones whose opaque glow spots the circles of mat gold or of somber silver. Geo-

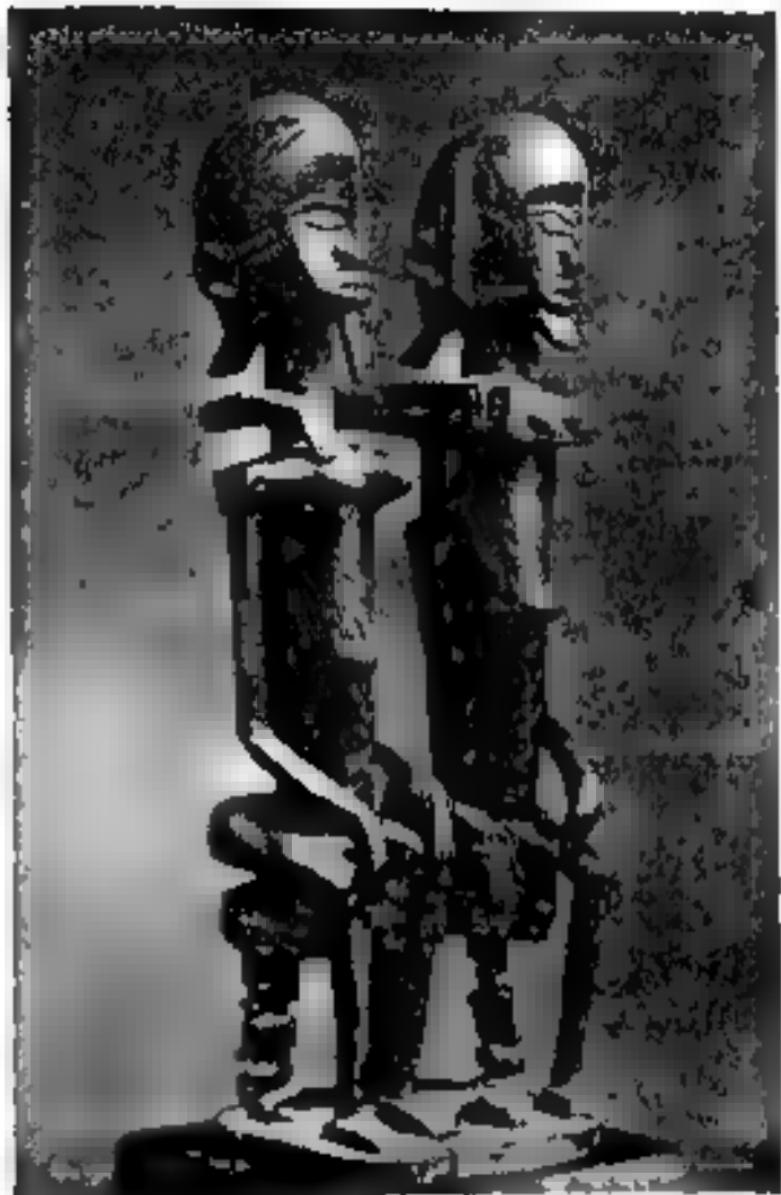
metrical figures are dear to all primitive peoples, whether they paint their pots, decorate their huts, weave their clothing, or stripe the skin of their faces or their bodies, and cutting into the African jewelry in every direction we find again these geometrical forms—short, fat, dense, and pressed closely together. As mathematics, the science of inert forms, preceded biology, so geometrical ornament preceded living ornament, and certain child peoples, incapable of interpreting life, have arrived, in ornamental art, at the highest degree of power.

The human mind proceeds always from the simple to the complex, but when the great artist appears to unite the most differentiated living forms through a single arabesque, or when modern science tries to express all its conquests in mathematical symbols, the mind is invariably brought back to primitive sources, the very ones at which instinct slaked its thirst. The result is always the impressive agreement between the most obscure feeling and the highest form of reason.

Africa. Great helmet of the Baoulés for the Goli dance (Ivory Coast) (Guillaume Collection.)

In general, we need not seek, in the art of the Negroes, anything more than that wild unreasoned feeling which merely obeys the most elementary demands of rhythm and of symmetry. When the youthful peoples follow





Africa. The Two Principles (Upper Niger).
(Guillaumes Collection.)

the instinct which urges them to impose on the living forms that come from their hands a vigorous archaic litteral appearance, an awkward, rough symmetry. They unquestionably obey an impulsive desire for synthesis, but this synthesis is of the kind that precedes experience and not the kind that follows it. The sculpture in wood of the Negroes is still very far from the great Egyptian sculpture, for example, whose advent coincides with that of a social and religious edifice of the most powerful architecture. Perhaps it is a first sketch or pre-embodiment of Egyptian art that we see in Negro sculpture—one which may carry us back almost as far as the appearance of man in Africa. From such a beginning may we have come the sudden start for the ascent through the long centries in the great fertile valley where the black and white races fuse. Then, after the slowest, the loftiest, the most conscious stylization, after the art of the Nile has sunk into the sands, the Negro again prolongs the immortal inspiration of Africa until our own time. But to him we must not look for metaphysical abstractions, for he gives us only his sensations, as short lived as they are violent—an attempt to satisfy the most immediate needs that spring from a rudimentary sensibility. And perhaps it is even because of his fearful candor in showing us rough surfaces, short limbs, bearded heads, and



Amara Tribal
Ivory Coast
British Museum
Collection

drooping breasts that he reaches his great expressiveness. These sculptures in wood—black wood on which



POLYNESIA. Sculptures in wood. (British Museum.)

the pure blues, the raw greens, the brown reds take on a violence so naive that it becomes terrifying—have a simplicity in their ferocity, an innocence in their mood

of murder that command a kind of respect. White, pale, pale eyes in them, the burning cap and black blood. Although man is afraid of them, he cannot help hating and loving his enemies rendered concrete in the cringing children and the cringing gorillas which are sketched by long strokes in the wood and which locate the jaws and brains of his host or the sides of his friends.

How are we to discover in the confused and the ebb and flow of the tribes and the nations of Africa, the stronger currents which would have led without a culmination of the own heat to the European project to a conquest on the basis of a more enlightened inner work? The Hausas and the Ashantis prefer to devote themselves to all the base industries—wearing ornaments, the working gold, bronze, in bracelets, pottery and ivory, bows and axes, and those of the Negroes of the Soudan or of western Africa who yield to the current of Moslem propaganda have a presentiment of coming into contact with the spiritual spark of Islam of the existence of a higher life. They frequently surpass the Herero artisan in working metal and leather for articles of luxury. But we must go back farther into the past of this dark land, this land fertilized by blood and find the traces of a need belonging to a still very confused but strongly affirmed gatherer under more destroyed among some of the African peoples, by the immigrations of other black men and the invasions of the whites. Among the natives of Tuareg, Niger, the Gabons, and the Ivory Coast we find idols, dance and war masks, objects of daily life and weapons whose prototypes undoubtedly date back to a very ancient period, perhaps an immemorial period, and these works bear witness to a desire for elevation that is not alone very accentuated, but also powerfully engaged. The plastic synthesis

here, borders on geometry. The ensemble of the work is subjected to a kind of schematic rhythm which permits itself the boldest deformations, but always allows certain expressive simulacra of the object interpreted to remain. The kingdom of Benin, which was one of the first to receive the Portuguese navy galleys and in which there developed donations about the end of the Middle Ages, the greatest school of Africa, had admirable bronze workers. By their powerful feeling for embryonic life they became very near relatives of the archaic Chinese sculptors, of the Khmers and the Javathese. They twisted black serpents together to make of the rough and ready coils in which they were the supports for copper stools. Their pot often took on the aspect of a human head and with lines of great purity other vessels were ornamented with strongly built rude and very summary sculptures in which the familar silhouettes of the dog, the lion, the cock, the elephant, and the crocodile are indicated, sometimes with a strong tinge of irony. At this period, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Africa seemed, moreover, to be emerging from its long nightmare. The Bushmen, contemporaries of the Negroes of Benin, peopled the south of the continent far from the

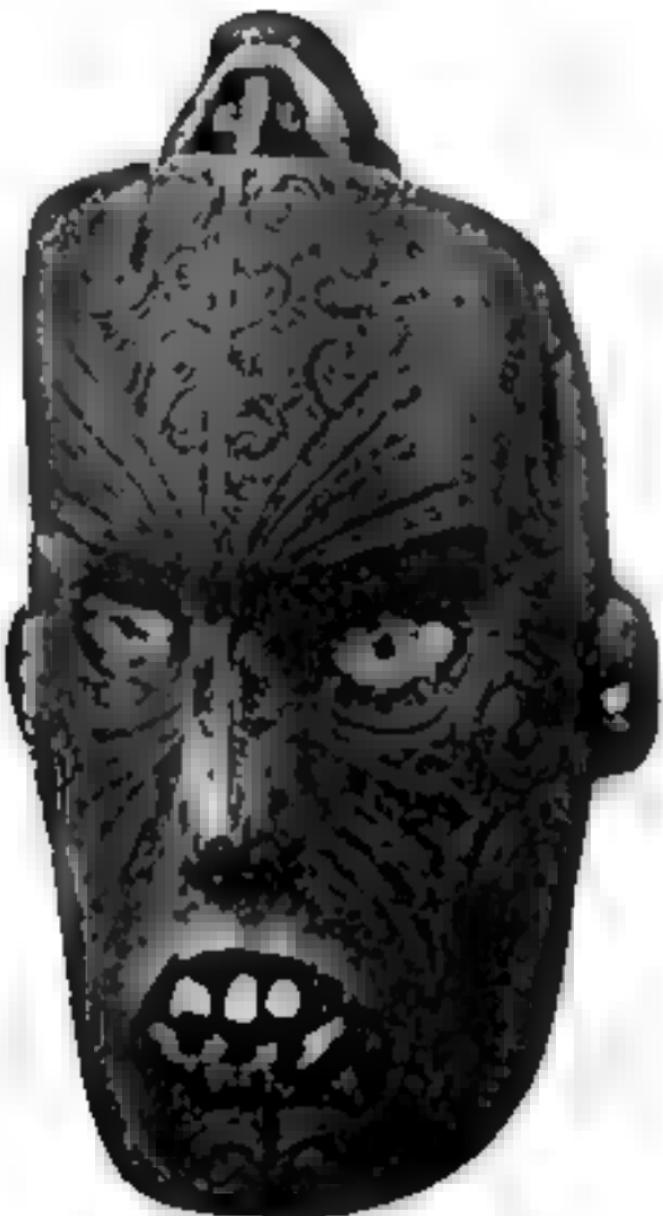


Poulama Sculpture
in wood
(British Museum.)

equator the deserts, and the forests of Central Africa, they lived in a healthier climate where stock raising is possible, where wild beasts are rare and game is abundant. They could had they permitted have given a decisive impetus to the mind of the Negro races. Living more often from hunting than from hunting their nomadic and adventurous life militated their relationship with the tribes and the soil of Africa at the same time that it sharpened their senses and nullified their man. On the walls of the grottoes, where they hid the heroes they had stolen, they have left frescoes of red ochre in which we see, living again, their hunts, their wars, their dances, and beasts that flee or march in line. The form is only an approximation, but the flat spot vibrant, and the stammering, making like shadows on a wall, marks with a single movement oxen that are pursued, antelopes climbing a slope, great gray birds crossing the sky.

II

It is the most interesting effort, doubtless, that has been attempted by primitive men since the days of the cave men of France. But this elementary painting seems condemned to have no evolution to disappear brutally. The warm waters that ended the glacial period obliged the reindeer hunters to flee from western Europe, the Bushmen dispersed on the arrival of the Kafirs, the Boers, and the English, and from day to day the colonization of Australia reduces the number of the aborigines who covered the rocks of the great island with black, sulphurous, red, and blue frescoes which testify to a generalizing spirit whose rudiments are perhaps less visible among the inhabitants of Africa than among certain peoples of Oceania. Polynesian art, like Oriental art in general, would seem to tend



New Zealand War mask (British Museum.)

more especially toward decoration, whereas the character of the art of Africa, like European art, shows tend to a more marked tendency to plastic form in order to emphasize the activity of power which is the only source and within its means a characteristic.

It is true that the climate and landscape of Oceania offer to the sensitivity of the Polynesian natives that are not found in Africa. The dispersal of the race among the thousands of large and small islands separated by vast expanses of sea is perhaps the origin which, presenting the necessary cohesion among the peoples, presented also a great civilization from being born in the Far East and from spreading round about. And now it is late—the conquest of these regions by Europe the disease, the alcohol, the narcotics and the religion that it brought them have made the Polynesian race it have devastated them and overcome them. The time has already arrived when they are beginning no longer to feel in the true sea the poetry of nature which surrounds them and which formed them.

The islands whose blossoming forests spring from seed brought by the wind cover the huge ocean as the city clusters of Greece over the eastern Mediterranean from the promontories of the Peloponnesus to the bays of Asia. Nature is prodigious there beauty though sweeting with its fecundity surrounded by perfumes, bursting with flowers dizzied with its five-colored birds and its gleaming stones. The forests descend to the water's edge where they are reflected in the cup of black sapphite studded with pearls, where marine monsters dwell in caverns of coral. A beautiful race of men, high of forehead and artless by nature inhabits the islands. They live in the open air in the shade from the sun, among spiraling forms and the blazoning orgy of the colors. The language of the face is harmonious,

dancing and war and music are loved, flowers are woven into crowns and garlands and when the people gives itself up to love it is still living with the springs and the sunlight. Its mythology is very near—through its triumphant grace—is perhaps of the dawn and of the sky—and through its crystalline symbolism—to the old Ionian legends. Had life been a little less facile,



New Zealand. Wooden head (British Museum)

had there been only among the people, a rich future would have awaited them.

The gods that the Polynesians carved in the soft material of their wood, to be erected on their shores or at the doors of their cabins, are in general more animated than the symmetrical silhouettes cut by the Africans. Perhaps their art is less ingeniously conceived and less severe. There is more tendency to style, it seems, but more skill, and at the same time less strength. The eye sockets, the lips, the nostrils, and the ears become, in the most interesting of these images, the point of departure for long parallel lines, sustained and deeply cut, for spirals and volutes which are the result of the effort to demonstrate religious ideas or to terrify an enemy in war—we find in them a profound and pure agreement between the spirit of the myth and its concrete expression. These are no longer dolls which are terrible only in their crudity. They are violently and consciously expressive, with their attri-

bites of living with their cruel visages and the colors that cover them are the symbols of their ferocity in combat and their ardor in love. Whether we may see the gnarling faces in the prows of the long curved boats, or the savagery sheltered under the branches of the colossal forests, trees or monsters dappled with vegetation with leaves green, we find that all these works have passed the archaic stage represented by the statues of Easter Island [which is to Polynesia what an Egyptian pyramid is to the origin of man] would be to a set figures too much enclosed by the flesh. All are monstrous and have a have sprung from the best of energy unhampered by the wall loves and the stolid senses of a country drunk with its burning heats. In no bolder way and the multi-colored plumes that run up at the the sunlight. Long ages before the white man came to force the sun hot rising on the people and to dry up their pastures spent the great tribes with their robes to the shot bows forests and the birds and the naked men who roamed the woods, tattooed from their feet to their foreheads, painted with red, green, and blue and covered with great undulating lines that were arranged to bring out the forms to accompany with their flashes the rhythm of the trumpets and to accentuate the muscles of the face in their terrifying play of expression during moments of detachers and cruelty.

Their purpose was to captivate others, to terrify the enemy and through an art not even more obscure and vast to play in the symphonies of nature the role dictated by the great corals hanging from the tangled vines which bind the giant trees, by the glossy coats of the animals, by the berry things, and by the sinking of the stars into the sea. All the primitive peoples of the tropics who go naked in the freedom of the night have, in this way and at all times, loved to paint or tattoo

their skins with color—the Negroes of Africa and the Indians of America, as well as the Polynesians. But with the Polynesian, the tattooing takes on a brilliancy and evinces a care for rhythm and life that we find nowhere else save among the peoples that derive from the nations of Oceania or who have been in touch with them for a long time. For their geometrical ornament, the Japanese substituted figures of birds, dragons, chimeras, women

which are ready pictures through their movement and composition. The New Zealanders, if they preserved in their tattooing the geometrical ornament of their Oceanic ancestors brought to it a precision, a violence, a will to style that would almost suffice to define them as artists if their plastic genius had not revealed itself by other manifestations.

Wherever they may have come from—the Polynesian migrations



EASTER ISLAND (Colossal sculpture, Inv.
British Museum.)

across the Pacific have scarce a trace of a history than those of the birds that wander from estate to estate. They retained the ancient ceremonial that distinguishes the populations of Oceania. Like the settlers they used to set up posts ornamented with effigies of figures, and to decorate their weapons, the utensils of their industries and household, their houses and canoes, with painted painting that relates to them to observe and perpetuate their traditional rites, their practice of exorcism and of magic, but that in reality it means that human love of life, of fire and of all else which satisfies us to have made some sort of nature images for her to stand by better as I say to lay to recreate from the four elements. But a new and great thing was about going among them all at such time when he came the Maoris who increasing in numbers and a tribe increased and increased until he said to the world. It would suffice the English in the name of the god of war - here also the temperament of the natives. They had practiced cannibalism it is true but only after they had entirely destroyed the last specimens of the native savages which still wandered through the silent forests at the time when their war canoes ornamented with frightful images arrived in the great strange lands which were devoid of all kinds of men, of reptiles and which possessed almost a few dwarfish mammals. The Maoris had been in the country over one three hundred years perhaps, and it was with difficulty that they managed to organize themselves into tribes, which numbered some tens of thousands of men and in which the birth barely filled the gaps made by the masses of prisoners of war who were offered as a sacrifice to the gods and notwithstanding their race was already dying from ignorance. They had but little villages in the center of which the fortified *Po* contained the embryo of the

future city. Four or five communal houses superimposed from top to bottom, schools, museums of tradition and legend, temples, inclosures for sport and for assemblies in which sat the councils of administration and of war. The decorative forms we find here are always violent, to be sure, they tell of killing, they are red with blood.



PEAU. Painted wood. British Museum.

and contorted into infernal attitudes, but already they manifest a persistent demand for balance and for architecture, rhythm. Must we not, therefore, see, as the dominating influence in them the majestic landscapes where the activity of the Maoris took place and the effort put forth by the people to maintain that activity? They had passed beyond the dangerous region of the tropical zone. The perpetua, sprung no longer exer-cuated them. Their islands, like those of Japan, ran the

gamut of climate from that of Italy to that of Scotland. They placed their villages beside the opal lakes set in cups of lava, that are surrounded by cold springs and boiling geysers, under the shelter of immense mountains.



PERU. VASE. TERRACOTTA. (BRITISH MUSEUM.)

where active volcanoes alternate with glaciers that descend to the sea, and when the Maoris followed their pine-bordered streams they came upon fiords that reflected the forests and the snows in the shadowy masses of that southern ocean in which no human face had ever seen its image. A great civilization, a great art, could and should have been born there. The mats woven of

phormium, hanging at the doors of the huts, shone with burning colors; the rocks were covered with frescoes in which the blue of the sea and the lakes lived again; the villages, built all of wood, with their sturdy houses whose roofs have a steep slope and with their



Photo by Charles Sheeler

NORTH AMERICA. Horsemen, painting on hide.
(Museum of the University of Pennsylvania.)

palisades for defense, were works of art, deeply carved with horrible figures which were tattooed like the people themselves and framed in prodigious series of curved lines, of interwoven spirals, of rhythmic coils, thick and fat, whose calculated mazes combined into the form of the human face. From afar, these forests of sculptured wood had the appearance of the a boreal ferns, tufted and slender, which covered the country. There is a little of the decorative spirit of the artists of Japan, but it is more impetuous and barbarous;

quite disdainful of the material employed, it lacks that irony and that tenderness of observation which some times characterizes art-humour. The character of the works is ferocious. Certain sculptured images are of a structure so abstract and so stiffened that upon looking at them one is reminded of the greatest masters of form, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the ancient Japanese; and there is besides something austere and tranchant, a terrible purity that belongs to the Maoris alone.

Certainly no other people among the Polynesians has reached so high a level. If there is between the forms of Okenna and the abject abominations of Easter Island a connection, looking back to and the range of history, it is the Maoris upon whom we must look as the most legitimate inheritors of the one, for the art of the Maoris is nothing less than that of the Polynesians and the other natives of the Pacific. Aspires even more than theirs to realize those reliefs of animal geometry which we can see as the goal of the Incaic art of the ancestral race. Its master, an artist, you who is deserted. But the rocks are dug out in hewings, here and figures of birds, fish and men. Finished or unfinished, more than five hundred columns stand erect on the slopes or in the center of the dead craters. They are terrible figures, massive and ordinary, baring their arms at their sides, almost without a cranium, they have bestial form in which the nose is prominent and dilated and the eyes are wide open, the broad planes in which they are established look as if they were cut with an ax, but features, perhaps, were needed before the people could work the breast of which the figures are made. Why are they there horribly since, with their faces to the eternal sea, and what do they mean if it is not our inseparable need to discover ourselves and recognise ourselves in

the rebellious or docile material that our soil furnishes to us? A seismic catastrophe must have interrupted the works and isolated them from the world. There are tools at the feet of the figures, but no other traces of humanity. Where did those men who erected them take refuge? Whence did they come? What unknown sources had slaked the thirst of these forerunners of



North America. Vases, painted terra cotta.
(Ethnographical Bureau of the United States.)

the strange races of Oceania—with the Indo-Europeans, the most gifted of our planet, and antedating, perhaps, the peoples of Asia? They were the victims of their surroundings. The Polynesians had doubtless come from the Dutch Indies, but that was long before the period of history and previous to the time of the Indian civilizations. The present populations of the Dutch Indies, those Malays who also peopled Madagascar, have not the proud and strong grace of the Polynesians, nor their free life, nor their ardor in love, nor their artist mind with its ability to generalize.

The thought of the Malays is like their character insipid; they accept the beliefs that their successive masters from the west bring to them. Their ancient art derives from the art of the *In-iwa*, their modern art does not go beyond the monotonous practice of *pah* (i.e. industry). It was doubtless through contact with the sea winds and through their ecstatic abandon of themselves to the great currents of the ocean that the Polynesians emerged from the apathy of such origin and were able to cast forth the fortunablie dream that was interrupted, but whose enigma is offered to us in the giants of Easter Island. Who knows if they did not go much farther and, crossing the islands that have disappeared, carried on by the waves, if they did not bring their dream face to face with the eastern sun whose source was hidden from them by the fiery rain part of the *Cosmogram*? And did not a gulf open up before them, perhaps, and swallow up the land of their birth even within their memory?

III

One can believe such a thing when one tries to recover the trace of the old inhabitants of the dead island. Unlike the art of the Polynesians nothing remains one more of the spirit of archaic Oceania than the heretical forms found among the Aztecs or the Peruvian Andes. There as in the Egypt of the Middle Empire the archaic forms seemed arrested. In exchange for the lands distributed to the Indians, their bureaucratic hierarchy doubtless exacted from them that blind and definitive subjection of soul to everything touching the spiritual domain. The Aztecs had reached the point of no longer seeking anything more in nature than motives for iconography, which they stylized with relentless insistence. Hero-

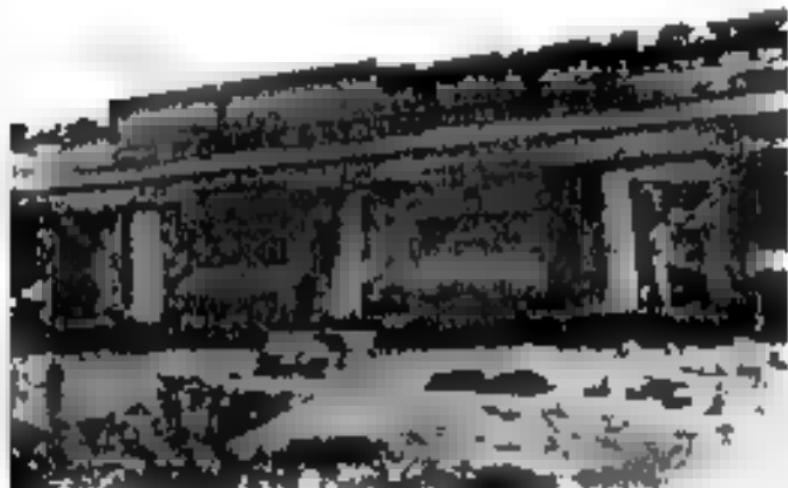
glyphics, carved out and flat, and composite images in which vague human forms appeared among the precise and mysterious interlacings of geometrical figures fringed the monolithic gates of the temples and the palaces. Pizarro melted down and melted the silver and golden statues which the Incas erected to their deities. Were they of a free art? Doubtless they were.

The Quichua pottery of the same time bears witness to a charming popular spirit. These peoples were good. They loved men and beasts. They looked on themroguously, but very gently. Almost all their pots, their bottles, their incaseras for keeping water cold, had heads of animals as spouts and arms or paws for handles, and the forms are unforeseen. Sometimes beautiful, almost always monstrous, they are grotesque, contorted, blown up, crushed



MAYA ART
Honolulu State
Museum of Natural History,
(New York.)

in, warped, or paunchlike Egypt had also reserved the hieratic forms for the face of the sanctuaries, and spent her sorrow in the shadows where, like Peru, she buried her mummies. She also loved to give animal forms to her smallest objects, to finish off pitchers and jugs with the heads of cats, of panthers, of jackals, and



Mexico. Palace of Moctezuma.

cynocephal, even as the Peruvians drew out the tops of their vessels or flattened them down into the heads of dogs, of pumas, of ducks, and alligators. But in Egypt there was a purer and a loftier spirit. And if she was sometimes moved by her bent for irony a very discreet and subtle tendency, she seldom went so far as caricature. Instead of heaping up her cadavers in earthen vases, she stretched them out in troughs of granite. She possessed the cult of form even beyond the grave and purified the form to the point of abstraction. The wing of the mind had touched it—and our world was to issue from that contact.

But in Peru also there was no lack either of ingenuous

social systems or of great dreams. Does not an Aymar legend show the creator peopling the earth with statues which he animates and to which he entrusts the mission of civilizing the world? In no other cosmogony is this profound myth to be found. The old Peruvian poets had felt that it is only when there is a contact between the soul and form that the lightning flashes, and that it is for the artist to introduce into the universe more order, a harmony which is forever evolving and which projects upon the future an anticipated realization of our hope. But the murderous climate and the debilitation of the people, who were decimated by the bloody sacrifices which the priests offered to the sun, upset the prophecies of those who sang the epic of the race and neutralized the best-intentioned sociological teachings.

In that torrid and trembling part of America, the most gigantic efforts were to miscarry suddenly upon the shock of contact with a superior civilization. For in spite of everything, the Spanish civilization was superior, despite the killing and rapine of its envoys and the Inquisition which they brought with them. These adventurers, coming from an old world where the human mind was boiling with the deepest agitation to which it had been a prey for fifteen centuries, these violent



Mexico. The stone of the heart.
(Museum of the City of Mexico.)

invaders, who had stumbled against this continent in trying to encircle the earth, regretted the conquest of the future against themselves.

They had only to touch a finger to the rotten fruit for it to fall from the old tree in which the sap no longer flows. In Mexico, even more than in Peru, the sternness of the measures had plunged the people into



Mexico. The plumed serpent. (Teotihuacan.)

a dull torpor that rendered them incapable of resisting the effect of the invader for more than two years. The sole remaining energy which they recovered was used to help Cortes in driving the Aztecs from Tenochtitlan,¹ which the latter had held under their rule for two centuries. All things considered, the religion of Torquemada immolated fewer victims than did that of Montezuma. And for a thousand years, moreover,

¹ Aztec name for the City of Mexico.

such deep waves of men had been passing over this soil that there came over its ancient possessors an almost indifference as to which master must be paid and to which god should have its tithes of gold and of blood.

Like the Dorians in prehistoric Greece, like the Teutons in the land that was the conterminous of the confederacy of Mexico, all the conquerors had come from the north—the Toltecs in the ninth century, the Chichimecas in the ninth, the Aztecs in the thirteenth. From what direction they had entered whether from the West or the Orient, from Greenland or the Bering Sea we do not know. From both directions, doubtless. We find no types among the present day natives or in the old sculptures of Mexico, Mongolian Asia and probably Scandinavia.



MEXICO. Toltec culture.

Europe are represented there perhaps also the sunken Atlantis. The people had, doubtless, crossed the polar regions, carrying with them, in their migrations, some of those Trots who still inhabit the shores of the Arctic Ocean and who are said by certain scholars to be the descendants of the oldest artful people of the earth, the cave dwellers of Périgord who moved northward with the cold. They had come into contact also with the nomadic Indians of North America, leaving some of their own people among them and taking with them some of the latter to the south. At some periods they had spent winters with the polar races, huddled in their squared ill-ventilated huts, and, in the dim light, had, with the natives, given rhythm to the interminable polar night by preparing the apparatus for fishing, hunting, and commanding the reindeer horn, the jaws of the reindeer and the seal, and whalebone which they engraved with images as precious as the memories of their



The goddess of death.
Museum of the City of
Mexico.)

notorious life that recommenced each year with the return of the pale sun. At other periods, while moving down the Mississippi, they had drunk water, kneaded bread, eaten meats and fruits from beau-

tiful red vases with broad black spots which sometimes give to the geometrical ornament the crude appearance of a mask or a head. This has led in the past to unfeeling talk of hide-decoration with the like designs of hunted men, animals, and dead figures, which in their violent coloring and their awkward drawing, suited the most primitive of symphonies with the most primitive of settings. To them can be given the hunting clubs of Mexican pottery and of Peruvian bar targets with their geometrical life and their harsh rhythmic like those of a picture puzzle. With their faces hidden under horsehair masks decorated with striped feathers, heads and horns, their bodies painted in violent colors and covered from head to heel with matted plumes which gave them the appearance of those monsters with crested spines that are found in the canyons of the Rocky Mountains, they had learned the terrible war dances that center round the idea of death. It is perhaps even more distant memories mixed with them, perhaps there are in the depths of their minds some images of the sculptured rocks of prehistoric Sumeria or land through for thousands of years of their tradition that may have preserved, transformed by time and adapted to new eras, the primal technique of hunting with broad which their oldest ancestor had brought from the plateau of Iraq.⁴

In any event, the vases which are so abundant in

The art of the older regions and areas of the North American Indians, among the Hopi, is as far back and ancient as any in the Americas and the same seems to be true of the ancient lands, notably the upper and lower Mesopotamia. I would suggest the power of this suggestion with Mexican art, which seems to be the same as a kind of survival of remnants of power, but the greater importance of the African Negroes seems to be just off Egypt.

⁴ *Archaeological Products in the Art of Ancient Civilizations*, by Ernest Chavasse.

You shall all bear the tree of these things. The Maya
and quichés who constructed them probably
before the arrival of the Indians, or perhaps even at
the time of the first Latin crosses, must count
the American branch of the Arborescence. Their
monolithic structures in the woods and their
towers and temples were built by the Aztec and
European hands which have sprung up in recent
times of our history over America. In a
great Cross are written the names of the
relatives of Moses which in the Mosaic Ages
was covered with golden plates, but now
beside the walls of one street a certain temple
contains pillars and capitals for general of the
white robes made of low-trunked trees of low
mountain (probably great banks of letters) so among
the Indians we find others like these also for
names as at Mitla or Chichen itza (or other
towns) as we find it when we war off on the postures
where so many names are raised where Nature leaves
back everything to herself where the winds are often
over mountains roofs that bear on their summit a
temple of the Calm air gods.

As in India when we recede from the south to the
north from the confused interlacement of the numerous
peeples to the clear conception of the rational
peoples here when one descends from the north to
the south one passes through every stage from the
chaotic bustle of with complicated and free to the
great luminous halls smooth or bounded out into
abstract eminence which are supported by column
series and white pure edges as here as the people of
the east from the subtropical plains of Yucatan to the
cold plateaus of upper Mexico the way leads through
forests undergrowth wise with serpents, monkeys,
and poisonous insects a place where the mind could

have been dabbled by the weignt of the numerous religions, the eye blotted by bloody mists so that the various styles of building were fused, as the most bizarre fancies of theocratic pride were imposed on the architects. Primitive India, northern Europe, Asia, and America were mingled even as their mythologies had been mangled, and disfigured, in the fierce soul of the old Mexican prophet. Nothing can express the burning restlessness of the soul of these peoples, who knew astronomy who had divided the epic of humanity into four sublime ages — the ages of water air, fire, and earth, which represent the struggle against the deluge, the cold, lava, and hunger who sang the loves of the volcanoes who adored the sun, the profound father of life, from the tops of the terraces, but who thought it necessary that the walls of the temples which they raised to him be always bathed in human blood, that it should rot on the burning earth, and that at the summit of the temples a Stoe of Hearts should offer



The god of death.
Museum of the City of Mexico.

In the engine the secrets of the human being who sets
them off.

The frequent gales of death for Hitler
path gave courage to their god of water of
fear. It seems the god who reigned the water
torrents that stemmed from the sky for six months
and for months at a time sent waves that were
as much as twice the height of men when the
waters of flood can never get the size of the
sun and the moon for them for all their power
cannot determine. I compare the tempests
of Hitler against the lightning highly charged
powers have their threats. The flood waves in
the sea was covered with the heads of the men and
womans. Their hearts were torn out and lifted up to
the god the gods of man that shelter from the
several arrows were cast around over the stage
of the god so that it would expand under a master
of spreading out all hearts of the nations. Waves
of several heads were cast as high as the human
temples. There were instances where one cutted
through a mouth where teeth rended skin and the
entire body which he could not pass without breaking
in burst up to the knees. The persons flayed men to
drown in their skins.

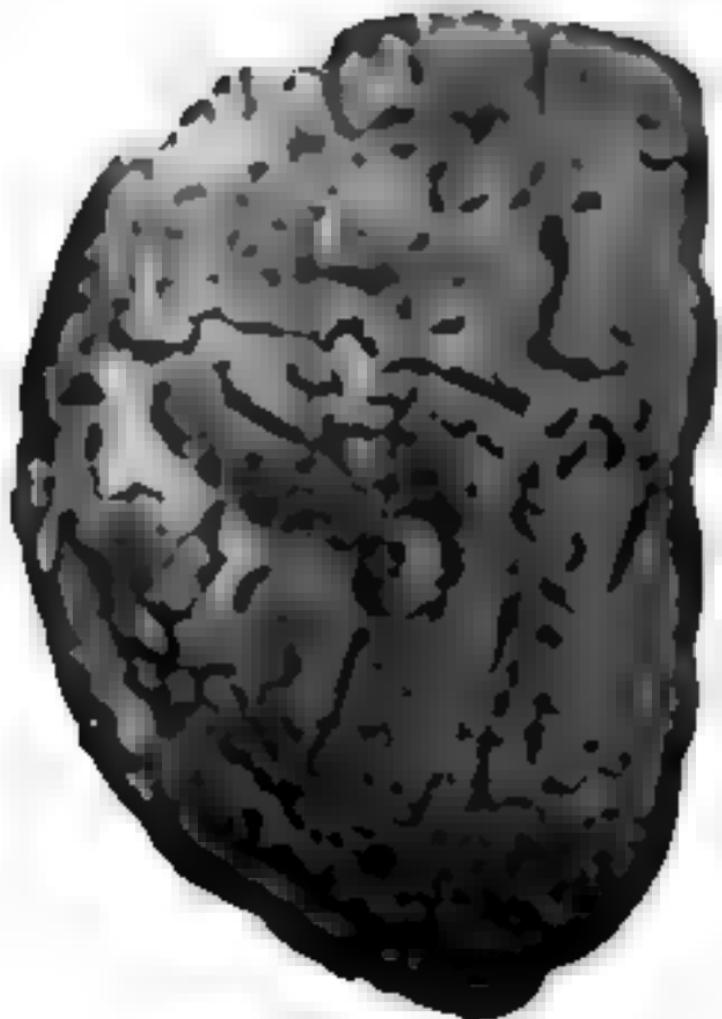
From the depths of this humble red stream that now
gives birth which yet gets into over thirty named
branches passes to us, in the town and there a
little over thirteen miles, all the necessitated and transcurrent
water of the proper have drawn the forms that sur-

It is also important to note that the proportion of the total number of species that are endemic to each country is relatively small, with the exception of Mexico.

rounded them, the great jaws of living structure from which there issued through Egypt and Greece the civilization of the Occident? Everything that was not death was hidden from the eyes of the people. Only when the sun was at its zenith did it touch the sculptured altar in the well that was hidden in the heart of the artificial mountain. The flat bas-reliefs with which the walls were covered and in which one might, under the brilliant varnish of the greens, the turquoise blues, and the reds, have seen men in plumed helmets hunting the tiger and the boa, disappeared under the blood. The vapor of the slaughterhouse masked the idols. The tradition of sculptured material could not be handed on to mutilated generations, and the landscape at which they looked too hastily was always steaming with rain or else vibrating with sunlight. It is by the intuition for mass, and not by intelligence in the use of profile, that one may compare the stone idols which the bronze tools of the Mexicans drew little by little from the block, with the pure Egyptian colossuses whose planes



Quetzalcoatl
(Museum of the City of Mexico.)



to rise into abstraction, to reach the sides of harmony. They say that they have to see how it is in confuse and violent vision, brief and fragmentary, a brass nightmare of violence and cruelty.



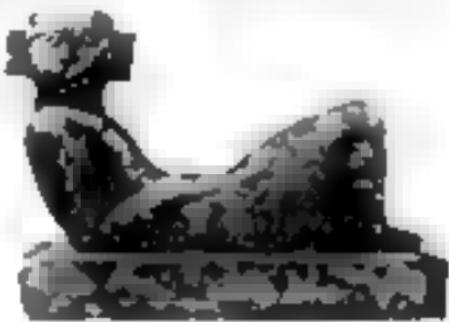
Mexico. States, lava.
British Museum

Even when they erect whole statues, when they abandon for a bit their hunting spolia, the combinations of geometric figures and animated forms, one would say from their manner of art, and the limbs and of giving an architectural quality to the masses that they never saw anything but mutilated trunks, dislocated members, scalped heads, skinned faces with empty eye sockets, and grinning teeth. Life exists in these works only by fits and starts, broken as it is in their soul, it comes in brief tremors, and then is stopped short by despair and by fear.

In confused forms the sculptors combine sections of living animals, enormous pulpy masses swollen with turtled water and bursting with spaces like the prickly cactus. In Central America, where the earth is soaked with the water of the hot rains, where the vegetation

is heavier the massman devolpt and the pouowous thorn bushes impossible to traverse. The dream is still more horrid. In the occupied rocks one distinguishes nothing but heaps of crushed and palpitating flesh, quivering masses of entrails, faces from which the skin has been torn—a confused pile of viscera from the stores of which blood seems to run.

By what alteration of art a thing made to unite mankind did I occupy itself so exclusively, among these peoples, with the celebration of slaughter and death—as it so frequently did also among the most civilized peoples? Our hearts beat more regularly and more strongly when we follow the Assyrians into their mountains, when they strangle lions whose iron muscles grow tense and whose claws tear the belts of the heroes. We unite as if for a prayer around the harmonious groups on the Greek monuments which evoke the terrible myths of Hercules, or the war of gods and man, on the centaurs and the lapiths, or the Amazons—works full of murder, of the blow of falling axes and of the flight of spears, where fingers clutch desperately at knives. The rows of soldiers on the arches of triumph of the Romans, the pause of the lectors of the legions, of the number unperator with his laurels, the plot of the captives, and the sonorous step of the horses fill us with calm and energy. We know on what heaps of entrails the mosques and the minarets are raised, with what bloody mortar their stobes are op-



Mexico. Chichen. Temples.

tainted, and yet we love the cool of their shadow and their gentleness. We even feel a powerful exaltation before the Indian bringers who drink blood and devour golden flesh. It is because the spectacle of strength exalts our strength. It is also because we derive our

tears as to the meaning of our acts and because we like the forms that are necessary to the development of our faculty of bringing about order and of comprehending even through the composite monotony and the multiform fragments, as through continual violence we pursue an elusive and instant idea of happiness and of fellowship. We fumble in the darkness and injure ourselves as we run with the winds. The gateway to the light is never found.

And so we must look for it together or at the very least we must refrain from striking down those who are presumably seeking it in the depths of the shadows. In Mexico, in Peru, the slaughter of the peoples was at every moment sweeping away thoughts that were necessary to the development of other thoughts, and so, one by one, the roots of the future were cut as fast as they grew again. If war can at times exist and even reveal the creative energy of a people systematic massacre extinguishes all energy. The arrival of the Spaniards in the New World, which brought the most impulsive of the European races face to face with the most implacable of the exotic races, was a terrible con-



ALACALA 200
Casa del Hueso.
Museo de Antropologia
y Historia, Mex.
July 1925.

creative energy of a people systematic massacre extinguishes all energy. The arrival of the Spaniards in the New World, which brought the most impulsive of the European races face to face with the most implacable of the exotic races, was a terrible con-

frontation and one that was providential in history. Spain, to whom the attainment of its unity had given a century of creative velocity, was, because of the Inquisition, to perceive the need that man has for man in order to realize himself. It was not to be long before the moral desert should reach across Spain, as it was beginning to reach across America when that land had made a material desert of itself by burning its cities and by throwing its broken idols into the lake of Tenochtitlan.



A medallion, enamel on gold. A saint. (In the Steingorodskof collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.)



CONSTANTINOPLE

Chapter V BYZANTIUM

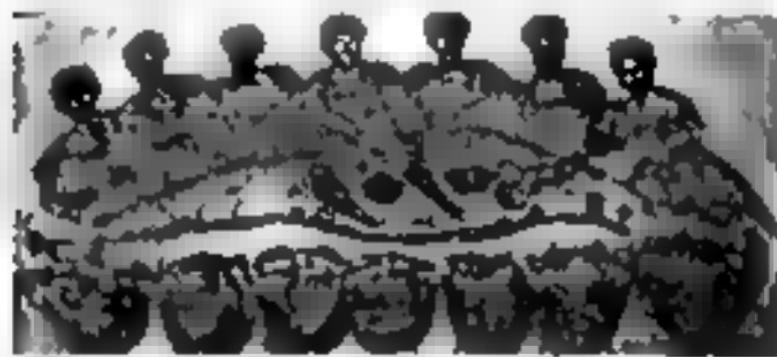
I



BYZANTIUM carried along the world of antiquity to the end of the Middle Ages. As it guarded the gates of the two continents and the two seas, as it was at the center of the ebbies of the fallen civilization, it led its violent and troubled life with the slow death struggles of the ancient peoples. For a thousand years it defended, against the human inundations from the north, the east, and the west, the spirit of law that was Rome, the habits of trade, of politics, and of speculation of the Greeks, and the cruel luxury of the monarchies of the Orient.

The cult of wisdom would doubtless not have felt itself very much at ease under the cupola of Saint Sophia. Athens would not have recognized in the stiff idols that decorated that church, the freedom of her religious naturalism, nor her respect for the living form in the atrocious mutilations that Byzantine justice inflicted on the condemned. The uncompromising

realism of Assyria would have found no savor in the images of the books of prayer, and the kings of Nineveh would not have comprehended the tenor of documents in the Hippodrome and the changes of government effected in the architecture of the Caesars where the purple of the Empire was forever dying itself with fresh blood. The Rome of the Republic would not have recognized its regalities in those fat nobility



Rome. A relief from the Catacombs.

adorned with gold. It could not have tolerated the continuous retreating of law before imperial excesses or the intrigues of the eunuchs. However under the fermentation of the vices, the orgy of the games, the excess of the massacres, and the envy, love, avarice that was obliged to obey the orders of the populace, the law of Rome was here, the opulence of Babylon, the curiosities of Athens, and the only focus of light in the dark night round about.

Christianity which the Greeks of Rome were propagating in the night of the catacombs by means of the image, could not purify or extinguish the light that came from the roaring fire which was burning away all that remained of the sap of the ancient world in the poisoned fruits. The crowds that had responded to



Portrait of a woman from Ceylon.

the appeal of the apostles of Galilee had rendered possible, through the retribution of their revolutionary instinct, the coming of a social régime harder than its predecessor; and the Byzantine autocrat, in order to assure to himself their support, adopted the letter of



Ravenna (7 Century). Mausoleum of Galla Placidia, interior.

the new order and enjoined the priests to change the names of their gods. That was all. The Sophists had maimed the philosophic spirit. The Byzantine concilium codified sophism.

'The schism of 1054, which separated the Church of the Orient from the Pope, was the consecration of the political schism which had been separating the Orient from the Occident since the division of the Empire. Each half of the ancient world, thenceforward, took its course alone toward transformation and recasting. The mould of Rome is offered to the barbarians at the



Antonio B. Baldassari, (Riposo) (v and vi Centuries). San Tommaso, interior

risk of being broken under the pressure of their devotion. He-saints mounted by two deer enter the Orient through Constantinople into the Orient evades it through Mantinea. The ethereal saints are to represent the young Greek beauty of the Catholic areas, more centuries later this represent Latin beauty in its rebirth.

When we open one of these panels that the Greeks must have decorated in the depths of their cloisters between the sixth and the tenth century we will see it was of the strong side of Greece that Christianity had taken the representation of its own life. The whole history of the Jewish people is conveyed in these miniatures and taken on under the names of the new histories. The appearance of Greek mythology David in Hebrew must be right in the Hebrew when he sings. The great goddess with her breast of arms, her breast of face as Israel is always there in the first chapter of the Metaphysical Pictures. At the time when Constantine was young Alexander is still alive and the growth of the one and the decline of the other in air like a new creation. Asia through Samarian Persia transmits to Byzantium the spirit of the high pastures and the land of the rivers. But because of its Greek character the city is above all attached to what the artists of the delta of the Nile have to offer it. They create the image of Hellenized Egypt, that profane portrait on which one looks into the shadowy depths of the eyes that have lost their health and with this reservation the Greek Egyptian artists teach the decorative industries, mosaics and painting such as we see in the garments of Images of fruits, of animals, and of animals that the painters of Pompeii also used to decorate their walls.¹

¹ For the antique origins of the art of Byzantium, see the *Mosaic Art* Appendix, by James Ward.

In the illuminations of the manuscripts there is evidently nothing left of the freshness of the world that once went mad with the joy of its well-doers. But it is the Greek spirit that is here. Man approaches the god with a free attitude; all of life finds its goal in him, as in a center of attraction, and the organization of life



RAVENNA (VI Century). *New of Saint Apollinaris Nickel.*

is a natural one and well balanced in its elements. If this spirit is less apparent in the great painted triads and in the shining mosaics that decorate the convents and churches from top to bottom, it is because there is less of suppleness in the material, because the surfaces to be covered make severer demands, because a decorative scheme is more necessary, and because the artist is under closer surveillance. Sometimes upon contact with the soil of Italy at Ravenna, especially the images turn into pictures full of movement, and figures pass

among the trees, among the herds, on the sea, or on the shore. Almost always they are stiff, ranged in



RAVENNA (VI Century). Capital. (*Sant' Apollinare Nuovo.*)

parallel lines, and possessing no more of the humanity of the Greeks than that expressed in the timid inclinations they make, one toward another, bending their

heads and necks as if to recall the undulation of the great wave that once flowed over the pediments of the old temples. And yet the soul of antiquity survives in the great, stately gestures, the silence, the calm glances, the ineffable nobility and majesty that descend from the agonies of the past. The soul of an deity survives through their mere existence, because the people can pray before them, because they have invaded the altar, the shrines, and the temples with the gold and the silver and the ivory from which they are cut and the jewels with which they are adorned. During a century and a half of imperial ordinances, of ecclesiastical interdicts, of excommunicate and excommunication, the great sculptures of Asia and Greece lie broken in the sanctuaries everywhere, no more. No persecution will drive them out entirely. Dogmatic in their immobility, Asiatic in their material, they remain forever before all else because they express something which, while it may be transformed, visited, bastardized, cannot disappear. The instinct which urges a people to demand from the forms of nature the education of its spirit.

II

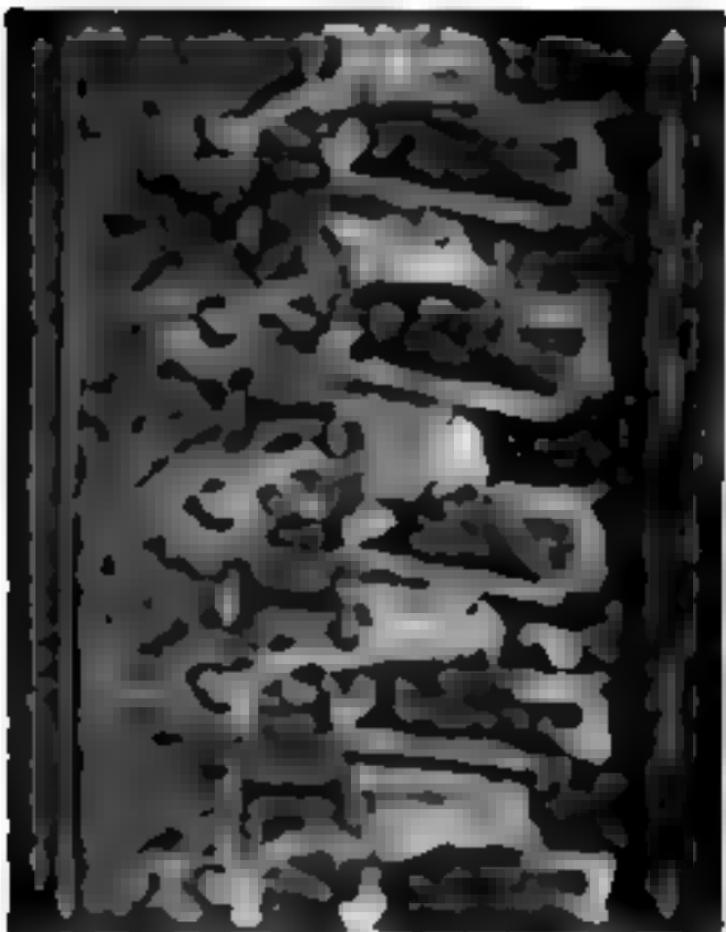
They are Greeks, also, because despite their fixed attitudes, despite the barbarous splendor that surrounds them and stifles them, they radiate a profound sense of harmony. They are the troubled instinct, the living seed of a magnificent flower at the bottom of a plague-ridden pool. Their fearful splendor is that of those blue or green flies incased in shining metal that breed on rotting meat. The spirit of Phantas has returned to earth and found its way to the charnel house, where life is timidly asserting itself anew. The whole glorifies life that hung suspended in the pediments of the temples, swinging from one horizon to another, seems to

have gathered itself in the depths of these Byzantine images. Even the formation of the heads denotes atrophy. Life wells up in the great eyes that look out into space, into the darkness, and into the decomposition and the morbid fever in the soul of the people.



Ravenna (5th Century). The Magi mosaic, detail.
Sant' Apollinare Nuovo.

The inner spirit of the time makes its true appearance in these strange beings look down from their thrones and try, in the prodigious fermentation that is taking place in man's consciousness, to reconcentrate the energy scattered piecemeal over all the pathways of the mind by the decadence of Hellenism. The Byzantine idols have regained the immobility of the statues which before the time of Myron and Phidias, characterized the concentration of all Hellenic effort as it prepared its conquest of an imposing and fugitive equilibrium. But



the sons of the Thoracos and the sons of the Lusones have left home. Armed aspects with their heads ever-gleaming from within, all the great fought and the mighty quaked. There was no safety in the city-palace of the Emperor. These mighty plumed-bearers of the sun were brought of waste and overburdened cities. They were the first to break through the walls of the city, and to sweep along the streets like a tempest of sand. And so it was that amidst the tumult the bearing of the new power was seen. In the pavilions reflected by the sun's light, the soldiers of the Thoracos and the Lusones, the legions of the conquerors, all fell silent as though they were buried. Then suddenly a shout went up from the front ranks, and the magicians said, "The hand of the King is strengthened with strength upon his shoulder." And he spoke. Never in the dominions of the nation have there been such prodigious states or legions, having no master but the sun himself. From that extent down to the infinite. The red and the green had never shone with a more vivid splendor to the fields of the earth and the broad waters of the sea. Never had fire and pestilence more harmlessness to give an instant gloom to torturing suns or to envelop places in greater insipidness. As the voices of the voices were added to a few voices, here dimpled intensities, there intonations through being piled up in long glories and through concatenating in space the eager banners that beat before our hosts and banish our death.

Now through the reddish mud caused by the sunset and the tea-brown light under the broad Pantheon of the Virgin the apertures and the windows covered with gold and dressed in shining robes glistened for glory. High up the great battered cupola held the imperial dress within the temple which the half

cupolas at the angles and the three terminal apses connected with the soil by a series of wavelike steps—as the foothills of a mountain chain lead from the peaks



RAVENNA (VI Century). Interior of San Vitale.

to the plain. In the ancient temple everything combined to associate the meaning of its external form with the line of the mountains and the surrounding horizons; now it had turned inward, and Greek naturalism was brutally accommodated to the taste of

people who had been instructed by Christian life. Whatever he gathered from the outside world St. Stephen whatever he sought of his inward vision he could not let go. That is the secret of the boldness of the early French troubadours who opened and enlarged on the French language.

Never do we find in such as the troubadours or even in the school of a religious monk so much of personal expression. In general, however, the poet himself is more the great painter of the words than the man, the person, or the personality. He has no need of the words to be personal again in the space of the meaning, the inner intent of the sentence, the soul of song. The technique of good, the art demanded, was not that of good, the singer of virtuous songs should exceed the good of the technique and bring up with a strength of spirit, the various changes required, changes of voice and intonation, the right sustained notes in each living note, the response and the parenthesis, the bow and string. The whole was like an immense square of diamond cut through by flamed a regular grid suspended from garments of light. The prepared parts were there ready to be taken.

And yet often the language is quite bare, as of Petrarch, for example, or when the women in their love are manipulated in the manner that is the worse and reddish personification one sees nothing but that property belongs to the thick mass, the sturdy and impulsive person, nothing but marching men, march, order, and movement; a strange sort of barrenness, indeed, even as little by little. The virtue of numbers, that resistless power that is ever present and active in great architecture, in which all the masters depend for authority, which they always invoke and never forsake, the virtue of numbers is engaged with a

formidable monotonous and musical authority. Yet, the flattened cupola prevents the dream from hunting; but the dream turns and returns again. Earth unwillingly, in closed ranks, in a noisy geometry that reproduces, summarizes, potifies the gravitation of the heavens. The golden spheres turn in their round. Sophistry which had taken refuge in the councils, and Mathematics, which had been exiled, fuse in a pure flash, in minor architecture in the obedient orbit of the silent worlds.

III

Here, doubtless, is where we must seek the highest expression of an epoch when barbarous luxury crept into society. When the latter was reduced to shutting itself up in the military enjoyment of harmonic mysteries which were transmitted from one to another by the initiated. Outside the circles of the adepts, the art of Byzantium was never fully developed, for it was embued with gods rendered motionless by dogma and by bureaucratic regulations which fixed the social and professional life of the corporations and the artists, down to its minutest details. Even so, the rise of Byzantine art to its heavy flight was interrupted for more than a century by the edicts of Leo the Isaurian and of his successors who proscribed images. The cult of the icons triumphed only after a hundred years of persecutions, killings, and furious revolts. When the images reappeared, the tradition was shattered, the root of the effort was cut, the artists of Byzantium were dispersed by exile into the nearby Orient, into Italy and as far as Spain and France. If Byzantine art survived, it was because the illuminators continued their work in the monasteries right through the iconoclastic periods. It was because a renewal of energy followed the effort that Constantinople was to make in



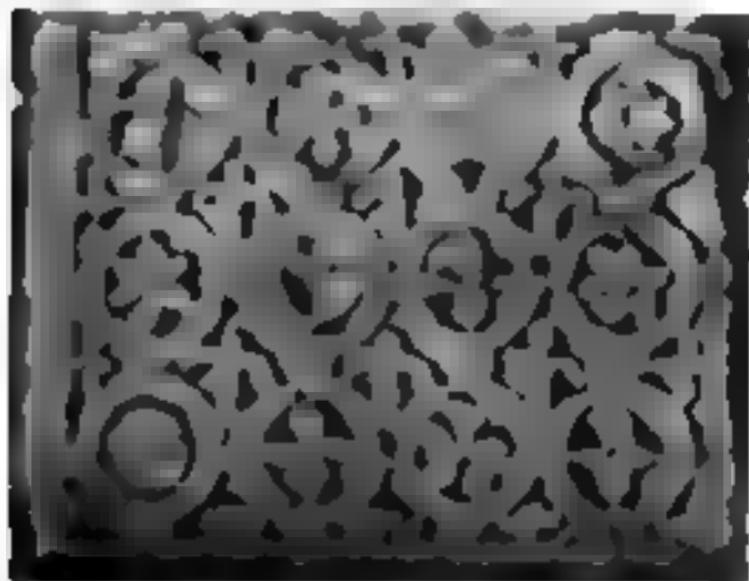
James (St. Cuthbert) - The Penitent. (Book of Hours)

throwing back the Slavic invasion and the Mohammedan invasion above all. It was because, with the Crusades, a great current of life traversed the country. During the two centuries that this current lasted, it filled Byzantium, Ravenna, and Syria with those

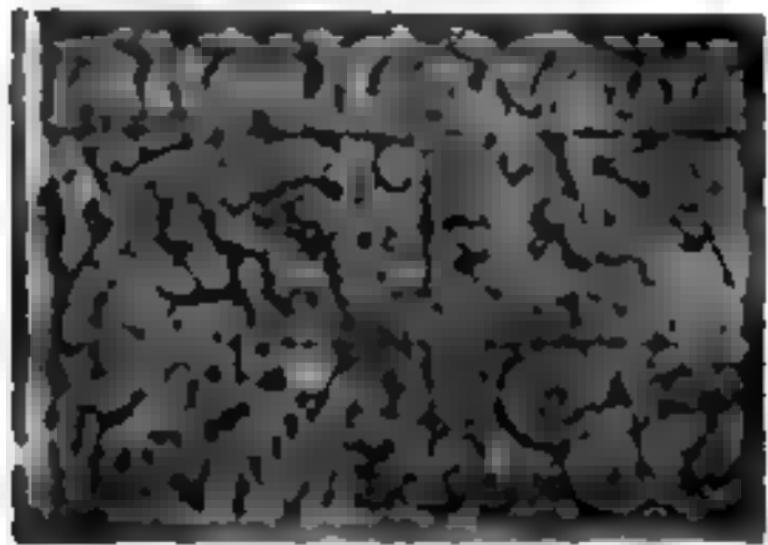


STONE (11 CENTURY). CHURCH OF SAINT PANTALEON. NICAEA.

basiliacs with the polygonal towers—so poor on the outside, with their flattened, tile-covered domes, with their indifferent and dry material, but so rich in their interior where, from a blue and green darkness, elongated figures look down out of great eyes. This new life installed itself in the cradle of Venice, precipitated to the heart of the Arab caliphates, to Baghdad, to Abyssinia, where it still persists, invaded Christianized Russia to combine there later on with obscure Asiatic influences which the Mongol invasion brought from Persia, from India, and even from China. It is through



whether it is better to wait and remain in the city, or to go to the country, or to return to the sea; the last alternative was chosen, and the fleet was sent to the coast of Crete, where it remained for a month. The character of the weather was such that it was difficult to get away from the pirates, who had been following the Christians ever since they left Alexandria.



Byzantine Manuscript. — *Epitome of the History of Eusebius*.

Now the heart of the cities he dwelt in the land of the Christians. He went into Chersonesus, the land where the great army of the Saracens which in the year 637 took all the provinces of the Roman empire of Asia, came in. There he found a number of Saracens who had captured the people of the land, and had brought them to the city. The Saracens asked the city of Chersonesus to give them a stall and stall for imprisonment, together with the feeding for horses and provision that they might have for themselves. The governors of Chersonesus supplied the land with

carved ivories, gold objects incrusted with enamels and pearls, cloths of gold, and golden reliquaries set with uncut polished gems. In these objects, which were for use in the church and which were exported in such profusion, we see how the hard patience of the carvers and



BYZANTINE-ASiATIC ART. Sculptured parapet.

the lapidaries succeeded in overcoming the moral passivity of the barbarians. Through the Byzantine artisans a remembrance of tradition was kept up everywhere, what was left of the effort of Rome and Athens was communicated unconsciously to the sensibility of the new peoples, an indefinite and floating, but real, tradition was established between Europe and Asia, between the spirit of antiquity and the spirit of the Middle Ages.

When man's energy for an accent is exhausted when a social and political group becomes the mototism

center of gravitation for a world; it is historically necessary that revolution or invasion renew or destroy that world. All the blood shed by the Middle Ages and all the gold that was heaped up were suffering Constantinople. Other centers of light were growing an-



PLATE XI.—Constantinople: House of Paul-Frost

pacity. Empire was approaching its summit. The Crusaders, from the end of the eleventh century onward, were hurling Europe upon the Orient to trouble the rents. The barbarians of the west fed on the fabulous cities of the east as the barbarians of the north had marched on Rome. A hundred years after they had pillaged Jerusalem, a city of the Infidels, the Franks pillaged Byzantium, a Christian city. Europe breaks down the rampart that protects her from Asia.

There was in the fourteenth century, indeed, after the fall of the Frankish Empire, a last outburst of energy which spread the art of Constantinople over Rumania,



MONTRAL (Early 19th Century) The Cathedral.

Serbia and Macedonia.—The masses became more and more full of movement; the world moved. First Italy, after having undergone the influence of Byzantium, affected Byzantium in its turn. Great painting was perhaps to have emerged from the confusion of the provinces and to prepare as it did at the



Beside a tree Century: Church of the Holy Apostles.

same moment in the Occident the reign of the individual. But here the effort was too old and had been too often repudiated; the Greek rhythm that was prolonging its echo in other countries was giving way under the pressure of Asia, which was overflowing at every point. It was too late. Even if the Turks had not taken Constantinople men would have seen that the hour had struck. Manuel Panormos, who, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, is to cover the convents of Mount Athos with frescoes, seems completely even too completely Italianized. And about the end of the same century Theotocopuli sees his

Greek island, leaving behind him nothing but the letter of Byzantium and bearing off its spirit alone, in the sumptuous envelopment of Venetian painting. He subjugated the opulence of Venice in the flame of a heart that is unique in history, that was capable, by its sole action, of making fertile the stormy and solitary soul of Spain. It was too late. In reality when Mohammed II planted the standard of the Prophet on the Golden Horn and installed Islam in Saint Sophia, the crisis was ending and no event could have modified the issue. In Palestine, in Egypt, in Sicily, in Tunis, in Spain, in France—everywhere about the Mediterranean, the two mystic currents born of the old Semitic ideal had been clashing for three hundred years, repulsing each other at some points, mingling at others, and revealing to each other, despite themselves and unknown to themselves, the resemblance of all men and the unity of their desire.





THE DESERT

Chapter VI ISLAM

I



THE two religions confront each other. The drama begins, and we must observe that the ideas which Islam was bringing to the Occidental civilizations and the results of those ideas were more numerous than those which Christianity had, up to that time, offered to the civilizations of the Orient. Islam, which in a savage burst of disinterested faith had launched forth, poor and free, upon the conquest of the earth, having no homeland save its tents and the infinity of a dream which it pursued on the gallop of its horses, in the wind that carried the burmooses and the clouds of dust. Islam, throughout the Middle Ages, was the true champion of the never-attained idea which, the more we seek to grasp it, plunges us only more deeply into the future.

When Charlemagne had cleared the schools of Athens and had it in his power to issue decrees from the Empire, he sent for the wise men of each of the Great Powers to Paris and gave them a parchment King's Charter that assured all of their free college. Hence began the study of law. The Augustinians of Paris became there the lawyers who had been the kings' counsellors; then there was given to them a house to which he gave the name of the Augustinian Church. When the Augustinians were given of the lands of the church, they built a church, called St. Peter's, during which time the greatest of the school of Gothic architecture and the other building masters had a hand in making the Augustinian church a masterpiece of beauty and form. Against the wall of the choir of the Augustinian church the two choir stalls were made & standing there have a great resemblance to those of Florence and the Augustinian.

The school of Paris was founded by the Augustinian大师 of architecture and teacher of architecture named Alcuin writing about 790. Another teacher and a very good one was another teacher named Anselm. Writing from him it is known although a very fact is not known to be that of the school was principally of the higher class, perhaps the scholars to whom the teacher had to be educated in the use of that genus. The name of Alcuin is written in the Augustinian church of Paris. In that church there stands the greatest bust of Augustin in the Augustinian church of Paris and in front of the church according to the custom the great professors of that department were buried in consecration to them. Whichever it established itself it remained master of the people long.

When the Burgundian king died the last year after the death of Charlemagne the first earl of York and the Earl of Northumbria their opposition drove to the



Cairo (11th Century). Interior of the mosque of Az-Zaytun.

Byzantine or Gothic churches which they carry over to their path. The rather conventionalized tree-sticks did not matter much to them. They were at home everywhere. They covered the walls with the trees, even with a sort of night-blooming cactus, all the while facing toward Mecca, and left themselves in certain corners facing up that spid. When we happen to pass by trees or bushes like this, they form almost no bulk; the growth on them happens often with the most slender and branching of the trees in the bushes, and with the bare stems of the others, most where the bushes, for situations subject to the wind, exhibit the stinging freshness of laurel. Their palms grow down into clusters of canes like those planted the flat roofs extending to the last corner. The palm was introduced as far as Memphis. Egypt recognized its tree in that of its conquerors.

But other desert routes follow and lead to deserts. Other cities have passed the era of the conquests long ago. In our route in the northern Africa from the oasis of Tripoli to the Pyramids. The national routes for conquered dominions exhibit the energies that had gone away there and converts to generate with his spirit the plastic genius of the well-quarried peoples who have become fugitives. All the more that now the deserts of Africa and Spain transform the fugitives into white cities are surrounded with encircled walls, and before splitting up represent passes not so sharp where the cities come to seek the road after having crossed the oasis. When the body of the caravan has marched long days in the deserts and moving cities whose edge is never reached it is no longer the longest of paths that it goes when the burning air that scalds and roars has hung a town in the sky, it is a peak of bluish haze where no terraces, rounded gourdes and crevices timber behind

an imponderable veil. The Moslem soul, even at the hour when it thought it had gained control over itself, never grasped more than a mirage, a cool shadow spread for an hour between two sheets of flame over which the conquerors passed.

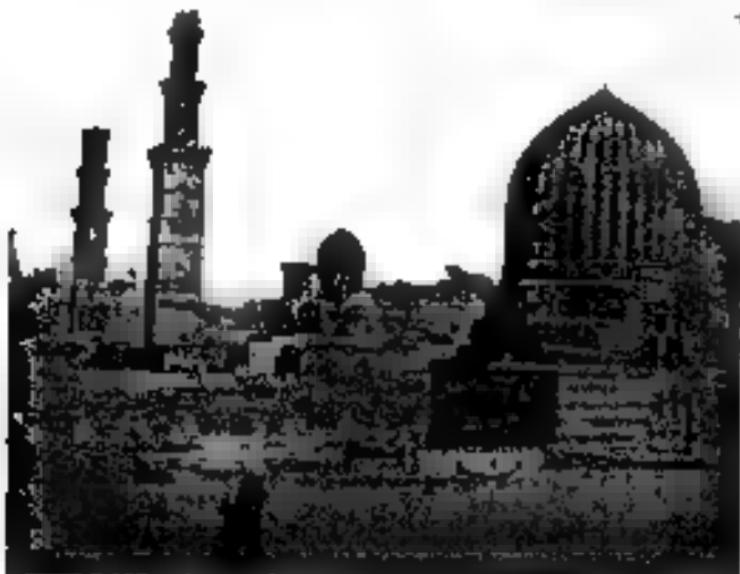


CONSTANTINOPLE—Sant Sophia (532), with Turkish minarets.

When their great drive was ended, when the dream which had always surged like a wave before them found itself stopped by the sea or by barriers of mountains or by the walls of Byzantium or the squadrons of the Franks, it had to find some other escape and, the horizon being closed, it had to move upward. Now it stifles under the Byzantine cupola, it spreads and stretches out under the ceiling of the Egyptians.² The heavy semicircular arch of the basilicas has already become the broken arch that launches upward. The spheroidal cupola will likewise take on ascending lines.

² cf. Gayet, *L'Art Arabe*

It will find again the old Assyrian forms that Sassanian Persia had continued until the times of Islam. The slender ovoid dome carries the eye upward until we get the illusion that the dream of the builders is gliding with its forms and follows its fleeting curve to escape at its summit; the base of the cupola is strangled so that its point of support may be masked and the



Cairo. Tombs of the Mamelukes.

mystery of the suspended infinite be realized. Beginning with the fourteenth century the columns disappear and the bareness of the great naves evokes the desert, with its circular horizon and the vault of heaven—the only repose for the eyes as they look upward. Outside, above the vertical walls that are as naked as the soul, one sees the cupola rising in purity, accompanied by the flying minarets from which, by the voice of the muezzins, the words from above descend at the hour of prayer.

The knowledge of the people has from the earliest times been very limited, and their ideas of foreign affairs vague. It was however with the first great empire that the history of Italy, derived from which, as far as the people had of the ancient world, it is the greatest history of that the history of the great Roman Empire. In fact, not on the street of a single town can such stories of ancient Rome be seen, nothing up to the time of the great empire, but a few traces of the Empire of the Romans. But even from the time of the Romans, especially from Egypt, the people collected themselves by means of the spreading of various heresies, and the separation of the people into religious sects, so that the character of these people then changed the character of the slaves, the condition of the slaves or the state of the masters, which are now always very weak and insignificant, though not disappeared. The big towns themselves remained as before in the state of the town, the majority of the Magistrates of these towns, raised their families of black and white both slaves and free & doctors, but in these towns of a certain condition that provide the best of poor men from which come the big towns. The great number of living, arising from the love of one another, faith, judgment & duty, honor. In the schools, where done by the professors of the most simple, who from the position of a private citizen that is dispensed to men.

II

The Magistrates ruled the form of the people and gave a sort of aspect as between one had and another, one grows and another in the towns and

issuing together from a vague and subtle imagination, ecstasy, doubt, serenity, and misery were expressed by the obliqueness, the verticality, the waviness, the detours, and the horizontality of the lines. All the ornamental motifs corresponded with the obscure and complex emotion of man's feelings and were developed



Cordova. 9th Century. Interior of the great mosque.

to the point of mingling, superimposing, and juxtaposing themselves in squares, circles, bands, ovals, and fans. They passed without apparent effort, like the soul itself, from exaltation to depression, from reverie to lugubriousness, from rectangular forms to rounded forms, and from the fantasy of the unrestrained curves to the severities of the geometrical figures. Every thing that detached itself from the walls, the nibbars, the huts, the doors, and the gratings, was embroidered with interlacing

In Moorish architecture the term for the niche in the mosque indicating the direction of Mecca.

brave stone and plaster were perforated, wood was stained plagues of human sweat and gold were carved.

An intricate system of tapestries and curtains was made to be spread over the walls to cover the arched, to distribute the light from the windows, and some-



Cahors. Detail of the facade of the Cathédrale. 1294.

times to fall on the cupolas and the graded minarets where the paternosters and the grates, set incisor more and more complicated. The whole thing became like a hanging forest, like cactuses in the great garden of spore dust and sunlight.

The arabesque had had its hour of concrete tile geometric ornament, into which it was to evolve in better form spontaneously. It presages, in the brain of



Carved in Cedar Roll of the Abenawagee in the Adirondack.

the article, the first division of a book from author
to the publisher is known as the *first edition*. The form of expression which a truth gained from
experience bears will also change greatly with the
advancement of the science. The first edition
of Aristotle was written in prose, but the second
and third editions were written in verse. The science of
Natural Philosophy at the time of Galileo, when every thing was
unexplored, the imagination of the
Aristoteles was not less than his
knowledge. But the science of
the time in which Galileo lived
had advanced greatly, so that he
was compelled to give up his
old way of expressing his
knowledge. And the progress was
continuous. From time to time
changes have been made in the
science, being a result of new
discoveries. When the first
edition of a book appears in
the market, it is not good to call it
the *first edition*, because it is
not the first work of general
knowledge, but it is the first
appearance of the knowledge of
the particular subject. And at
that time no human being can
know all the works of
the world to be contained in the book.

None of the agents where there are no forms where agents where agents and has nothing beginning and end of an operation + found to experience experiences as he

It is only when these two categories meet together that we get all the great periods of decoration.

whatever which also has neither beginning nor end. It is a natural desire to understand it. In this case of the sentence that the first and following three parts of the sentence do help us to understand the last part. But again when we continue to understand such sentence our feelings and ideas are disturbed and finally we are in a kind of unusual pressure which we expect



*Cards 36 and 37 (continued). Omissions of the first
of the abstractions in the sentence.*

etc. when we allow our understanding to extend beyond to the interpretation of the words. If the extension to reach more understanding of the particular abstraction needs to expand itself it can find no other language word it has previous not one of all than the mathematical abstraction which enlarges the need to have at the absolute of connection.

It is singular that the most power of the language that we expect the most useful to our modern civilization should also be the one which when we ask for

interestingly the pleasure of the abstract creations should awaken in us more than sentiment. That art need lacking in precision and moral compass is to write upon. It is suggested that this statement of pure mind should serve as our most material needs and that when man transports his spiritual world it should be the least element of his preoccupation to trouble. A writer when we desire to know what motivates him is asked to name whatever goes to make up his statement regarding using matter in the activity of creation. It is an often veritable weapon for a mind that dominates it to draw for a cause that can be dominated by it.

Art is de itself is in a constant state of evolution. If even the earliest of arts were not limited in the use of the artist for the desire for that outside which not in elements but in being gives him strength the need for effort undertaken without him and enthusiasm weakens because static saturation has replaced the constant renewal of desire. When mathematics is introduced into the domain of the artist it should remain in the hands of the architect as an instrument whose purpose is to define and determine the logic of the objects they construct. But architecture cannot pretend to do more than adapt a building to its utilitarian function and suggest by the direction of its lines, the most power, but also the import of the great collective statements. It is not the prerogative of mathematics to monopolize form and therefore no more it takes a turn of pure abstraction. When it prevents sculpture from developing and the painted image from being born, it condemns the people which it expresses to remain slaves to the temporary form, which they had given to their idea, it condemns them to die.

What endows it with its greatest value it also

with its weakness. It is stain by the realization of its purposes. It does not renew itself, since the individual cannot break the definitive formulas in which, by its own will, it had inclosed itself. The mosque and the



GRANADA (xiv Century). Patio de la Alberca
in the Alhambra.

Arabian world grow motionless together, exactly at the moment when the Occidental peoples are emerging from the collective rhythms. It is in the hope of a discovery half seen that men gain the power they express in their work, and from this moment on the mosque builders begin to lose courage.



Image of the front cover of *Kitab al-Hikma*

If the desert reveals to men the unity of mind, it is also responsible for the mind's forgetting the few forms that are presented. From the desert come the antisocial and anti-socializing conception of the two irreconcilable worlds of the immaterial soul and the material body. After the death of a people that has failed to durover and to express its accord with the external universe, there remains nothing of that people, however great its courage, the spirit which even now is that which knows how to associate with its life the forms of that universe. It is the rocks, the water and the trees which through the spirit of the Greeks, make the Occident fertile. Every time that history hesitates, we look to the pediments of the temples where men recognise themselves in the gods.

III

The Arab, it is true, never compels the artist to refrain entirely from representing animate life, and sometimes it trembles fearlessly on the walls of the palaces and mosques of Spain and Morocco. Like all the monotheistic peoples who have been moulded by the desert, he was only obeying his instinctive repugnance for everything that is living form. His religion represses instinct only during periods of decadence. During periods of strength, instinct sweeps religion along with it in whatever direction it chooses. In Egypt or in Syria, Mohammedan art had the nakedness, the sinness, and the grandeur of the desert. In the depths of the cool grottoes of the Maghribi and of Hispania, where the caliphs came to listen to the phosphoresphers and to breathe the odor of the lemon trees after their cavalry had reaped its harvest, Mohammedan art seemed to work with blocks of gold ground in clotted blood. In India, it allowed the whole flood of

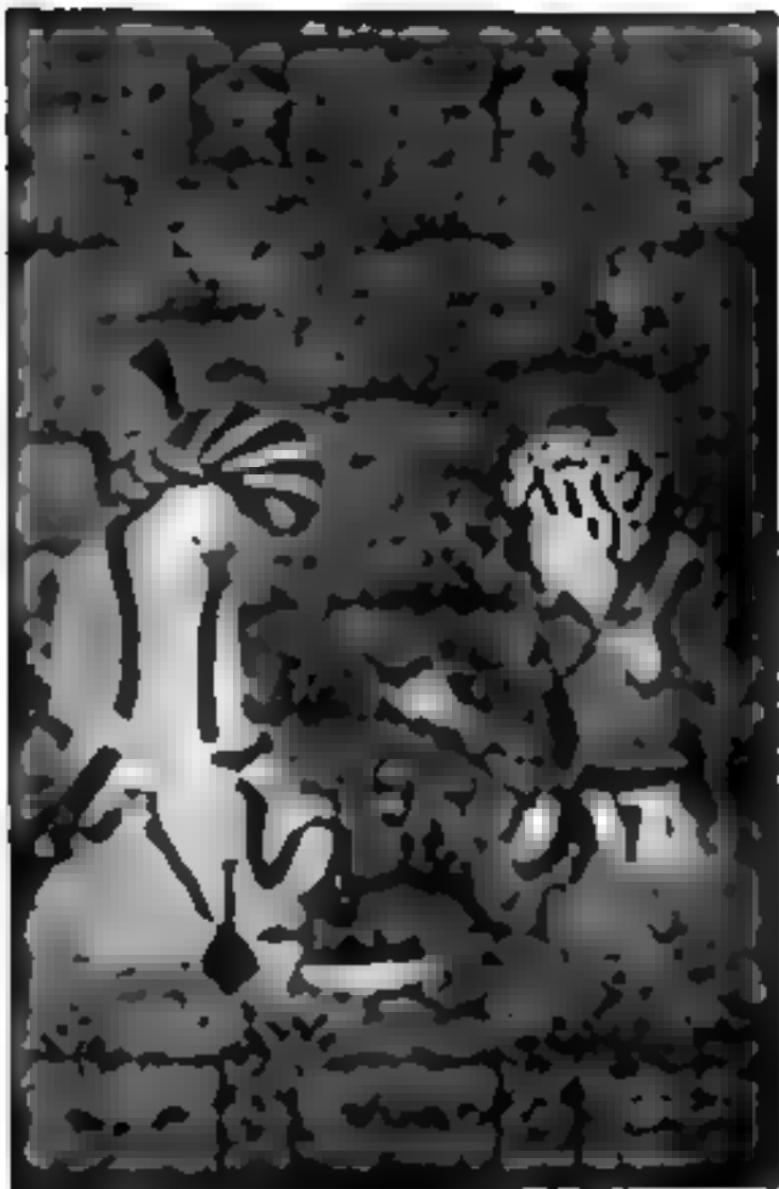
the world of nature to make the people. On the platform of Troy it was the field of flowers.

Perseus to make proportion the earthy forms of the eastern Mediterranean than it does the Andean range of



Circa 1900 C.E. — Interior of the Sebasteion, Aphrodisias

Mesopotamian valleys, which are however rendered by hand ploughed and by tree. In the west in the upper regions there is but little the central desert, high above the dead, three thousand metres above the level, and thus in such measure the slope, the air has the transparency,

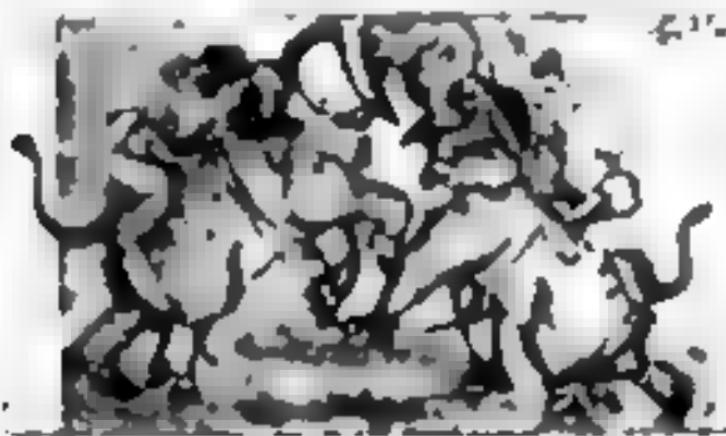


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the lowness of grass. In the breath of the wind the white meadows and the pink meadows there are muffled like watered silk and thus going to set into the broad stripes of poppies and the bands of grass over the gamut of all the uncertain colors to see them tender green to golden yellow. In the vines where the leaves fit and the clusters have those delicate buds that one sees observe in the natural blossoming of them. The vines are deluged with roses!

When one approaches them they are the sunsets of dunes in soft evening or twilight and their long straight branches that emerge from the groups of cypresses and plane trees seem the partitions destined to seal the uncertainty. In the green vines stand out banks pale greenish and it is visible the damage has taken in the appearance of an *aroma* Watercolor painted with vapor on the Persian horizon that is known to artists who have learned it. Both of the caravans from which he says. Next to the sea of the living walls cracking mosaics mosaics whose decoration of other living forms and who is making off. It is trees that are before us. But they are the result of a recent period. The empires that follow form the old Chusan empire that ancient Persia had made known to China and that China brought back to Iran by the Tartar hordes the emblem has kept its glassy brightness under the coating of varnish that covers the brick. Violets blues and browns from whites roses tulips and gerbera share in these realities pure or in combinations that make bouquets and someone of the flowers over white garnitures and arabesques of gold. The pulpy flesh and the pearl surface of the flowers marks and swell the living garlands that here replace the abstract arabesque in which the inventive faculty of the Arab

found its expression. Under the high sign of the desert framed with a crest of roses, the sun-glow of turquoise, sapphire, and emerald makes a revering phanerophore under the quiet brow of the desert whose rounded softness bows and bends at the magnetic impulse of the sun. The orichalcite shaggy like



Persian miniature painting
From the *Book of the Kings*

desert youth dips with slanting eyes. Sometimes the interior of the cupolas starts forth blisters from plates of glass mounted in the pinnacles.

It was in an ancient and forgotten period that the people spread on the walls the Persian carpets from being dark paved earth into which crushed flowers have been pressed. In their place above scattered here and there at the end of the sixteenth century the great Akbar suddenly caused the immemorial fair land of Isfahan to be built. The Persian school of painting which the fruits of that moment had only to hallow to the counts of the men who gave the wealth of devotion to the magnified mosques in order to

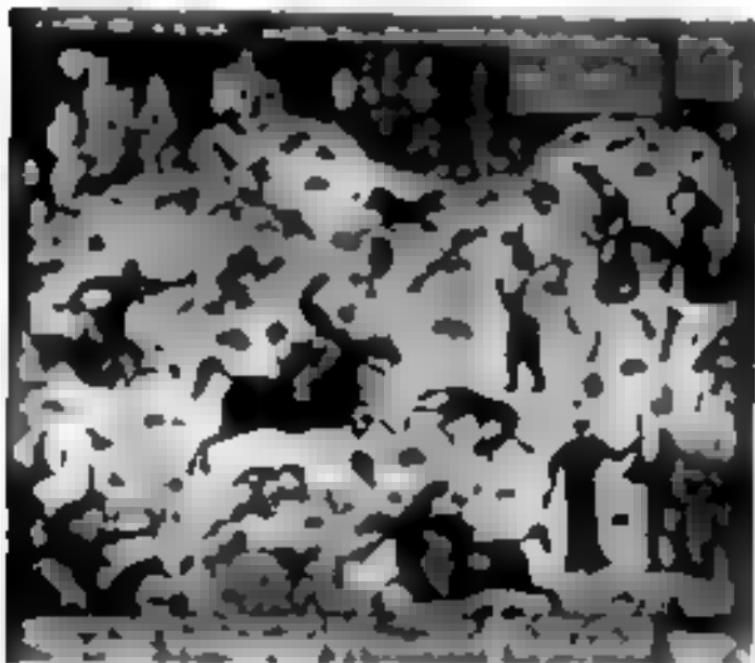
reach through 10 charges through Man and through
Heavenly regions. The highest expression of art
in the man art we know. The whole art of the
potter seems the most ancient and most perfect
brought to its maximum credit due to this art are
The Persian pot or ceramic painting system and its
fine decoration which is not very rich in shapes,
is both one the highest of all the other kinds of art
and of the summae of creation. Nothing remains of
the world of art which has not been professed in
color what at most materials in the absent. Real
feeling in the form. Whether the sky, sea, or sea and
the flowers are painted here. In these of flowers break
through with their frequent various great stretches of
sky with their greatest leaves of gold and the
intensity of the sun with their shining surface. In
pots in keeping the air shape in a state and in
the colors the most delicate and in the positions of
the flowers, the sky, and the sea are in due according
to the changes in the harmonies with which they fit
the scenes. The rare beauty of Persian attracts the
highest admiration in every form selected. The colored
flowers suitable to fade quickly and to die in the
sunlight because I had given up the fresh perfume
and beauty. It was an enchanted dream in
which for a time there were besides the possessive
genius of India, the magnificence of the Persians, the
divine grace of the Chinese and the great fairy dream
world of the Arabs.

Religious treasure from the deserts of Arabia to the
holy islands of Japan and from the Maghreb to
India Persian painting is to be a deep area made up
of the religious centers of the flesh all the frankness
of its representations on the pure fire, the angels, the
wild and hunting scenes of the primitive people
boldly carried beyond the red gates of the paradise



BORZADA (Persia). Mini-painting.
(From *Les Miniatures Persanes*.)

young man was like a pearl fallen from the necklace of stars that encircles the sky. As the sun passed with all the others with the soft leaves that depend on their branches, with the luminous parts of the



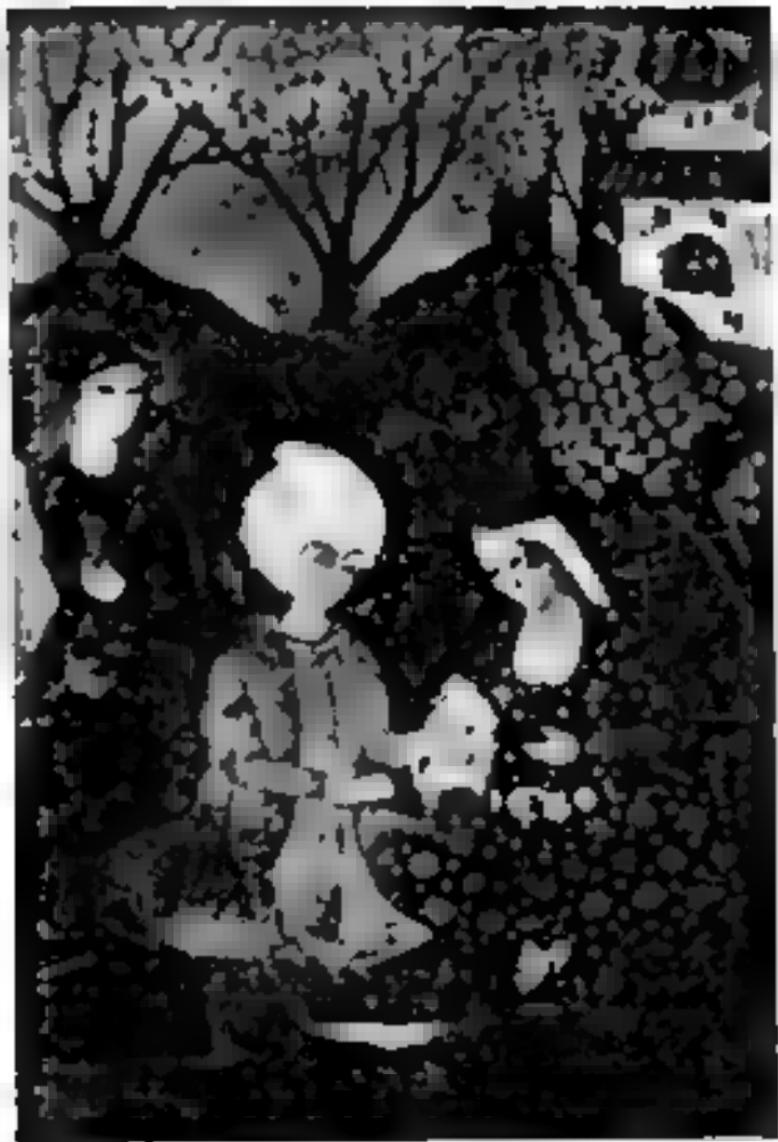
*Prana, the Leader. The Root
Developmental Figures.*

shadows, yet with the vanishing light of the day. There are all the Thousand and One Nights dreamt of by the old story-tellers who from evening to morning talked merrimentfully in the gay frivolities seated in a circle under the tent.

Here are strange new, ventriloquial voices of contrasts and the deeper they plunge into the silent, the farther they live from the others, the heavier the air that breathes

upon them the more marked and surprising these contrasts become. Here are men who wear robes of green and feel no violent burnings of white heat; and who cover the harness of their horses with gold. They have large beards and wear them with pride. They keep their water pure as Immaculate virgin. They know not sorrow and melancholy and impatience or the frenzied laughter and uprush. They forget their natural wants to enter suddenly in a crowd of others so leading. They frequent both the temples of unbelief and infidelity. Their practice of abomination is professed with shame. Their terrible fanaticism it gives way to anything to their terrible cruelty. The flight of time is nothing for them, and they let their long years go by in indifference and marked at the end which they expectant of bewailing them.

The author's estimate of the great contrast of nature and the world the author here stated his ignorance about the duration for the burning of man that he loves. Thereupon he turned after the words the water is no need to the burnt man, the other effect to the transients such hot passion and such pain. The rich man shall have a hundred wives and the poor man shall have a wife and on there is a girl that can never be found between the metaphysical abstractions and the greatest beauties. It is the face of the Christendom that grieves by exposing all the roads that must be traversed in order to the love and as means of remedial to the blindness of the heretics. With these names of the Christendom we must number some of the Christian Heresies which belong to the same other groups as the European peoples. It was doubtful for the French that the Germans were indeed the less spiritual, perhaps, but certainly more curious than that of the Normans.

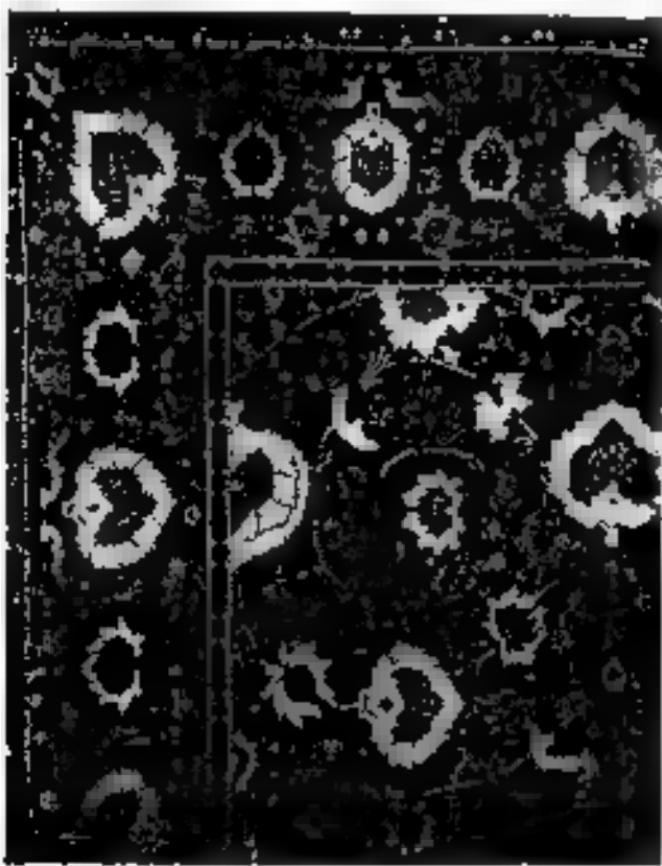


Truman P. Aver - The Buck.
(From Los Angeles Times.)

which emerged from their history, which is to carry on forever into the future a strain of the atmosphere of the country of the rivers. It was for this reason again that in Persian art there was no break in continuity between successive Persian art. This sum up Islam, and that the carpets and the robes continued to be made in the same workshops. Because of their rough quality, also, the Persians suffered from the Tartar invasions and lost all the trade in their period of greatness in three centuries. It was for the same reason, also, that the old workshops of Byzantium did not disappear in the mutations of the world, as other industries did, because again in their struggle with Islam they were opposed to the whole. A new life sprang up though most difficult, discontinuous images even at the risk of losing all the risk of being lost what we need to know is whether it is better for a culture to part or the images. It is a weak defense of the so-called empire to show them as encouraging art whatever it was separate from religion. Let us see its growth in relation both the growth of a living faith, regular use of the cross in which it is clothed or covered, or of the role in which men try to arrest it, and a religious love of freedom, and live only through its intercession. It is with a little more freedom each time it manifests itself. In fact it set to work at any one stage as to stir up all the sources of power.

If industry did not save Byzantium it was because Byzantium was not a beginning but an end, a withered fruit of the Greek tree. It is at the points which made Egypt and Greece and India which gave birth the great Indian civilization and the Hellenic and French Renaissance and which later of the thousand of our own time caused revolution, transformation and the admirable total regeneration of the whole last cen-

ture in Europe. All durable civilizations are born of idolatry, obliged, as they have been, to demand that



PERSIA (xvi Century). Carpet, Fragment.

external nature surrender to them the inexhaustible treasure of her teachings in order that they may give reality to the images that are within them. We cannot demand that humanity live in the desert forever,

when we see that even the peoples of the desert seek the oasis.

We may not believe that among idolatrous peoples the superstitious have lived because with them identity they have freed themselves from it. It is they who by it is the living relationship that it remained to them have withdrawn. Research into the world and its relation to itself, such as an omnipotent instrument for analysis and for the salvation of the soul. The people who recognise nothing but the spirit are the ones who have never been able to detach them selves from the delusions of idols. In the hardness of the desert we see in their superstition because they have been subject to other spirits whose thought and confront it with life.

Moreover far from averting the dream the image offers a point of support which causes it to keep within the circle of human events and at the same time the dream is hardened because the relations in which the image receives birth cause other relationships to be suspended other images to be desired and so men drawn from illusion always a dead thing the ever living aspiration. Idolatry leads to impotence and through it to death. When we have lost our spiritual being it is but the wish that we turn to invoke them to teach us form and life once more. Hence is the aspect that our eternal idol worship wears at the present time. Idolatry sees the third after nothing but a little invisible dust is left of the great unassisted dreams which have been saved by the prophet peoples forsaken by the desert.



ROCK

Chapter VII. CHRISTIANITY AND THE COMMUNE

1



THE Semitic spirit, at the decline of the old world, tried to conquer Europe through the apostles of Christ, as it was to take possession of western Asia and of Africa through the knights of Islam. But through the desert, the bare sky, and life without movement the religion of Mohammed remained near to its sources. It could easily retain its original form and spiritualize everything, even to its

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.—The following lines from the *Encyclopédie Britannique* will explain M. Faure's preference for the words "ogive" and "ogival" as against the more common but less precise word "Gothic." In speaking of the architecture dealt with in this chapter and the next

"A very great step in advance was made by the invention or application of diagonal ribs under the intersection of the plain groined vault. This

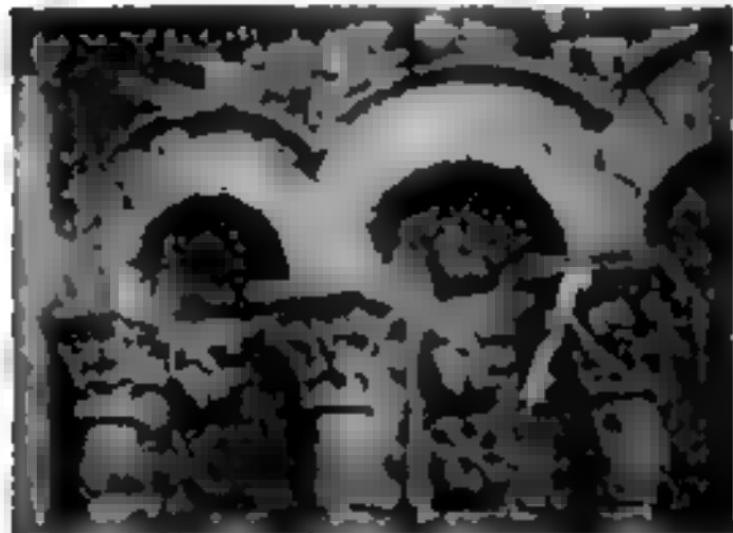
expressed in plaster. It was offered to the Jewish idea an outline transposed to it. The contact with the cultivated mind, with the world, with the running water, with the clouds, and with mobile and living form was to impose on the religion of Saint Paul a nervous and concrete form which turned the idea from its original direction—the dry little and was to bring the people of the Occident back to the course of their natural destiny.

It is true that the impression has been made. The Jewish apostolate through the power for penetration which it derived from its uninterested faith, carried with it a disappointing result; but at the same time it preserved the inner solitude of the masses who had been forgotten by the civilizations of the past. Its pitiless insistence of justice fortified the weak against them. And it is thanks to this that the French spirit and the Gothic spirit alone, brought about in the middle of the Occident a second of which looks us in the present and for which Jesus had the desire.

Had Christianity remained as Saint Paul desired it and as the fathers of the Church defined it, it must needs have thrown its back upon the plastic interpretations of the ideas which it introduced. But as it wished to give it shape it obeyed the law which compels us to give to our emotions the form of the things that we see. In Rome where it was groping in the shadow trying to tear its doctrine from the confused mass of

speculations of strengthening the one seems from to each key of the strongest form he opens the character is lost from which the others, the bond of Gothic spirit has been derived. The word Gothic was applied by Italian writers of the Renaissance to buildings later than Roman. What we now call Gothic is the name given by called Masters. Later the word came to mean the art which filled the whole interval between the Roman period and the Renaissance and has lost of all when the Byzantine and the troubadour forms were defined, either because the art which intervened between the Byzantine and the Renaissance?

the old myths, graven and painted figures were appearing from the first century onward upon the walls of the catacombs. They announced new gods to be sure, but these form remained pagan, even Greek, most often, for it was the Hellenic story that propagated the religion of Galilee in Rome. Let me close my lit-



Catacombs of Ostia. The enthroned Christ.

the hands of the poor people, the art which, above the street level, builds thermae and amphitheaters, which covers cities with fountains and gardens with statues, hesitates in the darkness underground. The soul of the people will not be saved until the day when ethical Christianity emerges from beneath the soil to take possession of the Roman basements and dominate them with propulsive wisdom. It will require ten centuries of evolution before it finds its real expression and compels the upper classes to return to the deeper life and to embrace the hope which has been set free.

The organization of the new theocracy, the repeated invasions of the barbarians, hunger, torpor and the frightful misery of the world between the fall of the



Armenia. 12th Century. Capital from the nave of the cathedral.

Empire and the time of the Crusades, did not permit any people of western Europe to take root in its soil. In return, although every human tide carried away the new cities built on the newly made roads, the tribes

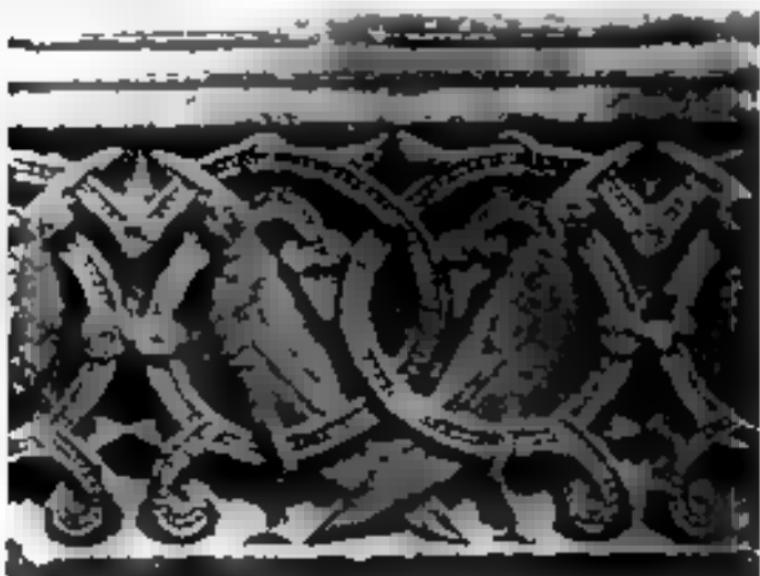
descending from the north succumbed, little by little, to the domination of the moral unity inherent in the Christian idea for which the trappings of the ancient civilizations offered an imposing framework. Over the heads of the peoples in their unhappiness, the instinct



Poitiers (xi Century) Church Notre Dame la Grande

of the military chiefs, who had rallied to the letter of organized Christianity, brings them into alliance with the higher energy, whose spirit, through contact with the warrior class, becomes more and more harsh. When Gregory the Great, some years after Justinian, ordered the destruction of what remained of the old libraries and of the temple of the ancient gods, he consecrated the accord of Rome with the barbarians. The soul of antiquity was dead, indeed. The monarchies of the Orient gather up its last echoes, the monasteries stir up its dust.

The religious communities had remained, up to the Crusades, the only rays of light in darkened Europe. The cloistered luxury of a chosen few in hothouse civilization, was the representative of sixty centuries of effort, of sensibility, of living realizations. Thebes, Memphis, Babylon, Athens, Rome, and Alexandria



MOTTAAC (XII Century) Abscisus of a capital of the cloister

were contained within the four walls of a monastery in old manuscripts thumbed by the hard men who opposed the necessary counterpoise of the Rule, to the frightful impasses of a world that had fallen back to the primitive state. But it was around these walls, in these out-of-the-way valleys, away from the great highways which saw the massacres that here and there, the people of the countryside were assembling to shape the future. The north of Gaul during the Merovingian period had no other centers of activity in the chaos of manners, races, and languages that how-



Pyrenees-Orientales (13th Century) Façade of the church.

and over this agony of the burning cities and the ruined harvests.

In the south, on the contrary, tradition was still profoundly alive. The aqueducts, the arenas, the Thermae, and the temples were still erect in the landscape that is covered by the forests of olive trees. The amphitheaters etc. opened their pure curve to the light. The sculptured sarcophagi were in their accustomed place, bordering the roads shaded by the plane trees that are whitened by winter when it strips them of their leaves and that remain white under the dust of summer. On this burnt earth of southern France which cuts her self against the sky with the sure lines that one finds again beside the bay of Crete, Greek Roman art united quite naturally the pantheon of Rouen. The keen elegance and the fresh intimacy of the Greeks. It descended but little if at all upon the passage of the Arabs who were adopted in this burning sun. Nothing could arrest its fever. Under its violent sun the blood of nomadic Asia mingled with that of terra Latinum. It was a strange cruel perverse world but one of intense reproductive life. Its heat was one of equality and it was fiercer and more extensive than the remainder of Europe when the division of the empire of Charlemagne had separated it from the north which was beginning to discuss its problem of Frankish or Norman domination.

When an orgy of love and blood cleaves the crustament that results from the nervous tension of the highest culture, when excited insanity and exasperated into savagery arise from the same ground, the lightning that flashes from their meeting sets fire burning and their flame leaps high into the air fed by all the winds that blow to the dust they bring and by the debris of green wood and dead wood alike which they hurl into the blaze together. A hybrid

and convulsive art emerges from the earth, a trifl^e frail but so glowing in its intensity that its onrush leaves a groove that cannot be effaced. The trail of fire passed over Provence, supine and dead, and descended to the plateau of central France. The antique columns were set up again round the nervous and clamorous bas reliefs that were painfl^y v. inscribed within the rigid curve of the portico. Byzantium and Islam deposited their ferment and their spark in the heart of the material that still retained its memory of the Germans and the Crusades brought back to the stones, starting in their new animation a disordered tribute of memories of Greece and the Syrian world and, with these, the more distant echo of Persia and India. When the Christians set to work upon the stones, about the eleventh century and erected their according to Norman and Scandinavian ideas, which we see also in the heavy jewels that bear the trace of the oldest traditions of Asia, the great Romanesque style crystallized suddenly. It became, in the hands of the monks, the purest architectural expression of organized Christianity.

II

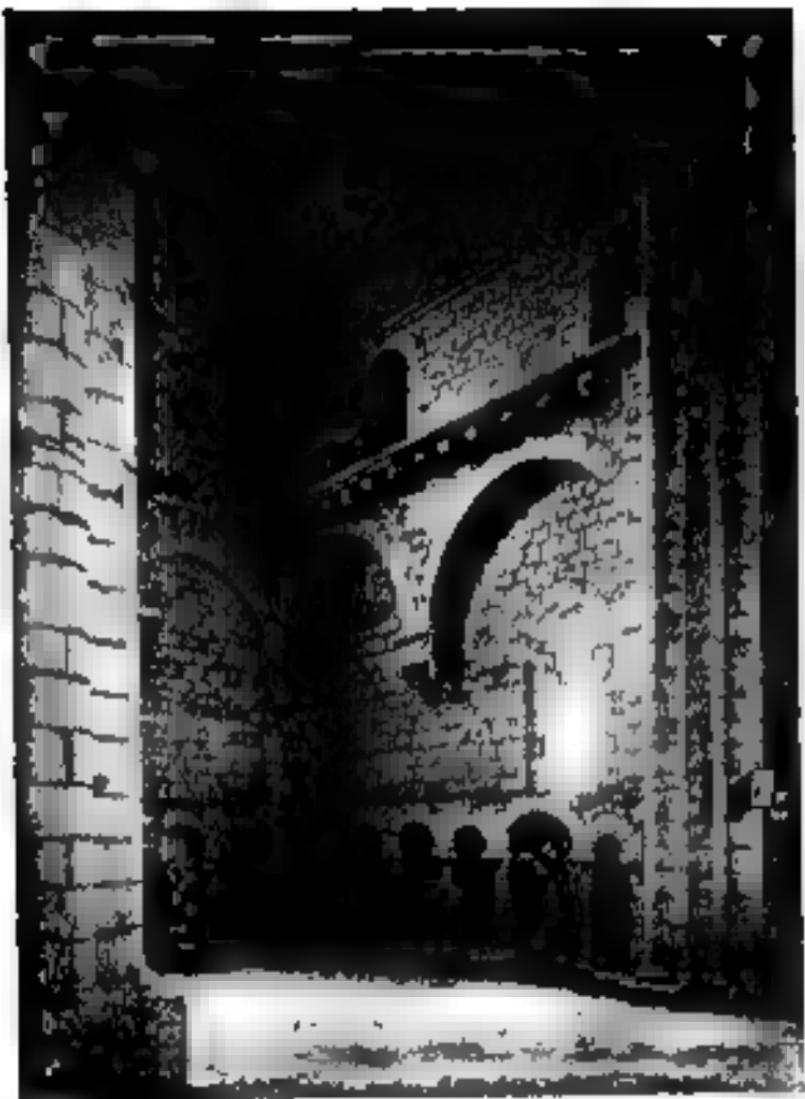
The church built on the plan of a cross evolved from the old basilica—stiff and thick set it has to make an effort to lift up toward heaven its two burly towers, vibrating with their bells, out unshaken by the wind. If the heavy arch that weighed on the central nave did not crush down its supports, it was because the other naves were loaded with lengthwise vaults supported by enormous walls which suppressed the empty spaces where the openings for windows would have been. The farther the nave was extended, the thicker the walls became, and the deeper became the darkness in the sanctuary, daubed with red and with blue. The

short painted pillars there, with their capitals cut into by crude forms, seemed to bear the formidable weight of a sky filled with eyes that judge and with gates that close on parades seen but for a brief moment. The edifice was like a crouching monster whose over-heavy



MONNAIE (XII CENTURY). Detail from the western door.

spine bore down on its thick paws. In the center of the silent cloisters, which cut out a square of shade in the light of the south the soil might crack with drought, but there was cold under the vaults. From these gathered forms, from these clear-cut façades, where the firm semicircle of the arch opened between massive columns, there radiated a naked strength which affirmed the elegance—austere, brutal, and categorical—of a caste in possession of undisputed power. It is the exact image of a fixed Catholicism—the authority of the Councils seated on rock. No outlook on life is



Saint-Amant-de-Cour (Dordogne) (xii Century).
Interior of the transept of the church.

afforded—the soul alone has the right to life on condition that it never breaks through the continuous circle of stone in which it is held by dogma. Rome has cemented the thought of Saint Paul in the material of the churches.



Borziac. XII Century. A pillar of the church.

When the uncompromising moralities of the rigid world, clad in rough cloth and iron, was ready to quit the pages of the manuscripts and the pulpit of the temples and to show its symbolized face to the outside when the four apostles of the Evangelists consented to have grown up beside them a new world of animate forms that descended the length of the columns and escaped to the very tympanums of the doors and invaded their little abodes. Saint Bernard was the only one who perceived that an era was about to end. The monks could no longer close their eyes, when once the day had touched them with its light. Once life had begun to penetrate dogma, there could be no question as to the final result, even if a few centuries were still needed before life should be released by the compact and closed mass of doctrinaire Christianity. In vain it opened its hell, sent still devouring monsters to crawl upon the stones, unchained horrid battles between the absolute virtues and the irreducible vices, divided the world into definitive truths and definitive errors. Life, poor and haggard, but regaining its mastery little by little, was introducing its subtle

divisions between the absolute virtues and the irreducible vices, divided the world into definitive truths and definitive errors. Life, poor and haggard, but regaining its mastery little by little, was introducing its subtle



Viseu (?). XII Century. Figure in the tympanum of the church.

connecting passages between each of these pairs of burial vaults in order to stimulate them and to unite them.

It was clearly impossible that in this universe which had been closed for ten centuries, the monk, son of the Romanesque churches, the theologian armed with a chisel should discover any more at his disposal than to make the dead be massacred, tortured, and suffering like beasts. Long before which made a final effort to break the mould of the Benedictine were Rattled against the new faunus, meditation & expressing an affected exultation. The only men present who deserved the right at that moment to express form and life were the heath and ghouls sons of a theology that had not ceased for a thousand years to look upon and to condemn form and the no-clothed phallic appetites. For the same length of time the people had been crushed between the material invention of the baptismal font and the moral invention of Christ and it had resigned itself in the possessed hope of a full re-life to the baneful of its actual life and when it fled the desolations of its countryside it found no other refuge than to seeking for the supernatural.

But, despite everything and contrary to the life and the ideal which they had accepted, the artist monks were expressing in those primitive sculptures that were rattling the porches of the churches in ever denser crowd the first sudden perturbations of the minds of their time. A singular force was inciting these shapes within their works. In this growing vegetation made up of these rough forms, there circulated something of the sap and the energy which, in the nine centuries, were filling up the thought stone of the Pre-Romanesque and the Romanesque temples. And, rhythmic, a heavy and vigorous rhythm like that with which the flood of the springtime carries

its wealth of buds up out of the soil runs through these rude figures, these heads, and bodies that are bare & more than sq. arched off and which are elevated in a single movement. A pursuant grace & rancid and robust charm hesitate in the stone itself. Clear cut planes define the elementary movements that one the one face towards another face and their one hand to reach out toward another. They seem to obey the silent music which groups numbers into constructions and into figures, according to the summary but essential appearance that reveals them to us when our hands are strongly aroused. It is a rough expression but a fervent one that results from this dramatic meeting of Christian symbols just at its highest tension and popular realism in the innocence of its dawn. The breast of the world was dilating slowly but with an irresistible effort that was to burst its armor. There had been no invasion for a century or two. Born of war and living by it the feudal lord carries war to the surrounding countries. Gaul to which the in-story church had been leaving their borders for so many years became the central hearth for the fire of expansion and conquest. About the closing years of the eleventh century the one during which the Romanesque church allowed its compressed life to burst its shell, the Norman barons

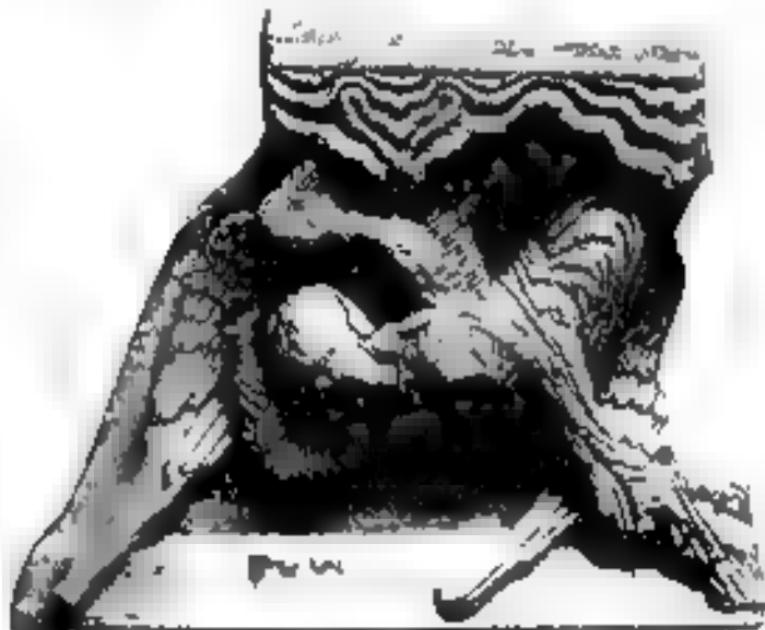


CHURCH OF
Chartres
Feature Angel
Cathedral

passed into Sicily and into England, and the first Crusade hurled the French barons upon the Holy Land. Feudal brutality emigrated for two hundred years.

III

Then the native soil, that which the peoples knew no longer, their roots having been torn from it in every generation by some human tempest—the native soil

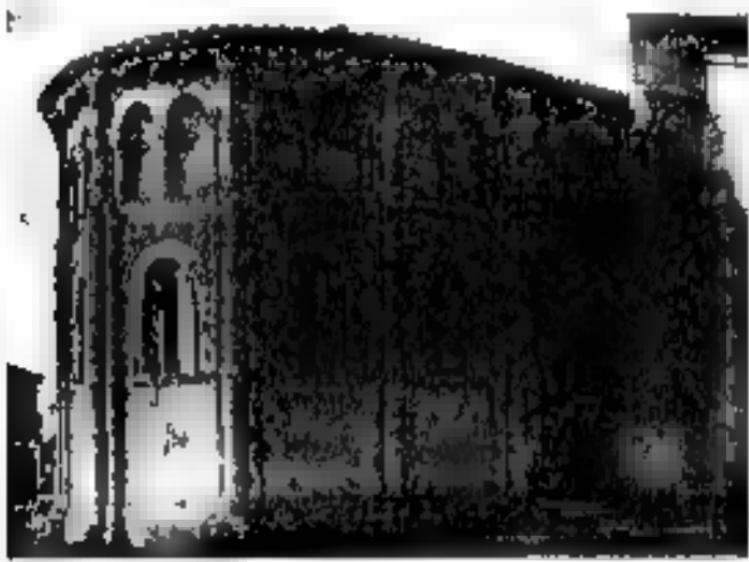


CHARTRES (XII Century). Angel. (*Cathédrale*)

rose to the heart of its races. At the same time, the profound movement which cast the mystic and miserable Occident upon the rich Orient, sent flowing back upon the Occident the life of wonderful lands, of other faiths, of other legends, of other customs, and the powerful, confused sensation of a material world and a

world of the soul broadening while changing in appearances, and of a universe that would not be contained within the limits of revealed religion.

The earth quivers with pride. Almost at the same hour, appear the Republic of Florence and the Uni-

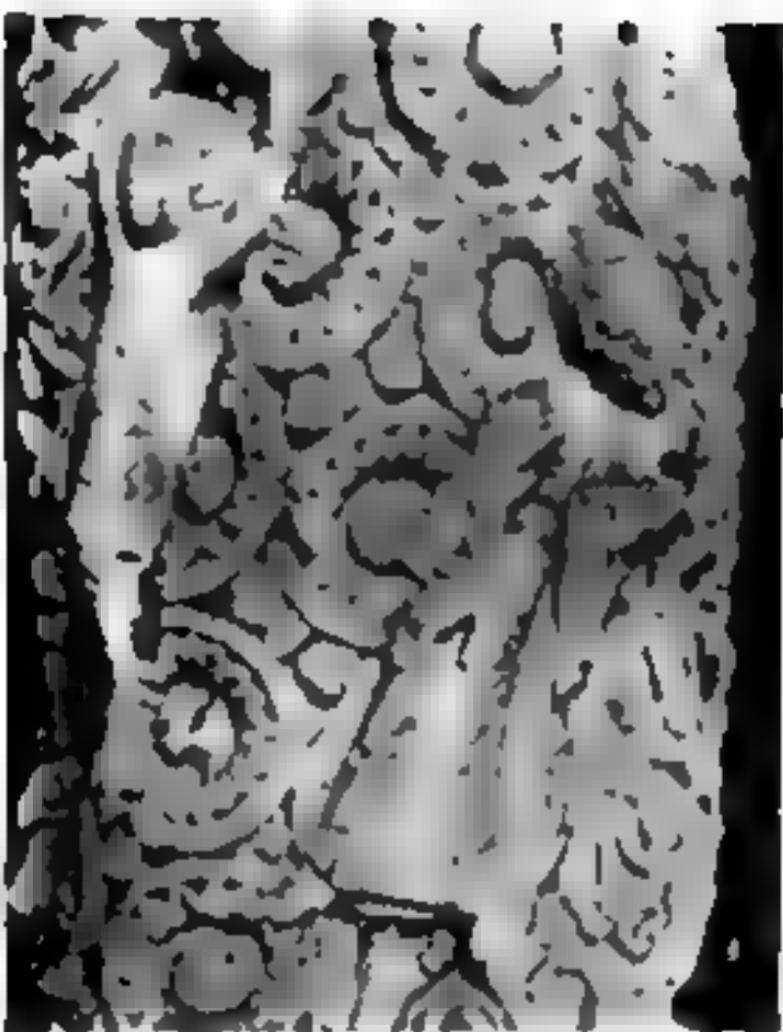


BROADAN (Gironde) (xii Century). Apse of the church.

versities of Palermo, of Bologna, of Paris. In the very bosom of the Church there are born spirits more religious than the Church, and they subject dogma to a courageous examination. Abelard, the Christian, denies original sin, contests the divinity of Jesus, exalts once more the dignity of the senses, and tries to establish—from antiquity to the Middle Ages, by the impartial study of ancient philosophy and of the doctrine of the fathers—the unity of the human spirit. Four years after his death his disciple Arnaldo da Brescia proclaims the Republic in Rome. Such a life animates

born's hearts which Catholicism, carried along with it downards, interprets, criticizes, and the dead letter recites before the living spirit. For the first and the last time in its history, Catholicism knows that profound movement that from time to time reveals to a privileged people the conquests it has made during the silence. At the hour when it looks into itself to observe the living fluid of life it knows not yet what is happening in the strongest cities of northern France. Sometimes supported by the monarchs that force them to be a bête noir against the lords, Le Mans first, and Cambrai then, Noyon, Laon, Senlis, Abbeville, Rheims, and Beauvais transform themselves into free communes by the refusal to pay taxes, by property taxes, and by taxation imposed in kind. These were the days when the cadavers of bishops were dragged through the streets.

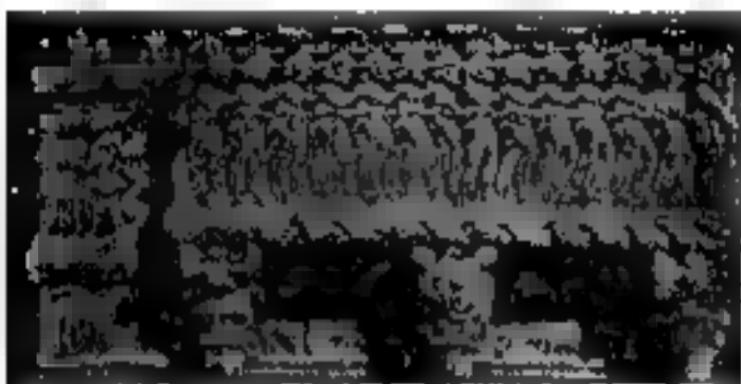
It matters little that the incentive of the movement toward the centre was the material interest of the people. Opposed to the spirit of the Christianity of the Fathers, which made obedience the fundamental principle, the spirit of France, which by way of the Renaissance and the Encyclopédie, was to reach the Revolution, the spirit of France revealed itself in the movement with a youth and a strength that it never again possessed. For the hundred years it gave to the cities of the Ille de France, of Picardy, and of Champagne a truly flourishing civilization, confined in its appearances but of an inner rhythm so powerful that it constrained freedom to take refuge in the country where it brought about the jacquerie two or three centuries later, and under pretext of extirpating heresy to fall upon the cities of the south where culture and growing free spirit it crushed. This was the terrible reason of the liberty of the north. The foci of energy were still too scattered on our soil, the



*Figure 1. Comparison of the two types of
logons.*

antagonism among the provinces was too sharp for the people to be able to feel solidarity in itself everywhere and in a co-ordinated effort to overthrow the political powers which it still needed to protect itself against the enemy from without.

Fired with the eager life that had been restrained for so long a time the French Commune assigned to each



Arles xii and xiii Centuries. Parade of Saint Trophime, detail.

person the work for which he was best fitted. It was no association of strong corporations representing every stratum of society, wherein individual temperaments obeyed no other rules than those of the spontaneous harmony we see in the woods—made up of a hundred thousand trees which plunge into the same root, are watered by the same rains and fertilized by the same winds. The Commune entered history with a power that gives it that character of necessity which we now recognize as the ‘Greek miracle’ and the “Jewish miracle.” The art, formidable and one that expressed it, was born with it in France, and died with it there. It was the French soul delivered into its own



Saint-Louis (Loire). XII Century. Capitals of the choir.

keeping for the first and the last time. The peoples whom it penetrated with its stabilizing force could accept it and adapt it to their needs; they could not touch its inner principle without at the same time ruining its substance and losing significance. Between the towers, the English Channel and the lawns of the realm lie order, truth. It was the barn and the farm and the house of the cities which subordinated the framework of its carrying and its pillars against the sky, the narrow house of earth and of wood becoming the round-backed bridges and the tortuous canals. It was the thick wall that fell into the rock, the high wall as clear-cut as consciousness, the haughty refuge that dominated the sea, the aquatic abodes where slow lives were given to the rhythm of the hours of the church services. It was the little country church around which a few bats were gathered at the foot of the curtain wall under the dungeon that for ten generations of men prevented the king and fertile contact of those who lived in its shadow with those whom it confined. It was the great cathedral. It was strength; it was the dream and the need, the heart, the heart and the arrow. The same spontaneous harmony was everywhere issuing from the desire of the people and burning out at the same time that it did. The stonelated towers, presumed to be safe in the face of the predatory Saracens, the apparently antagonistic principle of the right of conquest. But with it they proclaimed the same principle of *deus*; they were built by the master masons who directed the work of the cathedral. And the cathedral was born with the countenance, grew during their life of maturity, covered itself with statues and stained glass, and then disengaged and ceased to grow when they deformed and died. Normandy, Bourgogne, Sainte-Cherche, Amiens, Sens, Beauvais, wherever we find a great commune the great cathedral

appears vast and bold in the proportion that the commune is well armed and well established, and in proportion to the vitality of the communal spirit.

The cities of France, during two centuries of relative peace, had torn down their walls. Their houses spread all along the rivers and the roads, the neighboring



Le Thoronet (Var) (xii and xiii Centuries). Cloister of the abbey.

forests were cleared away. In observing the new organs that grew little by little from the re-formed social body—to build dwellings, to pave the streets and stretch chains there, to bring vegetables and wood from the country, to kill animals and shear them to tan leather and forge iron—men saw that their common interests in these activities increased their strength. The concentration of the social forces made possible the birth of that wonderful hope which is born spon-

taneously in an organism when all its elements harmonize in the mind which is directed toward a practical purpose that lies within reach. All the guilds together felt that from their instinct there was germinating



Mont-Saint-Michel. (xi Century). The gallery

an ever-growing impious desire which, for its satisfaction, demanded the creation of a central organ that should summarize the effort whose power and necessity were expressed in the ensemble of the Commune. The church of the clergy was too narrow and too dark, the crowd that was rising with the sound of a sea begged for a church of its own. It left in itself the courage and the knowledge necessary to build that which to its own stature. Its desire was to have the whole great work of the living pass, with the material and the moral life, from the hands of the cloistered monk into those of the living people. No longer should

CHRISTIANITY AND THE COMMUNE 63

the poor folk who lived in the shadow of the monasteries enter in fear at the hour of the service to hear the voice of the Church in the darkness of the low vault.



Gothic Church in the Mass in Century - Agre

The Church should be the crumby house, the stage-house of abundance, the labor exchange, and the popular theater. It should be the sonorous and luminous

house which the flood of mankind could invade at any hour a great vessel capable of containing the whole city; the ark filled with tumult on market days with dances on feast days with the sound of the trumpet on the days of revolt with silence on church days with the voice of the people in all days.'

Some of these great temples to be seen spring from the pavement of the aisle or the choir to the choir in Bourges in Chartres where the conventional spirit did not come yet. At Bourges is a city as grand under the sword of the king as it is when enthroned by the court excepting the power of the king over it. Without effort or restraint the cathedral of Bourges spreads out the horizon splendour of its portals at the base of its spire rising like a mass. In Paris also is a cathedral Notre Dame invests itself with statues and may often the light of the day in the rose windows of its transepts at the moment when the citizens and the merchants strive for freedom. At Chartres whether the vision of the pure facade and the spire dominates us or whether in passing through the nave we are gripped by the sensation of pregnant mystery we know well that we are in the presence of an absolute tragedy of the heart. The prophetic harmony has indeed long dominated about it something in which one knows the torment of an impotent suspense. How could human audacity tolerate in its shadow the radiance given forth by the armoured glory of the face of statues which guards the ringlets of the nave? Here there rule will render with popular desire without either one becoming aware of it and from the subterranean cell that there sparks up an invisible flame the dull

The greater part of the other monuments of the Gothic age already have received a special and appropriate treatment. It remains therefore to be done here of Chartres. It must be made however that the writing differs from all others of French historians.



CHARTRES (XII Century). North portal of the cathedral.

internal agitating beauty of a great idea that contains the secret of a world and cannot formulate itself.

II

Everywhere else the master is master of the works. The honest mason builds to whom the Commune and the Master both knows practically nothing save his trade. Behind him is the confused Byzantine Humanism of tradition which he possesses imperfectly. Before him is a problem to be solved, to build an edifice vast enough to contain the great farts of a city. He knows his material well. The stone of France provides stability and ease to work. He has his compass, his water level, his pitch pine and his square. Around him are good workmen of the same spirit as himself bound with faith not in the least disturbed by works as to世上 questions or by doubt as to religion. He possesses that clear good sense, that free and direct logic which later brought out of the same soil such men as Rabelais, Montaigne, Molire, La Fontaine, Racine, Voltaire and Victor Hugo. A new function appears so complex that it obscures the idea of the religion. But the true organ to adapt itself to it nothing more is needed than that the master in idea consent to be a man of his time like the best of his contemporaries.

Whatever the force in the ascending movement of the French churches, whatever their form, these perfect intelligences are too deep in their them to make its importance of none. Their whole form is determined by the effort to show that dome itself poised on the support of columns of the nave. It has not occurred to us the subtle passage that made a French or a Norman church to consist in the Romanesque church the projections from the ribbed vault and to raise its lateral

edges by means of the angular window which the Crusaders had seen in the Orient. But it was that window which overcame the round arch and the vertical weight that crushed the vessel. Everything is to radiate from the ogive—the drop of its quagmire, nothing on to the roof mass that spring up to separate the three naves, the entire vault that is inscribed in their intervals, and the flying buttress that carries off obliquely the thrust of the vault. Everywhere else one finds the immense expanses of glass through which the light penetrates. . . . The logic is that of the skeleton, wherein all pressures are balanced and transmitted, it is the image of the absolute transported into the perishable order of the scattered elements of life. Between the flying buttress and the vault, the edifice is like the carcass of a gigantic cetacean suspended in space by



CHARTRES, XII CENTURY. THE MONTH
OF JULY. (CATHEDRAL.)

one book to print the right of lesson to the next
at each time. I am now learning to print the next

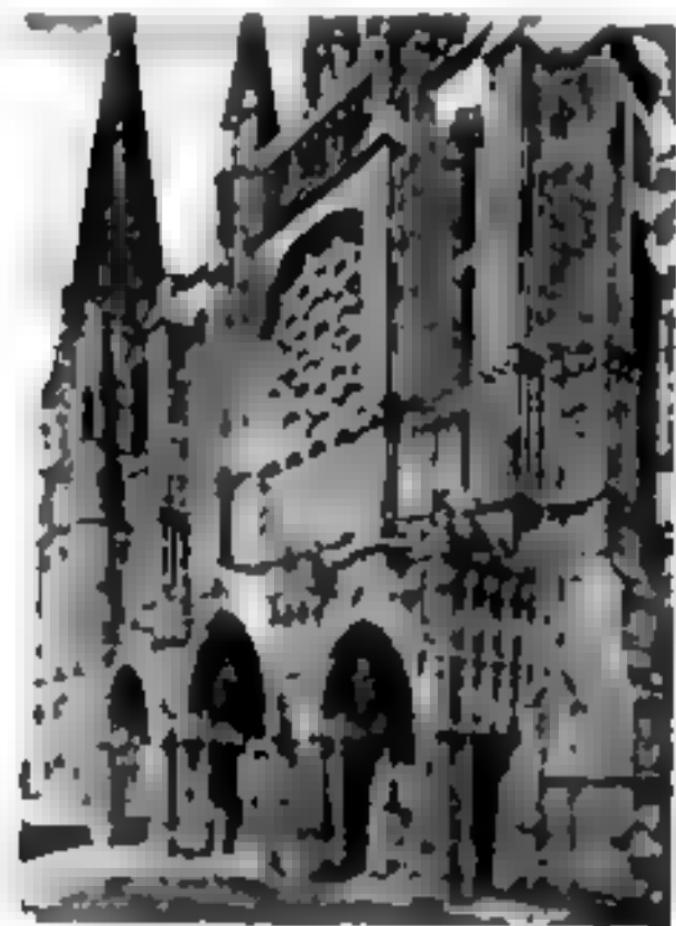
Conditions are not likely to improve so long as nothing
is done to remove the causes of the flight.
People begin to leave because there is no longer an
opportunity to make a living at agriculture or in open
markets of rice and grain. But in these districts
there is no outlet. The necessary framework which
make these back-places there is the chief obstacle
to the rise of the new society. The large bulk of the
peasant class, the poor working class, probably at the

the first time, and the first time I had ever seen it. It was a very large, dark, hairy, and very fat animal, with a long tail, and a very long, thick, and very sharp, curved horn, which it held upright, like a spear. It was standing on its hind legs, and was looking down at me with a very fierce and savage expression. I was very much frightened, and I ran away as fast as I could. When I got home, I told my mother what had happened, and she said, "Don't be afraid, my child; it was only a wild boar, and they are not dangerous if you don't provoke them." I still felt scared, but I tried to act brave, and I went back to the forest the next day to look for my lost toy. I found it again, but I also found a small, dead bird lying on the ground. I was very sad, and I cried for a while. Then I decided to go home, and I never went back to the forest again. I learned that it's important to be careful and to respect nature, even if we're just playing. I also learned that sometimes we can't always find what we're looking for, but we can still have fun and learn something along the way.



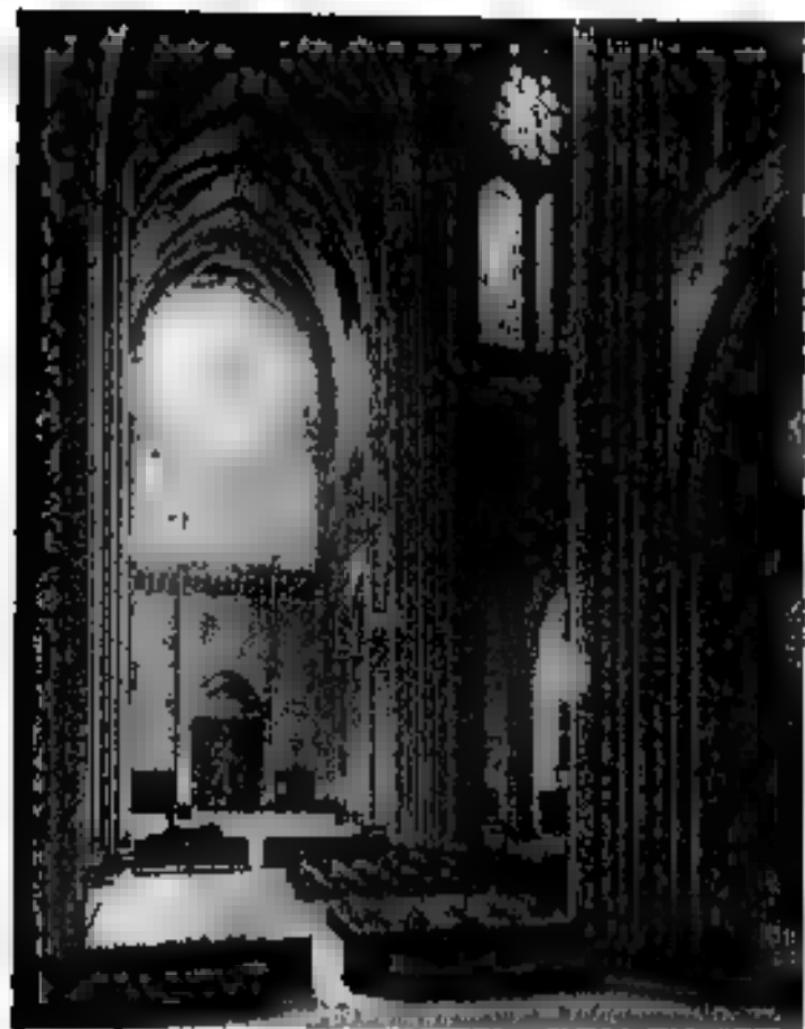
CHARTRES (XII Century). Head of a man. (Cathedral.)

dirt of centuries, due to all the dirt dust that has heaped up. When the cathedral is dark it is because the master builder has overestimated his effort, because he



CHARTRES (XII AND XIII CENTURIES). SOUTH TRACERY
OF THE CATHEDRAL.

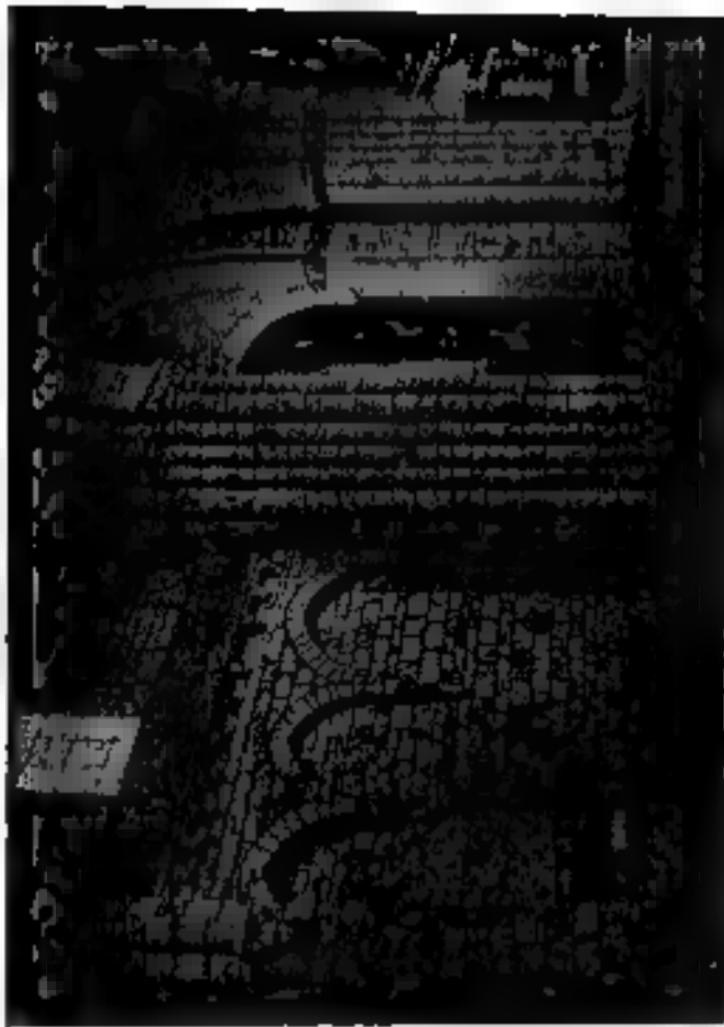
expected the building to yield more than it would, because he wished to容 too many people or to do so in Paris, where galleries press down on the four lateral



CHAPTERS (XII and XIII Centuries). Transept of the cathedral.

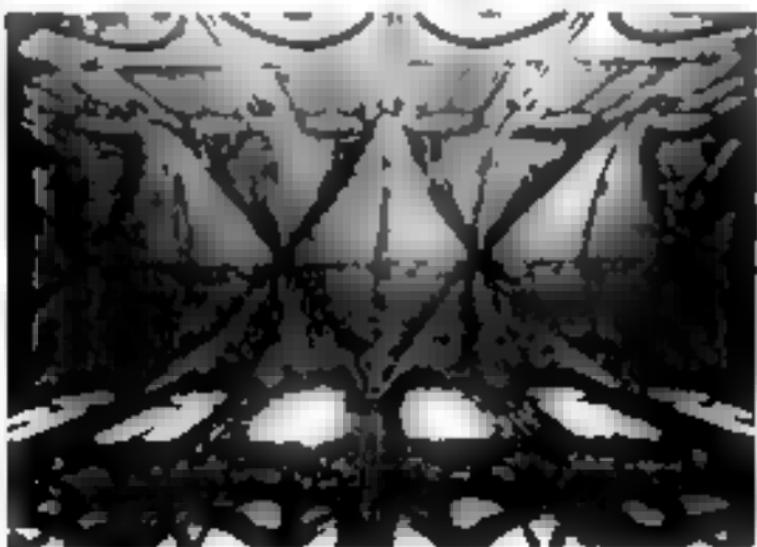
houses. The object of the stained glass was not to darken the house but to glorify the light whose glass is decorated with the richness of precious jewels. And this glass was used not only in the churches but for the houses of the rich men and of the houses of the middle class. The windows of the cathedrals hung up in the parishes have been copied from the very windows relating from the oldest to the famous buildings. In every squatting-ground there copies the window of the cathedral or a chancel, putting a framework through the houses which are in the houses. The window is referred to the poor light of the north in flattery that it is that he can not give a shadow even to the cities that never sleep. It is agreed the dark houses, its windows and pavements serve to enhance the richness of purple robes and to dark green dresses, the richness of the town of Christ and the splendor of the sky with the beauty of the astrophic grandeur and with the richness of the instant was said of the windows round about. In the depths of the bapts of the sun where the soul made by the candle caused the darkness to tremble the light of the windows weakened over to illuminate around the windows the agitating vapors purifying the air throughout the city. When an evening these gay days of the [last] frame one enters Notre Dame to wait for the sun one knows when it has come out by the bright translation that suddenly provides the face radiant of colors and guides and little by little touches and makes floating the text sitting which under their right palm movements suspend the shadowed of the forests. At evening when the darkness is gloomy reflected in the red interval where vaults are seen breaking light up like the wings of a great bird of the night one thing alone remains however the glass of the windows. The dying light from outside scatters the black power and the pavement which has

Saint-Vincent (Coutances) XVII Century) Nave of the church, detail.



disappeared, with a fiery shower more intense and more glowing in proportion as the darkness increases. The fire shadows gather up the last reflections of the sun that has set to it, minute the shadows with them.

"Everything that gives the cathedral its meaning, everything that determines its aspect—the atmosphere



PAMM. XII Century. Vault of the nave. Cathedral.

rise of its lines, the balancing of the curves that raise it above the others—everything is brought about by the desire for light—and the desire for light increased taking its architects at the same time that they became more familiar with the handling of its curves and its lines. Never did an edifice so truthfully proclaim its function with such simplicity. At every point the bones were just beneath the flesh, each one recognizing its role; there was but a bone, there was not a projection which did not justify its presence. The fixed framework of the exterior, the immense parallel arches which

start up everywhere to suspend the central nave or to radiate to the apse, carry the building up into space and cradle it there, like the articulated members of a



PARIS (XIII CENTURY). Triforium, wall, and vault,
(Cathedral).

gigantic animal. Every one of its organs, from the highest to the most obscure, participates in its power: the humble ornament, the flower that variegates a plane that would be too bare without it, the slight bas-

relief that gives movement to a profile, the small bell lines that lead the pinnacles to increase the strength of the piers which catch the thrust of the thing built upon, the niches for statues hollowing out the buttresses wherever there is no pressure, the gargoyles that spout the rain water away from the building so that it shall not graze the stone, the long galleries enclosing the tops of the piers themselves, giving to the supports of the vaults that nervous and sustained spring which causes them to spread out at their summit with the ease of a sheaf.

Nowhere else has sculptured ornament become so much a part of the edifice. In Louis the statue is once placed in the building because both at the same time give out of a pantheistic conception of life which sweeps the buildings and the statue dashes into its own head long movement. Here not only does the unity of composition, of traditions and beliefs carry in the same current all who share in the work, but every statue, every carved column, every branch or fruit on the wall is there to give more balance and solidity to the ensemble. The ornament gives animation and movement and carries off into space everything that would serve to hold the cathedral of mobility and to bind it to the soil.

Here in the beginning of *Vers of Saint Denis*, in the first tier of the cathedral of Paris and at *Souvigny*, here as a race alighting with *de*, the cathedral was covered in a century with the forms which this race had found on its pathway. The porches, the treppasins, the lanterns, the galleries of colonnettes, the high towers

which began rising in a single flight their brackets of stone set above, everything became part of the miracle and this whole soil, which had been barren before, sprouted with trembling bas reliefs, with the cutting of the foliage that seemed ready to burst with sap.



Tourn (Calvados) (xiii Century). Bellry of the church.

and in a thousand powerful statues covered the life of a people. In the roof or in the windows the world of the painted images caused the faquires from their white biers to their sweeping towers to partake of the movement of the black streets into which the high bearing countyside penetrates unceasingly with the butchers, the traders, their horses and sheep, with the horsemen and the market gardeners who bring vegetables and wood to the city. On days of prayer, the people ask the stone symbols for the blessing of the name of the master stonemason that protects the multitude of pure and gentle beings which surround the cathedral of Chartres. On such days people take refuge under the pavilion of Notre Dame. The three pavilions are built in the bare trees. It is not too far and simple and brusque but than these and the others that the image makers in their sheltered workshops have been laboring for a century are covered by the cloisters. On these days and in like weather people stop to look at the way in which the faunes of Chartres in hundreds of the reapers and the vintagers on its slopes were covering it with vine branches and sheaves from the embowered galleries to the flames of the great fire window. On fast days, people at the top of the towers of Laon should see the men belonging to their work in the fields. On mounting days, or at times of royal progress when the processions divide between the towns of Barrois, Rethondes where the fairies bring people follow the harpoons near the top of the cathedrals and are stupefied with the latter in the five porches of Rouen so that shiver with their painted and plumed while at Rheims the fairies are carried up to the summit of the cathedral from which there prints the successive tinting of the forms and colors of nature.

But made not an image. The nave would lose something of its nobility, its grandeur, its light. The

vault, the generating principle, is bare, and only the capital of the columns is permitted to flower. The long, slender shafts, the long ribbing that ascends and descends to outline the stained glass of the windows, the absolute lines that converge and that answer one



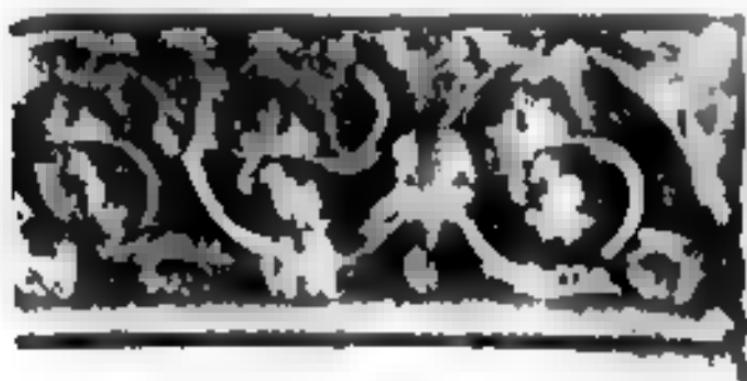
PLAVENT (Côte-d'Or) (xiii Century). Capital, choir
of the abbey.

another—the pure radiance of the rose window—everything has the abstract force and the nakedness of the mind. And everywhere it is function that determines form. The armed castle is a church turned inside out, its exterior bare for purposes of resistance, and covered with frescoes and carpets within, well supplied

with carved wood furniture and with forged iron for the weight of the eyes and for repose. The only French cathedral in the Gothic style in one exterior is bare and shows from towards a hostile mass was built at Amiens in spirit of defense and control. It is a fortress rising in a block to surround the sanctuary of the spirit in safety. In the south the Human majestic of the was predominant and even at certain moments enhanced. It may be in those places where the Human spirit and the spiritual spirit of Sainte-Madeleine at Meaux, at Agnes Mortes at Albi, at Agde at the Cévennes or the Esques in Aigues-Mortes, it will be apparent. In the rhythmic alternation of the massive walls, half inclined straight upward and of the offset rounded towers, in the thickness to make openings for the superimposed windows under the porch, in all the top, it is so soft, so bare, so formless and silent that beside it whether a church or a fortress the Romanesque temple seems crushed, or heavy, or trap and the French cathedral seems overflowing with the devotion on its exterior.

In the architecture of the eighteenth the Romanesque architecture which other has been pointed. And in fact it is easier to distinguish in one's first glance at the original, using the words and the measure of the Poitou France and the Vannes the gables, the automation, the thickness and the torso of Normandy and Champagne, the square and rugged face of Brittany, the profusion and complexity of Normandy as in the Romanesque construction, the rare distinction of the palaces of the duchies of Poitou, the gathered power of the Auvergne, the torso elegancy of the men of Provence and the vigor and the firmness of the men of Perigord. It is also easy to recognize the meeting of the two great styles in the stately simplicity of the Burgundians. But in one group as in the other and

despite the general tendency which in the south gives predominance to the spiritual, abstract, structural, and didactic element and in the north to all the gradations of the living anecdotal, and poetico-pictorial element; despite the predominance, in a word, of seal style in the north and architecture in the south, a constant interpenetration of local styles of epochs, and of influences



Paris xiii Century. Grapevine. Cathedral.

from without transforms the whole land of France into a forest of stone designed and worked and to compare with it there is perhaps only the growth that India brought forth from her miraculous soil. And we may add that Indian art and the art of the Khmers and the Javanese, and Byzantine art as well as that of the Arabs, and the art of Greece as well as that of Rome by direct or indirect connection by reason or intuition by the contact of thought or by chance, seem to gather here from every place on earth to summarize and co-ordinate themselves for a century in the ever-alert sensibility and the ready intelligence which characterize France. From one end of the land to the other, a wonderful variety of sensation and expression becomes easily a

part of the spiritual unity of will and faith. Whether the Rothanum or Temple is raised, the ultimate of whether it is square, whether its towers are square, round, or round-topped, or open to the sky by slender spires; whether the belfry rises straight, or is curved; whether it carries like the case of a lantern-tower, the upper or lower part, or whether it forms a pyramidal top; whether the gables are inclined on the rising surface, or have a decorated abutment; the segment of the straight walls that are to let us interpret, everywhere the masses and the lines of the doctrine; in propelling the expressive surfaces with the same as the rhythmic life. Sometimes in the great facades the greatest plain planes are separated narrow bays between tall towers; or on the contrary, the buttresses are placed like organ pipes, so as to accentuate these vertical flights between the sky, and the facades are covered by a mass of leaves and branches. Painted over the surfaces are depicted in the way of other times the battles with prodigious spears and pikes. The towers are done up like castles in fluted shapes; the number and the disposition of the towers vary in ways now that are not suitable; high towers are not designed with bases of columns like wheel chariots of which they pass by successive transitions from the square to the polygon and from the polygon to the cone. But nevertheless the flood of the decorated facades and ribbed vaults ought to do justice to the tops of the buttresses and the relationship of the ground to appear from them; and here the painter is perhaps more surprising when three castles and half or five others have mingled the Gothicism and the Gothic in a single movement. The whole the visible world of substances and sensations that it presents enters in a mass, and passes into the annihilating order of the mind.



BAGÉ (Ain) (XII^e and XIII^e Centuries). Belfry of the church.

V

In reality, when France was covering with living flesh a framework so logical that it fixed the form of the monument in its every detail, she was still pursuing



LAON (XIII Century). Capital in the triforium.
(Cathedral).

the conquest of herself. The French mind is of all the most structure-loving, but the structure must be simple in the proportion that its surface is mobile and rich in gradations, it must remain close to her soil, to her



Another view of the Cathedral - The western end

stones and to the winds that cross her skies. The men of the same have always loved to give to matter the image of their works. The first engraved and carved objects which the world knows appeared on the terrains that extend from the Alpes to the Pyrenees and to the Iberian seas. The Gauls beat (engraved) and modelled bronze before the arrival of the Legion. The Greeks Latin genius became vibrant each time that it touched this soil.

And yet before sculpture had departed from the cloistered walls, he saints both men and women had been far away gone where the people could barely see at the summit of the resistless mountains. There they had gained the street they gave there. The local gods, the god of woods and of daws, the god of the fountains and the winds, the genies, who participated in all the acts of the ager Lutetia, Iurani, and the actual life of the people joined the company of the saint without any one perceiving it. Religion was suddenly manifested everywhere by a moral sentiment which was so fair that and so perpetuating and so simple as the living activity of humanity always is and without visible connection this sentiment contained the silent immensity of man. Its actions were those of compassion and protecting and health and their attraction was irresistible. Hands sought other hands and joined them faces bent toward other faces from which emanated the gentleness that men show toward each other when they meet one another. The virgin deified against the desire of the clergy carried her child in the cradle and showed him to the poor people.

Surely these were good Christians who captured these round forms these backs, swelling with child, which are lifted up by the hand of the other one, these long limbs, nervous or full, under the wooden dress, and those good smiling faces which they copied in the

workshop from the women who brought them their soup. If all they really loved in Christianity was its tender human myths, they accepted without question its belief in the supernatural, and in consequence, they were not too severe with themselves for the acts which they committed. As long as they did their work well, they consoled that their sin of gluttony had the advantage of renewing their strength and that their sins of incontinence compensated for many other disagreeable things. The churchmen were no more offended than the laymen by the ingenuous wantonness of the stories which the popular imagination never ceased to bring forth. We must remember that in these centuries, morals were not very edifying. Almost all of the priests themselves had concubines, and not one of them made a secret of it. Life was too rich in rejuvenated strength to be restrained by any rules. The man of this time brought to the service of the church his greatest and his surliest love; but it was the spirit which he adored, and the very power of his faith set free his power of action by rescuing him from



SCHOOL OF RHEIMS (XIII CENTURY).
Angel, detail. (Louvre.)

morals.¹ See in Lavigne's *Histoire de France*, "The Thirteenth Century," by M. Langlois.

¹ See in Lavigne's *Histoire de France*, "The Thirteenth Century," by M. Langlois.

the letter of the law. There was many a bodge of the colour, many a step exchanged during the preaching, and sometimes it was the saint who got the drabbing. And indeed this too longer made who continually represented the virtues on the curtains and the tapestries. Much more frequent it was the virtues to be represented inside of a little house that was called the poor refuge. I was thought very bad at the time when such a thing was a gesture of tranquillity, but now the age and the grace all crushing weariness. The people in France had moreover of their noble paintings in this last case what it might well perfect; easier and as though to be the more easier than the thing it opened the gates in its response to Christ that is not respect the fact, the act or the object of which they preferred that their audience viewing.

For A mighty vision animated in the stations of the crucifix. The true image-makers have not aspired so high. They were unable to realize that which they had not seen. They do not lack imagination certainly and even a single invention can well suffice. But their imagination moved to the point to move and multiply by it each of the six that surrounded them and their intent as artist was too impudent to permit their theological and legitimate nature to furnish them anything but presents for the satisfaction of that instinct that bids the Virgin step out of the stone grave because the change of humanity in this period of supererogation she was everywhere. One of the saints and the angel but prodded the portals of who because those who suffered new faces of infidelity and faces of hope tending over them daily in their crosses.

The Church in favour of its defensive regulation had turned aside to the profit of its external power the impulsion of contempt from which Christianity

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had sprung. The France of the thirteenth century restored thus impulsion of sentiment in the full life of humanity. Under the pressure of this inner force, too



Romanesque Century. A knight. (Illustrated.)

old world of theology cracked everywhere. Christianity which until then had dominated life was dominated by it and carried along in its movement. Moving on a higher plane than that of the Semitic idea of Saint Paul, who had prepared life for its explosion by forcing

repose upon it, contrary to the discipline of Rome which, for a thousand years, had been raising dikes to protect it against the anarchical forces from without,



Rouen (13th Century). Winter (of calendar).

life once more joined in the fraternal spirit of Him who was born in a stable, who was followed by troops of the poor who received alitigious women, and who spoke to the flowers, it did so because man was emerging

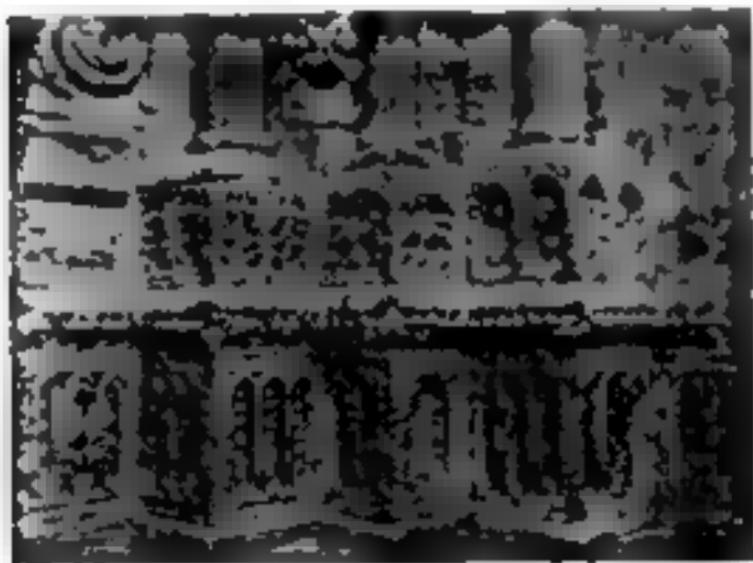
from a social state harder than that of the old world and because an insurrection of virile tenderness was becoming the universal need.

The civilizations of antiquity wept at their trouble. Their sorrow has seemed desultory and grimacing because life was less to them. The Middle Ages, in which life was strong, mastered their suffering. They were happy as happy as the old world in its full sweep upward and for them pity was never more than one element in the generated energy of life. They did not even realize how courageous they were when they stretched out their two hands to all who asked for them. Without any effort, they found, in the fulfillment of their daily task, the social principle of Christianity which the fathers of the Church had sought in a theocratic organization that was momentarily necessary to protect the growth of the new peoples, but that was a drawback to the manifestation of their original thought.



Renaissance Manuscript, 15th
Century. Detail of the book.

This metal character defines French sculpture. When we see it from our distance to be sure when we see it in its ensemble from the twelfth to the fifteenth century it strongly recalls the progression of the schools of antiquity from archaism to academism,



Rouen (XII Century). Bas-relief shafts of a door of the cathedral.

with their passage through a point of equilibrium wherein science and sentiment, tending to their loftiest certitude, ab ne from the same focus. Romanesque art has the simple strength and the rhythmic stiffness of the sixth century of Greece; the art of the thirteenth century is calm and mature like that with which Phidias and his successors affirmed their complete self-possession. Afterward, in France as in Greece, virtuously descriptive, naturalistic, and picturesque, gains the upper hand little by little. Doubtless, the essential

difference is that Gothic sculpture does not tend above all to the realization of that balance of volumes by which the statue makers of Olympia and of the Parthenon passed from one form to another form, from one



Rueuse (xiii Century). Caryatid. (Cathedral)

idea to another idea, without leaving a trace by which the mind could follow the course that had been taken. It had to enter, with the sculptor, into the consciousness and the need of the universal harmony. When Gothic sculpture seizes this balance, we seem to be in the presence of an isolated attempt, a solitary un-

dividual seems to have made his impressive appearance in the midst of a murmuring throng. The Greek artists almost invariably spread out the inner life of



RAMERUPT (Marne) (XII Century).—The Carpenter. Altar screen of the church.

the stone in rhythmic waves over the whole extent of the planes, to make all the figures participate in the cosmic equilibrium. The Frenchman almost invariably concentrates it in a bowed forehead, in a raised chin, a shoulder, a dress, an elbow, a haunch or a knee,



RHEIMS. XII Century. Figures from the porch. (Cathedral.)

which often breaks the line that one anticipates, so that we may see more clearly the direct actual and immediate meaning of the action that he wants to express. In the sculptures of Olympia and in the statues of the Parthenon there was, however, the case of a quiescent mind, far in spirit to the Gothic. But the desire for harmony, for balance, was strong.

The emotions of the Gothic statue are less defined than they were among the Greeks, and less subtle than among the Greeks. They are more varied and more violent; but the quiet changes never frequent, and the more off-hand and casual, have not yet expressed a world of more needs which neither the Greeks nor the Englishmen could feel. Never has strength and agility been exhibited with such an understanding of their psychological value. Never had the statue of man worked with an emotion so concrete, never had a pose profound, a more complete and a more gentle rapture emanated from it from the face and hands or treated forms which exhibit the material to our eyes. Never had the necessity for effort been accepted with a more joyful way by a youth with more courage to live its life, though it was better prepared than the younger sons for the induction that attended it. The statues of Rhe in temple and of the Apollo of Olympia by the sea into the light from which their heads seem to emerge. The pure spring water that issues from the rock of Helles seems to flow over the sides and the heads of the statues of women which watch over the portal above the transept of Chartres. Once more men have lent their breasts to the gods.

It would be erroneous to conclude that even the greatest master builders and image makers among the French had ever possessed philosophical ideas so elevated as those of the sculptors from whom the Greek thinkers derived the life of the mind. But outside of

the geographical conditions which so sensibly differentiated northern France with its humidity and its coolness from the arid and burnt land of Greece, the



Paris (xiii Century) Entering of the door of the cathedral.

had been harder in the Middle Ages than in the century of Petrucci. War and misery had made it more necessary for the masses to bring about an active solidarity, and man was more profoundly necessary to man. Moreover, these different conditions of natural

and social life revealed themselves unexpectedly in the atmosphere of sentimental legend that Christianity created little by little. It is conceivable that the Greek sculptor who tore the ancient world from its exhausted rhythms, was intellectually no superior to the mason of the cathedral, as the "Prometheus" of Aeschylus or the "Antigone" of Sophocles is to a thirteenth-century mystery play; but it is certain that the mason of the cathedral easily rejoined him in the universal eu-rhythm, because he was an element of the monumental symphony which the instinct, common to a whole throng, causes to burst from its heart.

VI

The entire people in the Middle Ages, with all that it knew all that it desired, and all that it confusedly dreaded, built its temple—the house of its beauty and its hope, as it was building up at the same time, through the freedom of the Commune, its right to live, the right for future ages to conquer through thought. It was not, as has been claimed, that each inhabitant of the city and the country contributed his stone to the pile. But the corporations which worked at it—the carpenters, the masons, the stonemasons, the glaziers, the plasterers, the brickworkers, and the painters, all plunged the lowest depths of the people whose forebodings and needs they drew forth whole-heartedly. The master builder laid out the plan and distributed the work; then each man, with his instinct for independent action, animated a capital, sculptured an image, framed in lead the hollyhock splendor of a piece of stained glass, and set in line between the diagonal ribbing the little stones cut by hand that suspended the vault a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet above the soil. The cathedral lived so completely the life of

its builders that it changed at the same time they did and one generation would erect a tier in the pointed style on top of a tier of round arches, while another would abandon the arm of a transept already half



The descent from the Cross, ivory (xii Century).
(Louvre.)

constructed, would add a crown of chapels, change the profile of the towers, multiply or leave them unfinished or would set a rose window flaring at the front of a Romanesque nave which had been relieved of its vault. The cathedral rose, sank, and spread out with our feelings and our desires.

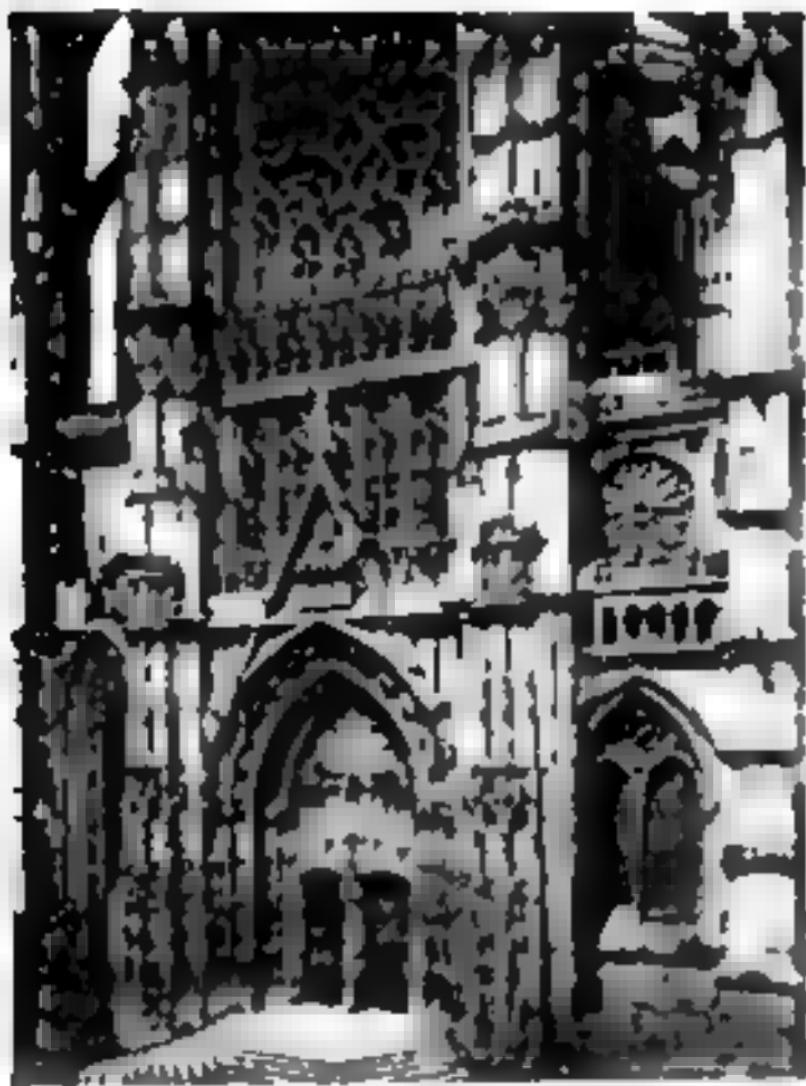
Hence its close, rich unity wherein, as in a crowd of

in nature, all the different forms derived their solidarity from the current of the same sap. Hence the liberty, the sweep, and the violence and the sweetness of the hymn which these innumerable voices chanted and with which it still trembles. It was an *Encyclopædia*.



Tours (xiii Century). Gargoyle. (Church of Saint-Urbain.)

chiseled with love from the stuff of which France is made. The Bible story and the Christian myth translated into active life, were lost in the rising tide of the expressive forms which told, with their thousand mingling voices, everything that was contained in the soul, now mischievous, now naive, now lyrical, now genial, of the men who had heard these voices awaking within them. The good knights were bringing back the dragons and chimeras from the Orient. The newly acquired strength of the imagination made more concrete the figures of the vampires and the man-wolves, the mora, zing beasts, and the talking beasts of the old fables in verse. As the image makers had not seen the legendary kings, saints, or bishops, they



Boscombe, Dorset. Sixteenth century. Fourth transept of the cathedral.

asked the men in the street to furnish them with the most characteristic faces. The carvers troubled with the noise of the crafts and the forges. Here are the peasants milling their wheat, trampling their grain, pressing out their grapes or their apples. Here are horses, asses and oxen breaking their furrow, or dragging their cart. The goats and the sheep show no halting moment when at the turn of a path they meet so nigh and a heraldic emblem of a hind or the Mag on their banners. Another sculpture is an image of freedom, striking man's fate with the far away measures which he had saved from the destruction of the ancient world. Whether the cultural peasant awake or goes to sleep these measures are ever present and rising with a confused and murmuring delirium of the wings of birds, of the sound of springs, and of the swarming of the creatures under the moon. About the capitale, the whole plant world sprouted with great buds then with leaves of pure orange which earthy hands laid on the half dressed stone. Then came the overflow of vine branches with their leaves, and thick tree stems bearing all the leaves of France and unloosing forth their mound in the wind that unstrung the veins of the letters. The rose the root, the strawberry plant the wort the sage the mullein the clover the vetch the cabbage the thistle the patches the watercress the fern the leaves of horehound cut from malter in such a bouquet of the vines that they changed at every instant into vague moving forms like beasts and fowls of flesh where universal life beatified in its primal or appearance. The bas relief that grew out of the walls seem the very flower of the stone. They seem to make concrete and visible little by little the forms that it contains in germs so well does the image mingle with its surroundings, with its back ground of empty space.

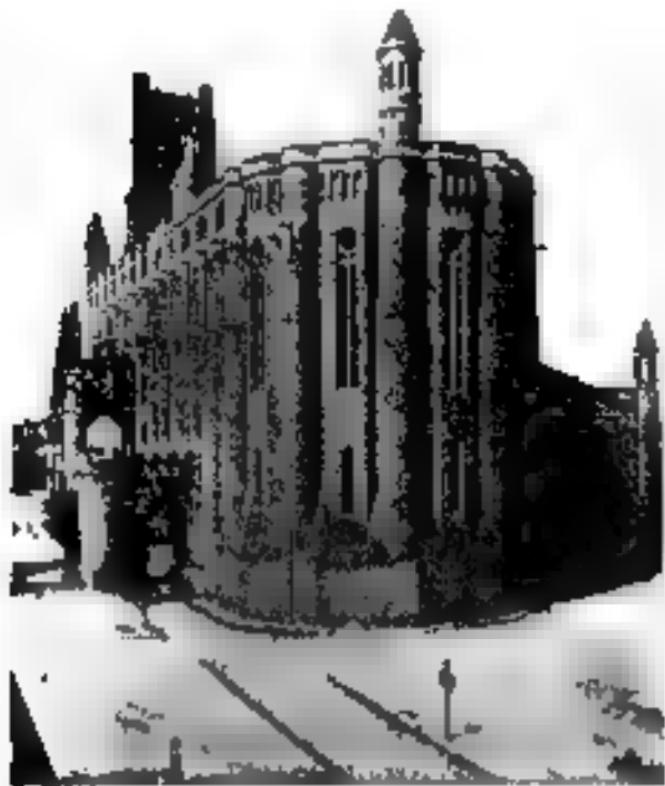
There is nothing that more clearly reveals the futility of the old opposition between architecture and the so-called imitative arts than the French cathedrals, where the living surfaces cover a living skeleton. There is nothing more superficial than the ordinary definition of practical, whose function is not to imitate the world of



Abbaye de Moissac (xii Century). Haute-Garonne.

forms, but to sense in it the relationships which architecture precisely expresses most abstractly. It is not only its sculptured or painted ornamentation which causes architecture to re-enter the life of earth and sky, it is its first origin, the instinctive repetition that it presents of the great architecture of nature from which the human mind gathers up the elements of logical revelation that we call invention. All the vaults have evolved from the forms that were taught us by the cupola of the heavens and the droop of the long branches, all the columns are trees, all the walls are

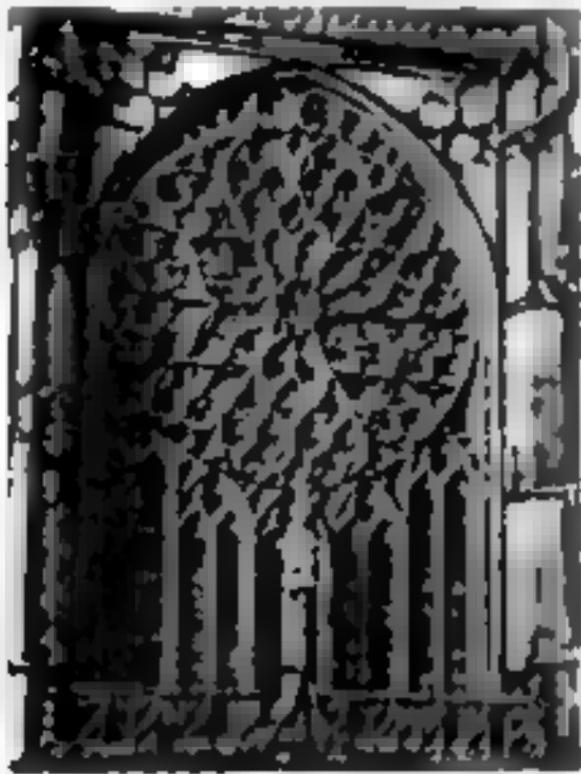
rocks or cliffs and the roof is spread out only to permit the people dwelling beneath it to shelter themselves from the winds of the night: it slopes only to carry



A.D. xiii Century). The cathedral

off the rain to the earth, which drinks it. The northern countries, which are wooded and whose light is diffused, impose ornate façades on our imagination, the southern countries which are bare and whose light is dazzling,

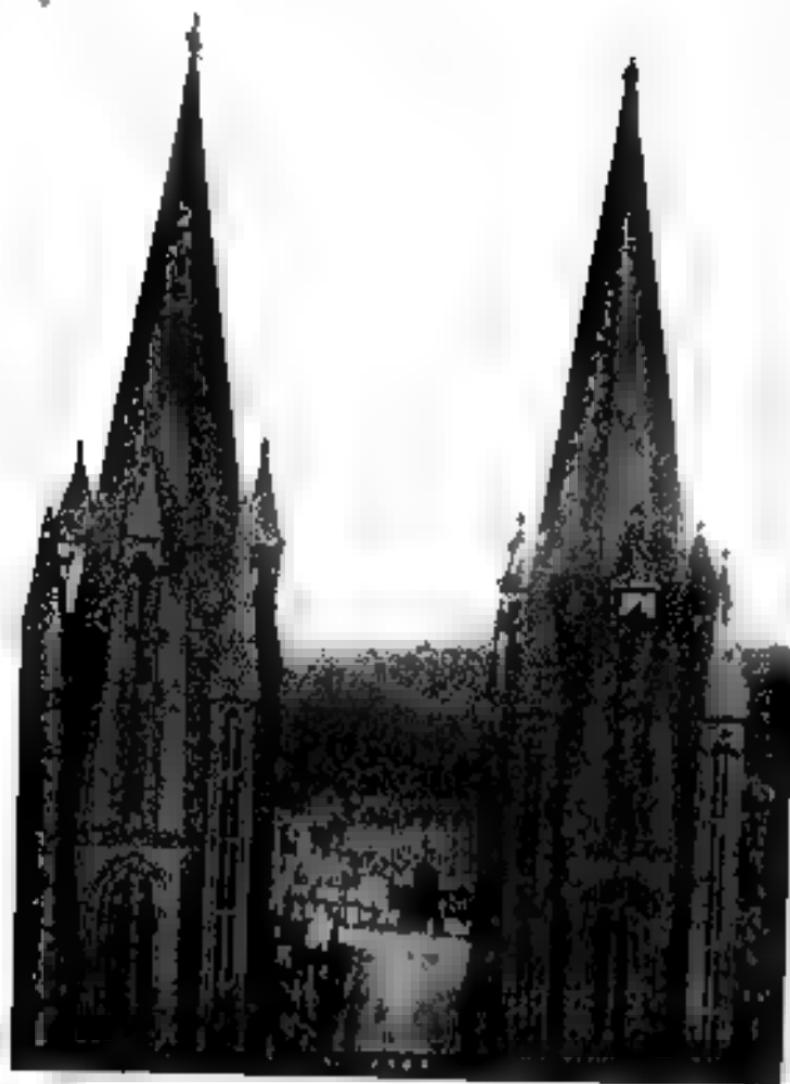
dilate long pine trees, the Renaissance enclosed in the south. Water penetrates the stone of the north, changes it, mingles it with the damp mud with the mosses and rotten leaves. The marble of the south is



Stained glass window of the transept of the cathedral.

so saturated with the sun that little by little it becomes a focus of light, a source of heat as it gives up so that which concentrates autumn and summer in front; everything attaches to it and the entire body of the stone which was drawn from that soil it belongs to it

as the water and the winds and the color of the sky and the rays and the unceasing rhythm of the sea waves. Under the pavement of the pines we get the forest underground, the thick canopy plunged in the darkness, the trunks rising to pierce the vertical sweep of their arms, the spreading of their branches and leaves to take root in the earth. In the French cathedrals in the long sun-exposure we get the tree-suspension of the forests of alders and birch, the light wet boughs of Pines and Champsagne, and we see them cover the boughs in the fables of the stained glass. When the light breaks the boughs making the points seem larger in the glass and they swing back the boughs to the earth deeper into the mystery which bathes the god of the evening light over the forests of the forests. And the light-sight of our eyes perceiving the whole mass of the sun through the confused movement of the perpendicular forms with the absence of their depths, penetrating the openwork of the towers and casting a broad flood smile over the configuration of the stained glass seems to lift the cathedras above the skies and the pillars to disperse the heavy water of the winding rivers into the upper air where we see the faint boughs of the trees whose leaves shall be scattered and merged by the rain with the rest of the earth. Branches move grande armé and a whispering begins again when the wind has died away. At a distance the tips of the spires of the central tower and of the polygonal bell-tower are characterized by the something innocent with which they reach upward everywhere. They penetrate space with a flight so pure and so high that their points are lost in the clouds. Look from its base to the top of its towers in green with leaves and wild flowers the buttresses of Beauvais which spring up to a height three times greater than that of the Woods of the country have the sound of a forest in a



COUTANCES (XIII Century). Spire of the cathedral.

storm, and the old spire of Chartres is a golden flame hung in the mist.

VII

Nothing in this social and natural expression is foreign to the earth and to the people from which it came forth spontaneously. And the unity of the symphony is the more impressive, through the vast number of voices that entered it, for song and prayer



Cahors (xiv Century). The Valentré Bridge.

to murmur, to weep, and to laugh, and to combine the changing melody of the framework of stone and glass and their rays of light with the intermittent thunder of the bells and with the hum of the sonorous naves, where the plain song rises and falls. The cathedral often sheltered the neighboring university¹ and never entirely renounced to it the cult of the intellectual

¹The councils of the University of Paris were held at St. Julian le Pauvre.

life, for the students met the Arioi under its vaults to constitute with them in the collective and confused elaboration of fables, mystery plays and moralities, and so, even before the university, it presented a power ful summary of the idea of the century and of the images of life. It formulated for us those turbulent schools where four or five nations came for their instruction, where the overlapping elements of all knowledges co-operate, the master with his discipes, the Greek philosophers with the fathers of the Church, and what is taught with what is learned. The immeasurable mind of Aristotle from which revolutionary thought claimed its authority against the then reigns would have recognized in the disordered unity and the rich material of this time the disruption of the genius of the sexes which every thousand years arises from the depths of the peoples to save the world from the dangers of pure abstraction.

Men had cursed the flesh,



Austria, 14th Century.
The gilded Virgin.
Facsimile.

disdained form, and repressed the desire to love them for what they teach us. And they had continued to do this for so long a time that on the day when that desire could no longer be restrained, it



Tours (xiv Century). Corbel. (Old cathedral.)

changed the axis of life, reversed life to itself, and finally stifled it. There was such an overflowing of forms, men were so drunk with sensations, that not only was the Christian idea of purification annihilated, but the art which had come to protest against that idea was devoured. It died because it had satisfied, with too great a violence, the needs that had given it birth. In less than three hundred years the French mind followed the course that leads from Sens or from Noyon, from Notre Dame, from Chartres,

from Beauvais—from naked logic, unity, harmony, and the ever present impulse of sobriety and strength, to Rheims, the raucous, sensuous orgy and to Rouen, the foul and flamboyant death struggle. Sculpture,



Bouguereau (xix Century).—The Saved. (Cathedral.)

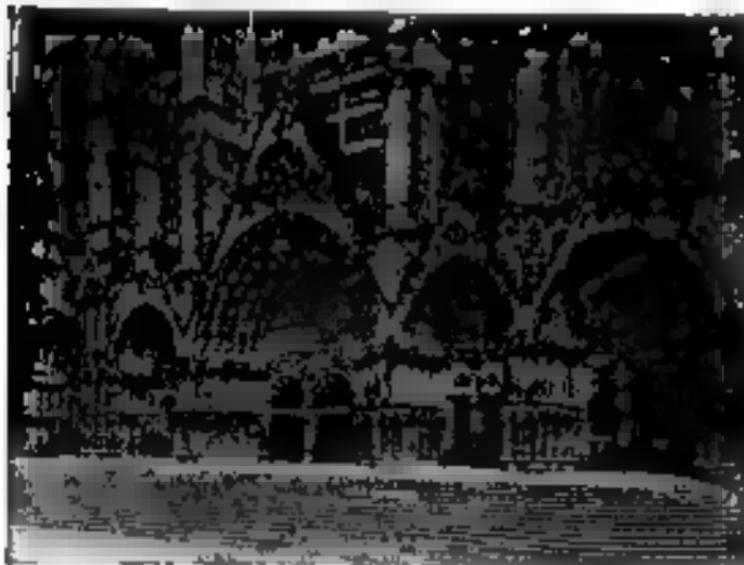
affixed to the walls at first incorporated in the walls, later on, detached itself from the walls, and once the dissonance had begun, it accentuated itself rapidly, until the final anarchy. From the fourteenth century on, it expresses more and more than that which one finds in an individual visual portrait having such characteristics as penetration, health, cordiality and self-confidence. And then the image maker knows too much; he has been but chisel with such ease that he can watch it toying

with the material and the force that once governed his heart has entirely passed into his hand. The bones of the cathedral are broken, complicated and entangled. They bear their重量. In so far are they burdened with supplementary nothing which will soon be cut up into fragments by various attachment. The cathedral disappears under the profusion of the detail, its supports are weakened to being hollowed out with earing every day. Its masonry is more diminished and a greater risk of a collapse is incurred by making room for the great windows that were increasing it more and more. When it had aggregated, the world was living of dark pens, of solitude and silence. The cathedral revealed light forms, and tumult to the world, now was to die as a result.

Hence the explosive and transitory character of the French art of the Middle Ages. The cathedral had crutches, as Michelet said in his *reproach*. Its flying buttresses are so pure because they bear faintly the weight of a world as a century gathers the effort of a thousand years into a single effort. And so the cathedral has that aspect of impregnating, which renders it so grandiose gives this appearance of fragility. When we think of the haste with which the work was done we are tempted to think that the French people suddenly awoke from sleep to enter upon the realization of the dazzled with the light overrun by innumerable images and overflowing with energy and yet had a premonition that between the theocratic oppression which had reached its death struggle and the military oppression which was coming it would have time to express its tempestuous confusion, that which it had understood of Nature upon its first meeting with her since the death of the ancient gods.

When the cathedral was vanquished, at the same time with the Communism and for the same reasons, there

remained nothing—save itself—of the impulse from which it had come forth. The energy of the nation, at first enervated by its own growth, and then crushed under the renewed invasions and under what was perhaps the most atrocious misery that history has known—the energy of the nation gave way. Nothing was



Boulogne (XIII to XVI Century). The five portals of the cathedral.

left in France but the growing monarchy and Catholicism, which, by working upon the unheartened spirits of the people, was regaining the ground it had lost. The upper clergy, the representative of political Christianity, took possession of the cathedral in order to oppose the doctrinal Christianity of the regular clergy against the human Christianity of the people. It is, thanks to the people that Catholicism profited by the blows which the Middle Ages had dealt it and

gained the form for aesthetic greatness which has rendered it enduring. It became for the future the sweet and terrible thing that we know as powerful as its art so powerful in its morality. It was a voice reverberating to the way in which it貫徹ed itself in France in Italy in Flanders in Spain in Germany or in England and yet it was owing to logic and in its authority. It was at once theological and popular, traditional and spontaneous, but now and again Students have bewailed the Catholic Church itself sincerely bewept that it had made the Crescent of the thirteenth century in its own image. In reality it was France and Europe in the exaltation of their life which for one hundred and fifty years caused Catholicism to assume their own appearance.

When St Bernard arrays and remaking the stiff Romanesque sculpture which decorated the earlier temples, was at the same time celebrating the ecclesiastical spirit and in Abbeys condensing the spirit of the universities, he said—so numerous and so astounding did the variety of the forms appear everywhere—that the monk is more tempted to study the marbles than his books and to meditate on these figures far more than on the law of God. The cathedral is Christian only for those who do not feel that all things human contain Christians and preachers and martyrs it is all the while Christian or not for those who do not see the way in which Christianity refreshes man. The cathedrals which were and traditional and revolutionary and professedly opposed to the principle of authority in

the world the masses born the problem without meaning. People grew up according to the condition of the world as it was and as it was. They did not begin to understand the world till they had been compelled to do so by degrees of suffering and when it was too late. We have seen how important it is to understand. The large masses of the Middle Ages are not from history. They are from imagination.

moral matters set forth by Christianity when it claimed to be definitively organized, we see this opposition in the way that Gothic art expressed moral ideas in the form most accessible to our senses and translated



Porte des (Palais de Justice) (end of the xiv
Century). Jeanne de Boulogne, detail.

into the language which is most purely that of the senses, the dogmas which affirm the majesty of pure spirit. It rehabilitates the nature of man, it rehabilitates nature itself in the world where he lives. It loves man for himself, weak and filled with an un-

hallowed courage and it describes his paradise with the trees, the waters, and the clouds which he sees when he closes his eyes or when he goes forth from the gates of his city. It tells of the vegetables of earth and the fruits that are brought to him from the fields on market days by the domestic animals who share his lot.

The cathedral, indeed, the whole art of the Gothic features but a moment the gap shown between the virgin forces of the people and the metaphysical ones sent when world creation principles had been preparing for a thousand years. But these forces break the mold when they have attained their full ripeness. The masses and the usage makers, in opposition to the Church consecrate the entrance of the ever dying and ever reconstituted form of the world into our spirit and our flesh. The desire of the people seeps on into it moreover all the overt matter of the probabilities and the formulas up which the mechanism of the cities claims the right to impose it. It is doubtless the clergy imposed on the decoration an obligation which they however very cheerfully accepted, that of depicting in the images a figurative hierarchy up sufficient and symbolic means of looking over the arrangement of which the Church kept surveillance. The art alone belongs to the painter, the law to the Fathers and the crown of Nuns. The founder of Nuns was not aware that the art is everything and that the law without it is only an empty garment for at the moment when art springs from the hearts of men it is man who suffering religious justice life. What is it matter therefore that the editor was the man, that the age was the spirit of thence, that the other was the brain of Christ, that the fire of the stained

For something that connects the external relationships in the art of the cathedral, material & its Augustinian & its Nuns see France by Frédéric Mistral.

Ayyazan (XXV Century). The palace of the Pope.



glass was selected light, and that the turrets were arms to prayer? The crowd in the Middle Ages expressed their symbols not because the world is indifferent to the higher moral realities which it did not discern, but that it might remain the free to recover its spirit of freedom and because it found within the law the highest protest for giving voice to the living that was filling it. In the Middle Ages, earth, human and therefore were bound up with life, and their life was the true one they were over one instant in the birth of all humanity in which as the forces of that person, they re-sounded to each other and were associated one with another. Society surrendered as to the elements which constituted it, among its own, to man and his activity to be organized spontaneously by the very life of these elements.

When we stand at a distance or on a height, it seems as if we could not apprehend the history of a great tree save in the general characteristics which mark that tree for us. It then seems to us to be contained entirely in one particular work, and to take on a form that is, so to speak, invisible or tangible wherein all the adventures of its intelligence and its sorrow appear as if sublimated. It seems to have been built, carried on war and commerce, cultivated the soil, and wrought in iron on us that this work may be born, that it may con- fain substance and that the obscure lives and the undreamed feeling of the bosom of its living and its lead. And thereafter each time that we evoke the spirit of a people, the name of a man who most obviously represents it in its most decisive hour comes to our lips—Beethoven brings us Germany; Shakespeare England; Michael Angelo Italy; Cervantes Spain; Huysmans Flanders; Rembrandt the Netherlands. When we think of France, we hesitate. Montaigne is the hero of the eternal intelligence, standing above the

destiny of the peoples, above their language, above their passion. Pascal has not the divine joy that mounts with the blood of the people in its acts, even when these are the acts of injustice and despair. In those who have best told our story, Rabelais, La Fontaine, and Molière, there is lacking that kind of



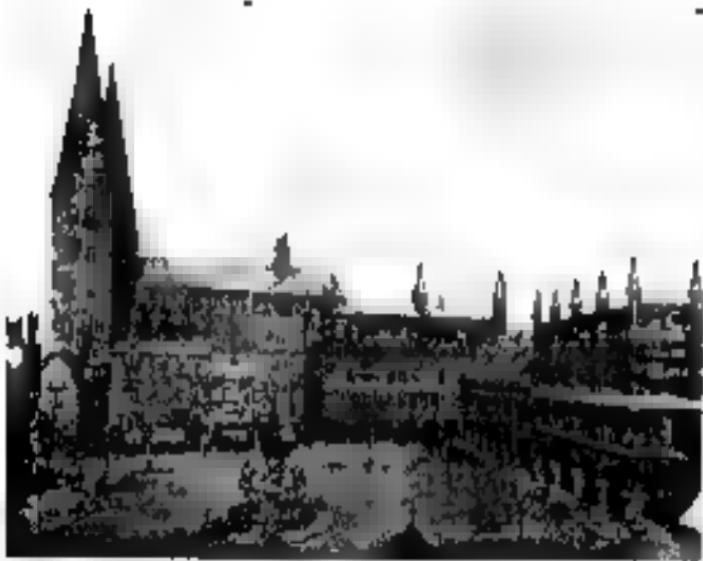
Louvre House of the XV Century

mystic passion which renders the human soul heroic and which makes it possible that through a single man and at a single moment, there may be concentrated and epitomized within the human soul all the powers of life, which, at that particular moment, define for our eyes the course of destiny and of the world. Hugo puffs up his power with programs and sermons. Well then! the cathedral has everything we love in Hugo or Freud—everything of ourselves that we find in Rabelais, Molière, or La Fontaine, everything that, in Montaigne, rises above time and place.

But by its vaults and by its towers it elevates all this in so lyrical a passion, that it lifts the French crowd up to the supreme conceptions which the greatest of our artists have almost never attained.

The French hero is the cathedral.





LÜBECK

Chapter VIII THE EXPANSION OF THE FRENCH IDEA



HE "French miracle" was such a marvel indeed that it stupefied the people of the cities and compelled the poor of the countryside to come as often as they were able to see, rising higher every year above the slopes of the tiled roofs and the sharp gables, the blue and gold embroidery of the painted stones, the blood of the stained glass glowing in the light, and the massive or tapering sweep of the towers and the spires that vibrated with the throb of the bronze. Their work done, the masons and image makers looked upon it with as much astonishment as if they had come from the other end of the world to

view it. Each one had labored in his workshop, had made fast a mallet, had cut a statue, or erected his huge stone up there; each one had seen more than a leaf or a blade of grass in the forest which had not even without casting their eyes from the bar that had grown under their hands from the ground where it sprung they being afraid and not daring to look the other way. And now that the staff of iron was removed and the statues were laid down here were laid solemnly side by side of sight in clusters a mighty mountain of cold white and slate among the fangs of heaven. Whenever time did happen to be set up of such the presence of such a host of the living god who dwelt in the heart of the cross he affermed, "God is much stronger, not even the master builder who had made the plan for the crosses, dreams of surpassing it." Not one of them knew that it pre-existed upon earth, not one of them knew that his own hand had made the iron bar and his own hands had the bright bar protecting in the same direction at the same part, and with the same strength, they were fusing more and more each day to bring forth the huge enormous power which should burst upon Europe as the highest manifestation of collective wisdom. When they turned to view their work not one of them remembered that he had set his hand to it, but they knew that that was the paradise.

And so people came from the country and even from a greater distance. Their came to see, their came to take away, they came to ask the master builder to cross the sea or the mountains at the expense of the rich cities, all of which was said to have the most beautiful church of the highest importance. For two centuries however France had been the great health of the Christian. Through the Normans it had conquered Sicily and England, under the ingenuous and powerful stimulative protest of delivering the Holy

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Sepulcher it was incessantly sending forth colonizing expeditions to the Orient, coveting Syria, Greece, and the islands with French settlements, and attempting to occupy Egypt and northern Africa. French barons were wearing the crowns of Athens, of Constantinople,



ENGLAND (XII CENTURY). Lincoln Cathedral.

of Cyprus, and of Jerusalem. There emanated from the French soul that energy for expansion which permitted it each year, at a hundred points in France to lay canals, to build bridges, aqueducts, and fountains, to open hospitals and schools, and to hang the pointed vaults, in majestic flight, a hundred feet from the soil. As it was to teach the world, five hundred years later, that the relevation of monarchy was outdated, so it ingeniously and joyously denounced theological revelation by now-ing action, life, experience, and liberty everywhere.

Where the military order were unable to gain an entrance thought still would penetrate by means of the monasteries and the schools. So as the spread of Europe took a wider sweep the universities and the thought of the West French influence spread over the world. As usual at the head of the English universities had passed through the University of Paris where the nations maintained permanent colleges. Philip the Fair, the French master builder founded Bourchier II, a successor Charles of Anjou has called another Pierre d'Angoumois to Paris, professor of the Saracens and Latin, the king of the earth, was accompanied to the time by Jean le Moineux who founded Jaffa. After the great Conquest of Sicily had broken his legs by a fall from the scaffolding at the base of one of them a hundred others had answered the call from foreign countries or native border. Martin Riges and Arnold le Bourneourt built churches in distant parts of Hungary. Companies of masons left for Germany. A master builder of France built the temples, convents, abbeys and commanderies of Cappadocia. Mr. Thos. d'Artais who made the plans for the cathedral and the bridge of Prague came from Angoule. The greater part of the Spanish cities in the fourteenth century raised in French architecture. Clerks went as far as Poland and even beyond. The Benedictines, the Dominicans, and the Augustinians, above all, founded houses and schools that spread the vital thought over Europe. The Order of the Templars, the Order of Calatrava, and the Teutonic Order spread with a constant activity in which from one end of Christendom to the other their recognized but on how these were used peasant hope. The great moral drift of Catholicism everywhere took on the appearance which the main element of the French communions irresistibly imposed on it.

Almost everywhere, at least in the beginning, the master builders would bring a first plan inspired by Amiens, or Rheims, or Chartres, or Notre Dame, or Beauvais. But the building of a cathedral often went



ENGLAND. XI AND XII CENTURIES. ELY CATHEDRAL.

on for two or three centuries, native architects succeeded the French masters, the masons, and image makers, who were recruited in increasing numbers from the local corporations, took root in their soil. The sky

and its sun and its clouds, the surrounding plain, the bare or woody mountain that rose at the gates of the city and the age-old forces fatal cited in the race by the regime of the seasons, by the nature of the work done in the country for trade, peace, war, and food — all took form little by little in the profile of the naves and of the towers, in the disposition of the bays, in the transparency of the stained glass and in the projections which distributed light and shadow on the front of the monuments. But the fact that the style was originally a borrowed one was always a drawback to the work, never, or hardly ever, did any town or country again have the impulse from which, for an hour, there issued forth the spontaneous agreement of the French crowd with the enthused creation and the logic of the artisans who expressed it.

B

England however barely missed participating in the miracle at the same time with northern France, when the latter country lived through that moment which, until then, has never occurred more than once in the history of a people and which France, the India of the Middle Ages, and the Ancient Empire of Egypt alone have known. England discovered the ogive at the same time that we did, if not some years earlier. Why, therefore, could she not, by making use of those powerful faculties for generalization of which, from Roger Bacon to Newton we are given as great a proof as we have from Abelard to Lichtenberg, why could she not systematize the use of the ogive, hang the stones of her son in the air between two diagonal lines of ribbing, articulate the gigantic arms of the great body, and cause the flying buttresses to rise from



ENGLAND (XIII CENTURY). LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

the pavement of the cities used to support the weight of the towers?

It was because the English cathedral was principally the work of a certain class of society, because it had no representation of those classes of society which the French cathedral represented after a passing epoch for ten years, for a guild of the nobles to the point that the nobles themselves were nothing but the ones who paid to them who called a guild; these were the burghers. And it was to be seen the burghers who had in the eleventh century secured the rights that were confirmed by Magna Charta in 1215. But in order to maintain these rights it was not enough to struggle against the feudal barons; there were other enemies to both Church and laity. In the twelfth and the thirteenth centuries the secular arm of the state organically was not so powerful as the better period of the corporations, which the previous period naturally tended on the fusing of each other; they up and against the other without danger to themselves. The cathedral was an expression of the wealth they had in common and not of their brotherhood.

Consequently there were nothing but the great caravans of humanity—stiff, stiff and dry, soldiers armoured, and then always turned to the eastward and swarming side of the two rivers and the stations through which the French armada brought to the framework of society the standards of all the tribes of these lands. For five hundred years the aristocratic acts of piracy and robbery had been carried on in the shelter of the ramparts of the military strongholds and the walls of the garrisons of these border places, and

And who did the nobles in France for Godefroy de Bouillon? and perhaps the leaders of the French army and the French nobles to follow and to the commanding strength of the whole generation of the ages?

from such arts nothing of the people, or of life itself, could come forth. It could, with its oppressing humanity buried under its green leaves, could not pass on to England when transmitting Christianity to that country anything more than the miniatures patiently composed in its monasteries while the eternal rain



England (xiii Century). Ely Cathedral, the nave.

drenched the windowpanes. The weapons of the Saxons, the carved prows of the Scandinavian barks, and the importations from Byzantium were only so many separate elements for which the flame of a homogeneous people, that could weld them into a unified force, was lacking. When the Normans arrived they appropriated the Roman tradition imported from France in the course of previous centuries, and built many powerful churches in which a square and crenelated tower rose from the center of the nave, as if to impress upon the mind the idea of military domination. But they were camping on British soil. They were to

furnish to the English people only the unshakable foundation of towers and strongholds. Cathedrals, abbeys, castles, ramparts, then make them up. Lesser are statues of Webster, and less an art of the classes, from the beginning until the hour when Shakespeare free and exultant over the world the torrent of emotions and images sealed up in the heart of the crowd by all those sonorous voices and those carved sepulchers.

As one descends the valley of the Seine the spires that appear above the towers become sharper and taller. In Normandy the life that creeps about the side of the French cathedrals and thoughts in them with movement becomes fixed and sturdy tends to some movement even while it becomes stiffer and more abundant. While the mass becomes less and less into more and more by openings. The mighty poem of the people becomes compacted, snatched, and inclines toward the attributes of the art of yesterday. We are midway between the social art of France and the stiff rich monument that we see when the mast rises lifting above the lawns and the trees the symmetrical pointed spires and the parapets of the central tower that weighs heavily upon the long low base. Already at Rouen and at Coutances the tower is placed over the cross of the transept. And if the living literature of the French provinces still animates the Norman churches, their sharper cut and voluntary movement gives us a foretaste of the geometrical decoration of England.

The dashless raised by the merchants of the British Isles above their rude industrial cities seemed to be made by the hands of goldsmiths and, in contrast with the enthusiasm expressed in the monuments which on the other side of the Channel derive their life from the bowers and the heart in order to exalt in the English cathedral is very obviously conceived as a proud hor-

age to the emancipation of a hard and egoistic class. Whereas wings spread out above the naves of the Continental churches in which the vibrant columns rose from the soil, here a wooden roof supported by corbels dominated the low naves, which were arrested on all sides by implacable horizontals. Often, tight shenues of parallel ribbing choked all the lines of the nave whose



ENGLAND (xiii Century) Caernarfon Castle.

profiles and curves disappeared among the tense clusters which they formed, a forest composed of a thousand dead branches without the leafage of the vault and without space and without air above them. In the apse, where the French builder allowed the darkness to deepen where the wall was rounded like a cradle about the living god that it enclosed so lovingly, the walls fell away like a portcullis, permitting the light to pass through the straight-lined colonnades as if they were iron railings.

The supreme expression of the English ogival style,

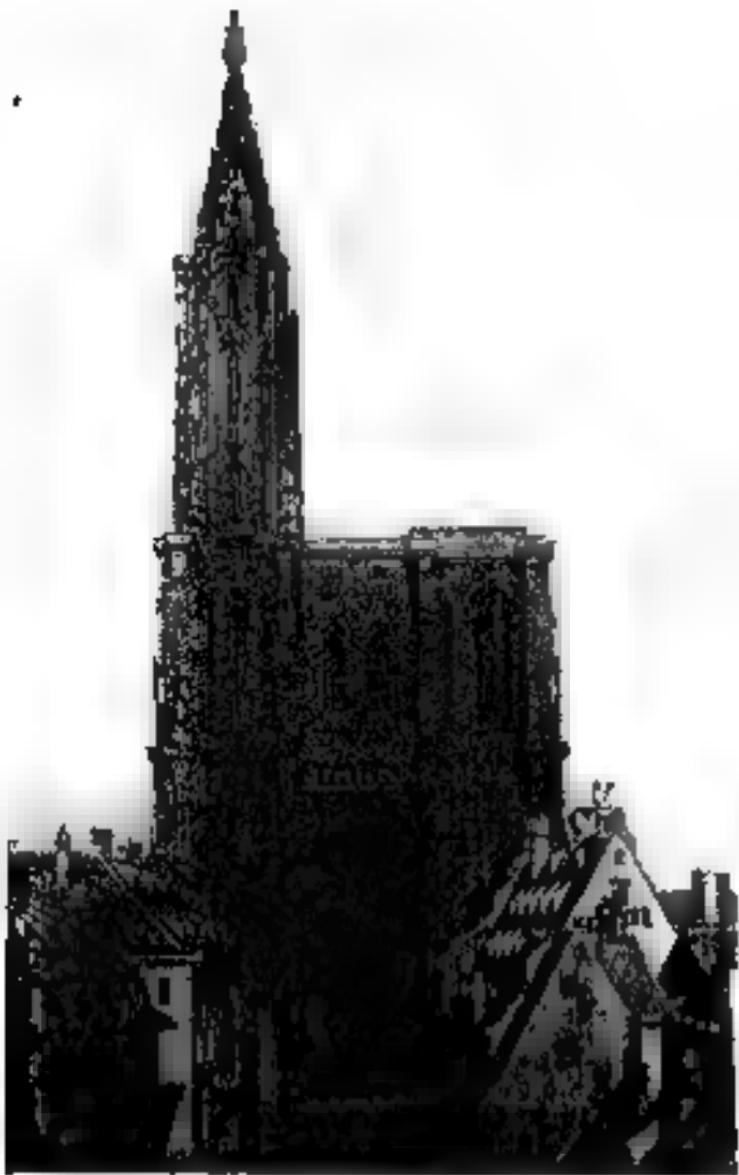
MEDIEVAL ART

the perpendicular, appeared at the time when, among us, the flame of stone, crackling as it launched skyward, was announcing the last flicker of the exhausted life around which a fatal twilight was rapidly gathering. On the one hand we have the end of a dream, on the other an affirmation of the will, on one side the abrupt



GERMANY (XII CENTURY). CATHEDRAL OF SPEYER

dissociation of the social forces, the defeat that comes day by day, even as man's illusions recommence each day, the mad charges, the feverish plunging of a civilization at the point of death—and on the other side the concentration of all the means of conquest, method in warfare, a definite goal to attain, victory, the practiced and steady rigor of a civilization that is determining and establishing itself. Where on the one side there is no longer anything more than ruins or abandoned works, we find pinnacles arising on the other side and spires shooting upward, the wrinkled façades that appear to be made of frost and glass.



AISANCE (xii and xiii Centuries). Strasbourg Cathedral.

and the closest latticed tracery of stone did not tell, for the spectral serio and tragic poetry of the English people to have its full effect in these icy and magnificent monuments. One should see them under a heavy sky of moonlight or see the sharp spires rising out of the wet leaves and the mist—the art of the north demands the complexity of the winter that spreads through space of the fogginess of the sleeping water and the uncertain illumination of the night. The resting of manor houses. It is above the lakes the formless & pale peers of their past going. Towers, and as we view them we see their whole bulk and yet something more than their bulk, we glance upon the muster history of the Middle Ages in England. They would not see me a part of the mighty dream of this people whose will has all the power that dwells in the air of the towers, a people as resistant as their walls, this people whose soul, when it peers to its depths, is as steeped in fog and moonlight as they are themselves.

They would not become a part of the dream of England, if a mantle of ivy did not cover them from top to bottom, if hand be not litter between their stones, and if the echo of falling axes were not heard when one traverses their black corridors, where wandering specters brush by one in passing. The soul of the north has not been able to let her self by the visible eyes of the world, and only poetry and music are vague enough to receive it in their embrace.

III

The sea with its ebb and flow carries the thought from one shore to the other. England, which owed so much to the Scandinavians in its early castled Anglo-Norman art, to Norway, whereas Sweden, whether before Bonneval had come with his compatriots from



A Monk 12th Century Strasburg Cathedral, a face.

France at the end of the thirteenth century to build the cathedral of Beauvais received a mixing up of German and French architecture by way of the Rhine. In France it is well known that first came the Germans dispersed over the northern peninsula. For German art came in a straight line from the schools of Champagne, of Bourgogne, and Poitou.

That is not to say that Germans had not attempted to create from the earliest moments of the Middle Ages onward to create a national art for herself. In the eleventh century she tried, and then we know that she succeeded in the Rhine-Châlon school, created a new architecture. Among Germans, Gothic and Christian, whose plastic expression has practically disappeared. It was the work of monks and nuns, a crude and base thing that had to be. When the Renaissance appeared it found on the contrary a base and popular art perfectly adapted to give to it a very powerful, clear-cut, and pure character. The Holy Roman Empire, the clergy, and the feudal lords were there for an hour and two, those courageous stones with a mortal cement so hard that it did not seem possible that masters and workers Germany would ever dare breaking the red walls that are studded by the arch and without animating by statues. As a matter of fact it was safe when she ceased, and she did so with bad grace. And when Bubemus desired a national architecture and sought solid materials for it, next to it was in the Germans and other rural nation of the mass the German Renaissance and of the French ogival style that she found the form for her art. The intriques on the banks of the Rhine combined round and rectangular forms in the apses, in the transepts, in the four towers at the corners, and in the short curved gables. Doubtless, they never expressed the living emotion of a people any more than did the other arts.

lectural forms of Germany, they expressed the power of the abominated military and religious castes, who nevertheless recognized the spontaneous expression of the popular classes. Faith lay and strictly encircled. The real soul of the German crowds was never in the stone. The men of this period, who revealed the German soul to the future, were the wandering minstrels who sang the tale of the Nibelungen. As later on, it was to be heard in the voice of the master singers of the industry, cities and the hero musicians of the hours of hope or of despair. Luther, Sebastian Bach, Beethoven, and Richard Wagner. The German cathedral is forever being built up and pulled down. A few men come together and only cries ring out from all their breasts and float above them, anon the sounds have found their echoing form in aerial vaults for which all the hearts are pillars. And when the men are no longer assembled, the cathedral has disappeared.



GERMAN (12TH CENTURY).
CATHEDRAL OF NEUMBURG.
Courtesy Béla.

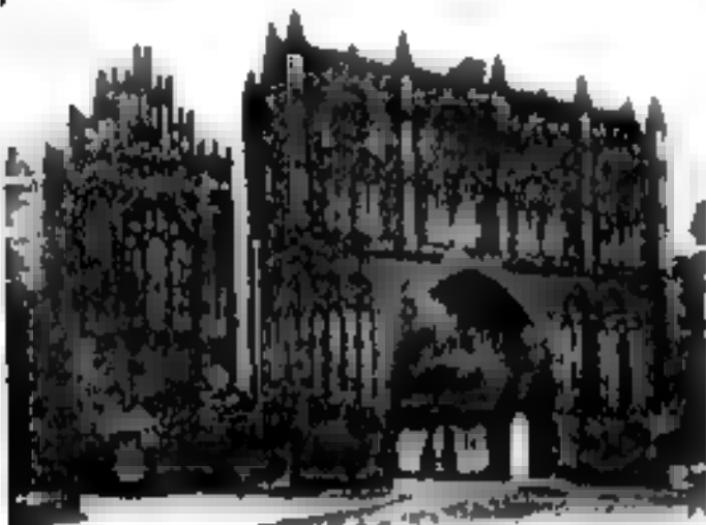
Despite the Habsburgs, despite the league of the Rhine towns, despite the wealth of the free cities of Germany whose law was adapted to the struggle in the thirteenth century between the Pope and the Emperor, despite the strength of the Teutonic Order which covered Prussia and the Baltic Seaboard with a gate-towers flanked with sharp-pointed watch-towers, Germany of the Middle Ages had no signs of an architecture. The German architect does not resemble the living monuments of the French provinces or the Italian goldsmiths of Florence or those accumulations of stone in shadowy depths in which we get a gleam of gold, as in the Spanish churches. It remains pale, like the peasant's complexion of stone, the tangle of its ribbing, its stiffness, and its swelling battlements and towers and embattlements. But it is especially when it rises itself from the form of which it extruded, the by little from the signs of bone of heart and blood, so that it almost insinuates beneath its law of external structure the abstract and confused sentimentfulness of the unhampered surfaces.

It was the wise and foolish virgin of the French portals who came to spread the good news to Germany. The definite balance of flesh and the grace of the all-living statues in which however there is already the mark of the good-natured sentimentalism of the Fratres would not have surprised a master builder of the vaults of the Normans. But the hard red faience with its tenacity once to rusty iron, already showed the tendencies of the German style through the abundance and the stiffness of the vertical lines, the long narrow parallel, the dry sprawling forms of the

The character of Cologne, which had for so long a time remained to type, — the manly and robust, the solid, the strong, and the simple, — of the northern cities of France, and the neighbourhood of the cathedral of Amiens.

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colonnettes, and despite the magic use of the whole work which reminds one of a windowpane in winter when it is enriched by the fern shapes of the frost. Such a building was the necessary step between the mighty animation of Amiens, of Rheims, of Notre Dame de Paris, and the dogmatism of Cologne in which the



GERMANY (XIV Century) Gate at Neubrandenburg.

letter of the theological law had reigned two centuries earlier and which for a hundred years presided over the severe development of Romanesque architecture.

When the German cities had associated themselves to regulate the movement of all the treasures of Europe, the cloths of Flanders, the wines of France, the spices of the Orient brought by ships to the mouth of the Rhine and transported along its tributaries to the center and heart of the Teutonic continent, when by reason of the foreign war between the Papacy and the

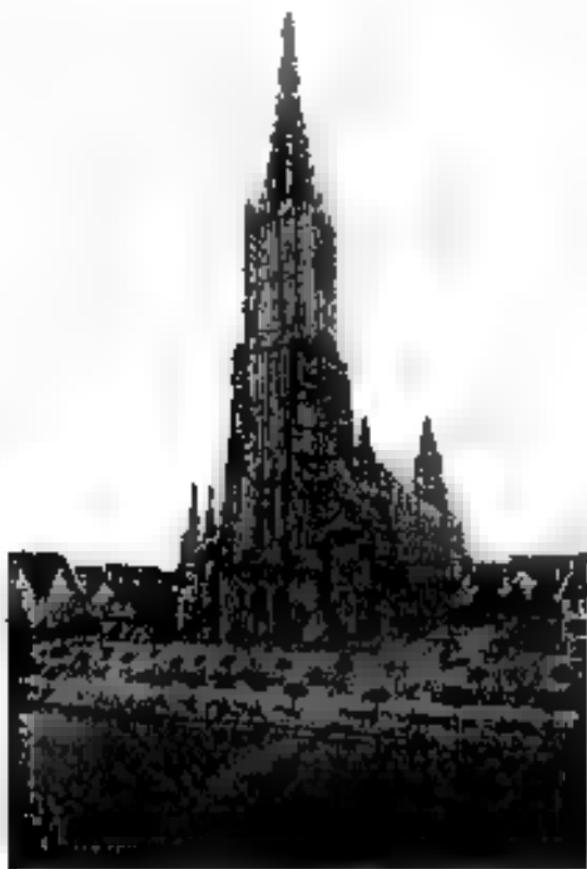
Empire, the currents of activity that circulated everywhere had brought to all the cities workmen from the Rhemish provinces, French image makers, wood carvers from the Black Forest, and bronze workers that the



GERMANY (xiv Century). Rathaus of Strassburg.

honest and powerful Roman school of Bishop Bernward of Hildesheim had been educating for two centuries, a fertile mingling of all these confused forces developed in the German soil the revelation of its desires. To be exact, the process went on for a century,

the thirteenth, during which the statue makers of Nuremberg, before they reverted to the complication and the honest sentimentalism of German sculpture,



GERMANY (XIV Century). Cathedral of Ulm.

made a vigorous effort in the direction of the monumental style whose qualities of love, strength, and simplicity the masters of Rheims were at that moment revealing to France and to the world. But this cen-

has suffered to define the formative tendencies of Gothic building in Germany before the time of the Werkmeister. The result of others had indeed made it clear enough as to what had been done to add substance to the composition which while it was still not yet able to lead an existence away from its true base had prepared Germany for the Renaissance by an awakening in the way of the industrial arts and crafts.

Beside the cathedrals of our northern provinces, up to the very base of their towers, resting on powerful dry stone buttresses, and defining all the elements of their incomparable beauty from the thickness of them and from the need to have a wide passage, the German cathedrals are simple and massive, yet sheltered clearly against the air, giving possibility of a wide and brilliant space around them. Everywhere we find here, not making straight upward and giving all the more sweep to the tower, but in its pyramidal form it has also been from the ground to the top of the spire, being pointed from the center of the facade on a single tower mass, gathering together the elements of the ensemble in order to carry it up higher by prolonging the lines of the points, spreading it about up from its sides. It was of German Gothic that these writers were thinking when they defined the Gothic architecture of the Middle Ages as an effortless aspiration toward heaven. It is however all a mere aspiration, and it never attained to perfect an equilibrium in balance of structure as to those at comparative rest that which gives to the towers of Rouen their aerial lightness. In the old square of Chartres, to pure and infinite movement, and to the towers of Notre Dame of Amiens the tremendous power to lift the pavement of the choir to the very bound of space where every day of spring and summer and autumn, it is increased by the gold of the last morn-

ments of the sunlight. It is a noble effort, none the less, a mighty and mystic elevation of human sentiment toward the puissant love for that unknown thing which the sense of life is, and which the great music



PLANETES (XII and XIV Centuries).—The market of Ypres.

will stir up, in the depths of our hearts, five centuries later.

In the north of Germany, over which war passes less frequently, where the bare plains that descend to the sea-horizon contrast with the overhanging rocks, the trailing mists of the Rhine, and the forests of black pines of the mountainous regions of Bavaria and Austria, where the most powerful Hanseatic cities of the Empire, Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg claimed the commerce of all northern Europe, from the counters of London and Bruges to the fairs of Nizhni Novgorod, the pyramidal thrust of the churches was far less wild.

Representing wholesale commerce and maritime life, the solid *Kathuizen* were set up with walls as high as cliffs, lightened by circular openings between pointed turrets, to withstand the salt spray which forms a green coating on the copper steppes that rise above the red roofs. The blue and black coating of the bricks gave them an oily texture, and the fisherman with their boats of sea-husk returning from the *seafloors*, found again the ruddy sky, their green waters and the dull lustre of the *harbor* in their boats. Here the soil and the water took an interface back to themselves, and the eagle restored its original significance by adapting it to its function.

More profoundly rooted than the great Catholic idea, as a result of which Europe was to be covered with temples that should be of the same type everywhere, the local use of the editor, at least in the countries of very marked character weighed down the *ideal* until it touched the earth at every point. The Dutch, a practical, moderately idealistic and spontaneously balanced people preserved the essential principles of their first monuments until the period when in Germany and in France the growing complication of general architecture marked the end of mediæval society. The independence of Holland and the Reformation are announced by the high raves, the massiveness and the roundness of the piers which support them and the strong gathered strength that is a quality of their mood, the mind of serious business men, of engineers and of the sold-soldiers that the Dutch make upon occasion. We see their quality everywhere in the thick low walls that butt back the sea in the shore, full of bold boats that come up to the heart of the pasture lands as we have in the buildings of to-day which continue to embody the unshakable good sense of the Dutch amid the architectural mania of Europe.

Flanders is nearer the soil on which the cathedrals rose. There from the end of the twelfth century onward, the cities of workmen where the trade in hides and woollens



FLANDERS (XII to XV Century). Market and
belfry of Bruges.

centered, where cloths were woven and dyed—Bruges and Ypres especially—built formidable markets whose vertical walls, pierced by two regular rows of windows, have the sureness that comes of necessity. They unhesitatingly express a categorical ideal, thanks to "a

century of friendship."¹ Here the admirable heroism of popular need triumphs over all narrow interests and belies the systems that endeavor to bring it back to an abstract, a virtual, and dogmatic form. Gothic art was no less the language of Christianity when the latter is stripped of everything which binds it to a given locality and to matter, than if its original expression in France assumed an extremely religious form. The principle which it carried with it engendered commercial buildings in Flanders, as, in the Italian city, it brought fort, sober fortresses and proud baronial palaces. The Flemings built these two to be sure, but it was to defend their warehouses and their ports. Their finest monuments were born of their mercantile spirit as the finest Italian monuments were born of the passionate and violent which characterizes Italy, and as the finest French monuments sprang from the social idealism which has been the life of France and which passes, through Rabelais and Diderot, from the Gothic cathedra to the Revolution.

IV

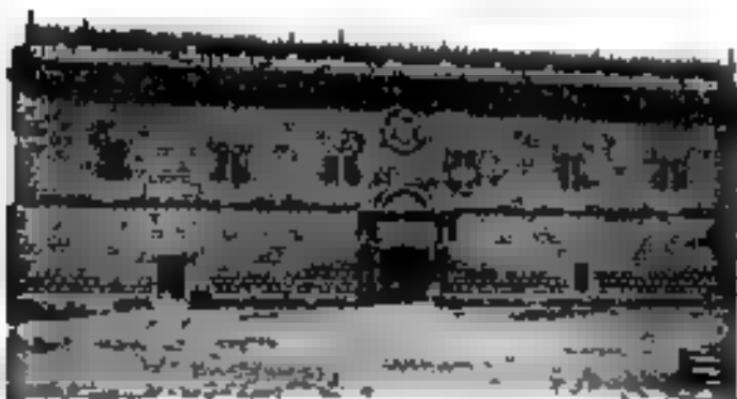
Perhaps in all Europe during the Middle Ages of Christianity, mystic Spain was the only country that was unable to attain the immortalized architectural expression of the desire of its multitudes. Two centuries of peasant warfare between the natives and the Moors, a violent confusion of races and languages, a soil cut up by ravines, by mountains, and by inaccessible passes, a rough stony desert, isolated one from another, were enough to prevent a collective soul from defining law there. Spain underwent the influence of Roman architecture, Arab architecture, Romanesque

¹ Michelet, *Histoire de France*.



Bear (13th Century) Cathedral of Arles.

architecture and French architecture, one after the other and the hour of political unity revealed her to herself, but too late for her to escape the influences of nascent European individualism which at least encouraged her to release the brutal and subtle energy that she possessed even though she did not recognize



Spain. XV Century). Façade of the palace of Guadalajara.

it. For four hundred years the little Christian monarchies of her northern provinces had to send for the architects and sculptors of France, of Burgundy, of Germany and the Netherlands to build and decorate the alcaldías and the churches. The sculptors of the school of Toulouse invaded Castile, Granada, Navarra, and Catalonia whether, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the image makers and the architects of the valley of the Seine repaired in their turn. In the sixteenth century in the full tide of the Renaissance, when Italy was already pressing upon her through her



Spain up to 2nd Century: Cathedral of Burgos.

Mediterranean provinces, Spain was still calling in French and Burgundian masters.

From the time when the Saracens and the Christians intruded Roman sculpture into Spain, the art of man contact with the people had been purloined, profaned, and become contemptible of light and shade, assumed a character of abomination and of desecration, and with it which are terrible one can but... I can assure that the last which caused the capitulation of the soldiers to battle with themselves, least defeated before the invasion of the Saracens and the Moors which the French statue makers brought with them when the horrid grottoes in France were too rich in ornaments to allow them for the construction and decoration of the fortresses. The noisome parts of the vesting actions were men of a different type, half savages, half peasants, whom the fire of the sun had rendered as hard as their flints and who despised even the trees which bore no shade in which to cool their blood, such men could not appropriate the ivory, lesser, but consumed them to the profit of the churches whose sculptured stone lent animation to the work of their hands, by impuring its purity even as an annihilated power over the mass of leaves at the edge of a forest. At the same time the memory of the Moorish leather workers, artists and geniuses, he pursued them at their slaves. They charred stone as though it were a matter that one cannot trust and confide from anyone. When he left Spain the fifteenth century master received the most brilliant gifts from the French statue makers from the Provence where they had resorted, and from the Master decorators who saved the framework of the paving and the frames of the mosaics out of wood.

The French and the other western countries jewels of the lapidary which came from his hands seemed to be impregnated with gems and to bristle with stal-

activities they were fluted and warty like an embossed copper.

When Spain had only Granada to recapture from the Moors, when the dust and the rocks of the peninsula had been recruited under the Catholic sceptre, there was really an hour when, if moral leadership was not



PLATE. Mausoleum at Medina, by Gil de Silve.

attained in order to teach great architecture at a single bound there was, at least a fever that infected the whole land in common, something funeral, cruel, and frenzied fired all the number beasts and spewed forth from them like jets of blood thickened with buckshot like furious torrents of gold and stones. What need there was for order and harmony. The naves built by the French and the mosques built by the Musulmans were torn open so that in the middle of them, between gratings of gold, a choir filled with golden

ornaments might be installed, a coronet of gold that gleamed in the sunlight. Without the labour of men, how could he have been responsible for all the golden objects he had covered with the glittering leaves of the trees of the night that were his own creation? The golden rays of the darkness after darkness were to be seen in the numerous golden starburst shapes, beamed into the darkness much like a shower of stars in a field of snow. Here was a land of beauty, a land of golden light, a treasure of beauty, a land of golden ornaments on which the hands of the Master Worker had skilfully wrought and woven such beauty that each beam shone like a sun and shone like a star. Here was an orchard of roses, a garden of roses, a garden of beauty, a garden of perfume, where the faint fragrance of the blossoms seemed to be a mixture of the wood smoke and incense. We are made to think of the creation of the trees of life, and of the creation of the trees of death, and of the bright the darkness, and the leaves being in the strange gardens that forever neither caught nor uncaught the sun.

Between the golden petals of the orchard other flowers had been made to be to permit their beauty to reach the greatest perfection. In the new flower beds of the orchard, when the sun had all the radiance in order that they might be permitted the brightness of nature, there was a rose bush that bore flowers pink, and a rose bush that bore flowers of blue. These must have been that she was given to the Master Worker to make and that she was the singer in time to be the first to represent the shadow side of existence, and of her perhaps because of remorse over the fact that she had lied and it through which after the others had done so that she remained attached



Second half of the 12th Century. Detail of the Legend of St. Gregorio at Valladolid.

to it the most fiercely of all, and that she was the last. In her fever she heaped up all the stones wrought by the sculptors who, for five hundred years, had been living on her lean banks, the Moors, the French, the Flemings, the Germans, the Moors, the Jews, and the Iberians, and it was with fury that she affirmed her

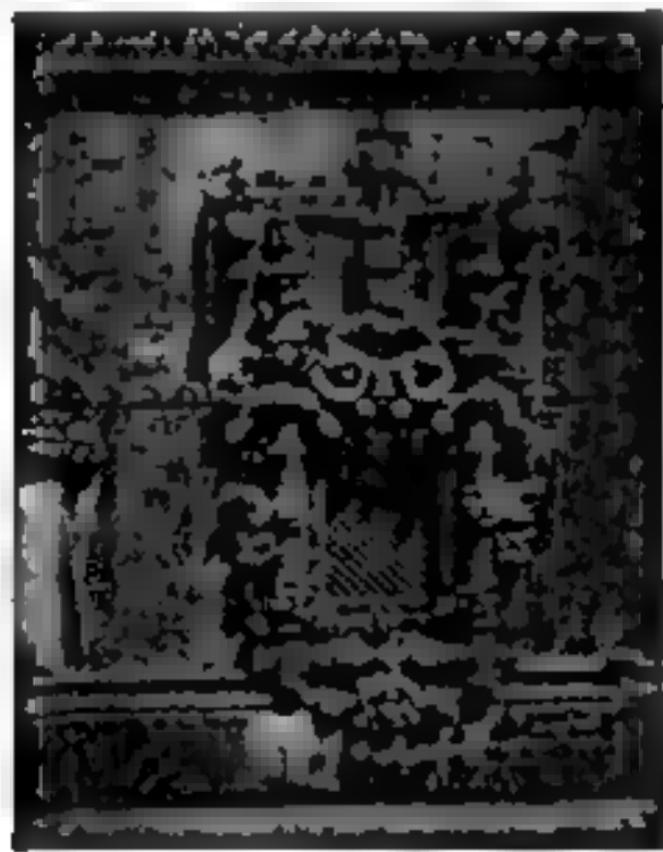


PORTUGAL XIV AND XV CENTURIES. Facade of the chapel of Batalha.

irreducible fanaticism at the hour when the workmen of the north, in the countries torn by war, were confessing their despair.

However nothing was lost. Man, goaded by doubt, was commencing once more his climb toward the inaccessibile summit. While the last masons were setting the last and the highest spires over the last and the highest naves, there sailed forth from a port of that same Spain three caravels that were to plunge into the west. In barely a hundred and fifty years, at a time

when there were no other roads than the rivers, when the cities were surrounded by walls, when several months of dangerous navigation were needed to go



François, 13th Century. Window of the abbey of Thunon.

from the coasts of France to the coasts of the Levant, the thing which had enabled the men of the Middle Ages to establish over the whole of Europe one of the greatest and yet one of the most coherent and deeply

rooted civilizations in history—their obscure solidarity—was now suddenly expanding as if the life of a too-powerful body had burst its armor, as if its blood, its glance, and its thought were spreading on all sides through the rifts in the metal. The Portuguese architects were already taking the great mariners, who were colonizing Africa and India, to tell them how the Indians decorated their temples, and to bring back to them from their voyages the things that they would group in the last flowerings of Moorish art and of naval art—keels, anchors, cables, the fauna and flora of the seas, octopuses, madrepores, corals, and shells. The conquest of the sea and the sky was to cause the spirit to leap when once it was stripped of its ancient beliefs, and bring it to the threshold of new intuitions where new beliefs elaborate themselves little by little.



YHOU



Assisi

Chapter IX. THE MISSION OF FRANCIS OF ASSISI

I



ITALY did not know the centuries of silence into which the annihilation of the Latin world plunged Gaul. Vastly, as Gaul was, and more frequently than Gaul by invasion, Italy retained, nevertheless, the memory of a well-ordered world of imposing aspect, one which resembled her own desire. The world of the ancient Mediterranean was to enter the modern world along the slope of her natural genius. Rome installed in the basilicas its rechristened gods. The old races cast upon the old civilizations to furnish them the means of awaking the return of life.

The Barbarians overthrew the temples, their Italianized sons set them up again. And nothing is changed. From the ruin of yesterday still another basilica comes forth. The role of the conqueror is not to teach new

processes, but to infuse new energy. He offers his virgin return to the revelation of the glorious landscape. Thus was Greece rendered free and by the Dorians. New generalizations are born from the meeting of the

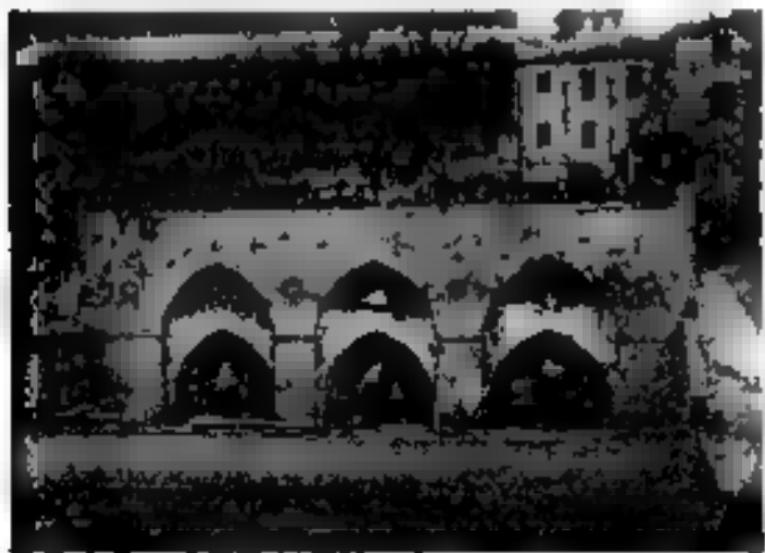


LECCA. XI CENTURY. THE CATHEDRAL.

butman material from the north in the Greco-Latin crucible.

We know it well. We must tell it. The greatest men have confessed it to us. Montaigne will ask Italy to approve his wisdom; Shakespeare invokes her name daily to justify his passion. Truth be aves through her,

and Stendhal, and Nietzsche. Byron dies through her. In the days of Rembrandt's affluence, Giorgione reigns over his studio, and when he becomes poor there is always something of the Italian flame at the center of the ray of light which follows his descent into the shadows of the mind. It is Italy that organizes the

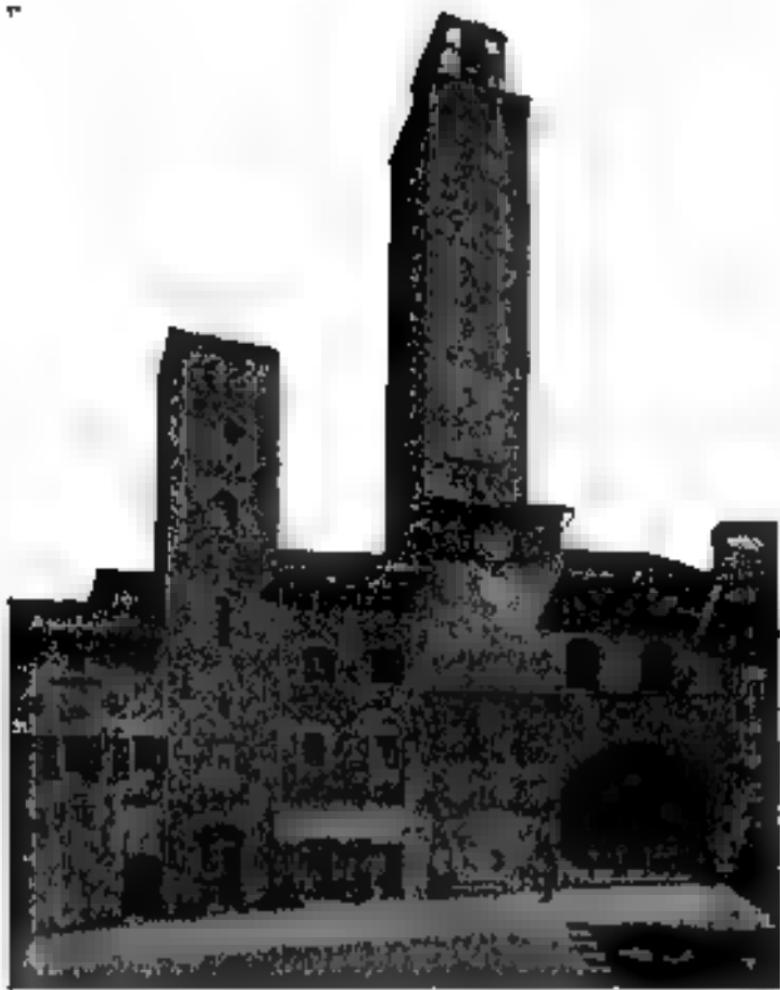


SIEGA (14th and 15th Centuries). Ponte Branda.

temper of Rubens, that reveals space to Velasquez, to Poussin the architecture of the earth, to Claude Lorrain the architecture of the sky. As soon as one touches Italy, one feels oneself overwhelmed by the intoxication that comes of understanding. Intelligence and intuition merge, the scientist agrees that the artist shall take possession of mechanics and of geometry, the artist will ugly grinds the colors and mixes the mortar. The most atrocious voluptuousness is only a step from sainthood; chastity burns like an orgy. Here love is as funereal as death, death has the attraction and the

benefits of love. The author tries to illustrate the theme through his own words and also usage of various figures and analogies present below. Through this he tries to depict the love which is selfless. Here he goes on mentioning that love is a noble virtue itself where the things will take care of their own and such things will always be there for the world. No other desire or need gets any priority over love. Through other factors like materialism, love is the source of love and it is the love which can remove all the darkness that surrounds us because it is the trigger of the love of the mankind. There are many more other benefits of love which are mentioned in the article. With the help of love, one can overcome his/her own mistakes. He can even live his/her life without any fear. Love can be the greatest weapon to spread warmth and happiness among people. The love and care of parents towards their children is the best example of love. In the article, the author says that love is the best way to express our feelings. It is the best way to tell that we care about someone. The author also says that love is the best way to express our feelings. It is the best way to tell that we care about someone.

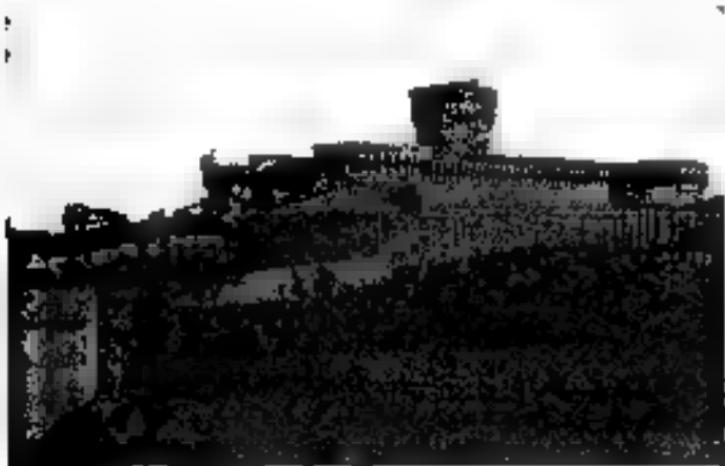
The author has been a student of Japanese culture for many years. He has written numerous articles on Japanese history and culture, and has also translated several classic Japanese texts into English. His work has been published in various academic journals and books, and he is currently working on a new book project that will explore the relationship between traditional Japanese culture and modern society.



SAN GIMIGNANO (XIII Century) - Palace of the Podesta

crowds of figures, glowing with life, rough and tense from brutal effort, and so he sets up the trenchant claim of the primitive Latin genius as opposed to the claims of the artists of the north. Italy does not forget, because she remains Italy.

Too often people look upon the perpetuation of certain essential forms as the result of a traditional



VITERBO (XII to XV Century). Fortress.

desire transmitted by the schools, when in reality the forms are only an expression of the desires of a race and of the indications of its soil. In all the Mediterranean countries, where palm trees, pines, and yew trees detached their smooth trunks against a hard sky, the column which reappears on the front of the churches and which is used from the top to the bottom of the towers of Romanesque Italy was a natural expression that could not disappear. Antiquity and the new Italy are in accord in these lines of galleries bordered by arcades which spread their carved tracery over the round baptisteries, the bare façades of the

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temples and the square campaniles. The basilica has called to its aid the trees whose clearly marked foliage allows the transparency and the luminosity of the world to shine through their overhanging branches, and it is

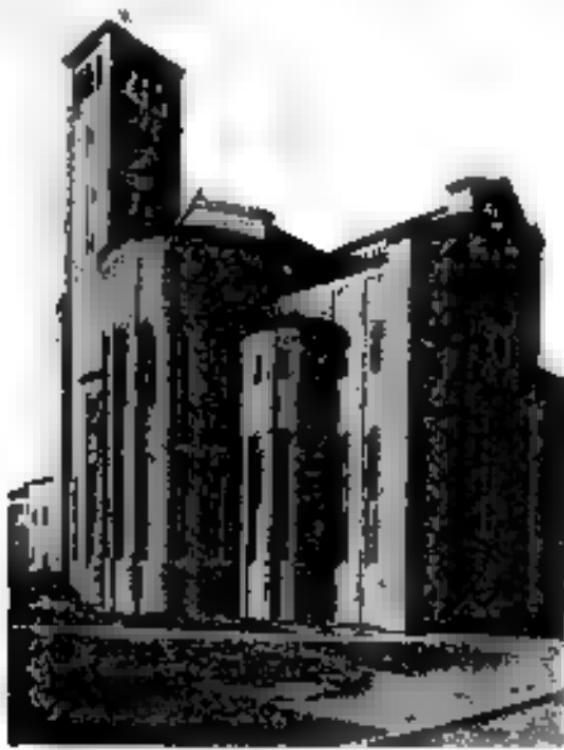


Niccolò Pizzolo: *The Crucifixion, based on the Baptistry of Pisa*

with their grace and pride that it covers the great Human vessel.

The dair breeds and the riches of Italy required this architecture. The image of her powerful cities and her towns, scattered over the sides of the hills among the cypresses, is imprinted on the hearts of those who cannot forget the educating power of her severe and meadow-like contours. It is in the hearts of all those who retain the clear memory of the white breccias and of the sheathings of black and white marble which from afar mingle the cathedrals with the tiled roofs of the roofs. At the hour when the theocratic Romanesque was defining architectural

dogma in the north and west of Europe. Pisa and Lucca and many other cities of continental Italy were already passing beyond the towers and the temples to the popular expression that suited the Italians, as the



TREVISO (1310). SAN NICOLA.

French Commune was to pass on, a century later, to the popular expression that suited the French. The Italian Romanesque derives from the living spirit of the race with perfect ease. Italy will not have to rise up throughout its whole extent, as the north of France had to, in order to claim the right to assert its vision.



CHURCH: MADONNA WITH ANGELS AND SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI, IRISH
LACE CLOTH, 14TH CENT.

Catholicism here never ceased to employ external magnificence as an expression of political domination, which if it does not leave freedom of thought to man, at least permits him complete freedom of salvation. The gallery with colonnades defines the church and the loggia, and the city home and the country house which the Franks and Lombards would still be building to day had they been left to their own devices. Along the streets paved with their broad flagstones, it is still the gallery with colonnades that shelters the crowd from showers and sun, and supports the pink or white facades whose rows of green shutters rise to the line of the roof. Under the pine-shaped like parasols it is the gallery that detaches its profiles against the straight-lined terraces of the Florentine villa. And at the gates of the cities, it protects the cool *Campo Santo*, paved with marble, where one walks over the dead.

II

In contrast with what occurred at the decline of the ancient civilizations, life reappeared in the north of the country. The south had not been so deeply plowed by the successive invasions. The Norman barons, in southern Italy had had to defend themselves against a climate very different from their own and against a race that had been enervated by an effort reaching back further into the past than did that of continental Italy. Moreover they asked the protection of the Pope in repressing the conquered provinces. The whole of the feudal organization was used as breaking down the activity of the native population.

In the north, on the contrary the cities profited by the struggle between the Pope and the Emperor in order to gain their autonomy and to fortify it by a system of alternative alliances with one or the other of

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the two parties that were fighting for the domination of Italy—Guelphs and Ghibellines. Blacks and Whites, Pisa, Florence, Lucca, Siena, Parma, Modena, Bergamo, Mantua, Milan, Pavia, and Cremona, took now the one standard and now the other to live their life

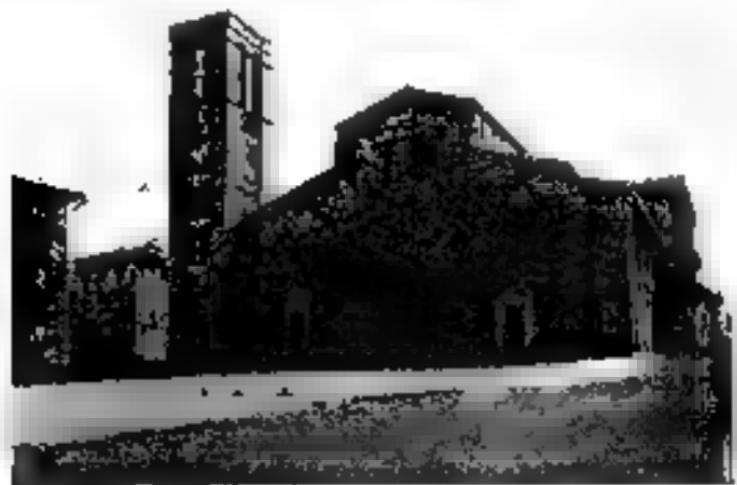


Gentile Bellini. *Nativity*. Museo di Pisa.

of incessant warfare either under the name of the Church or under the flag of the Empire. They had failed to choose between death at a moment when the passion for living was rising in floods—indeed so weak depended for its strength upon active vigour, upbreeding equality, and a continuous physical and moral effort [hence the energy of the Italian Republic, out of which the modern mind has evolved, whether we like to admit it or not].

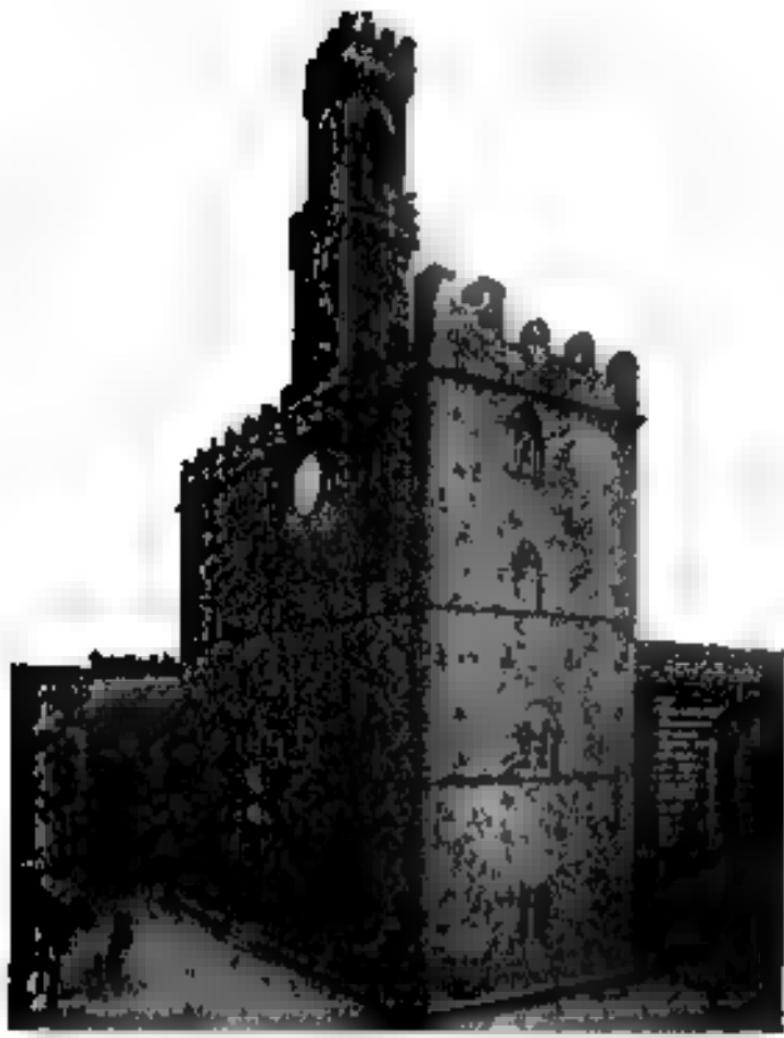
II. amid all these rival cities which were ready to fall

upon one another on the morrow of their violent reconciliations, the rise of Florence was the most violent—to the point of absorbing Tuscany in two centuries, of playing a mighty role in the life of Europe, and of inscribing herself upon our memory with lines of steel—it was because she was at the crossing of the roads.



MONTEPULCIANO (XIV CENTURY) Cathedral.

that connect Rome with Germany and that connect the two seas which border the peninsula. The whole commercial, military and moral life of the Italy of the Middle Ages traversed her. The grace and the vigor of the country that surrounds her were to make of her senses, tense and burnt by fever, the natural mold into which life was poured that it might be cast into well-characterized and clear images. We must remember that Tuscany, when it called itself Etruria, had already played a role in history analogous to this one. Many of the Etruscan painters have the bizarre-

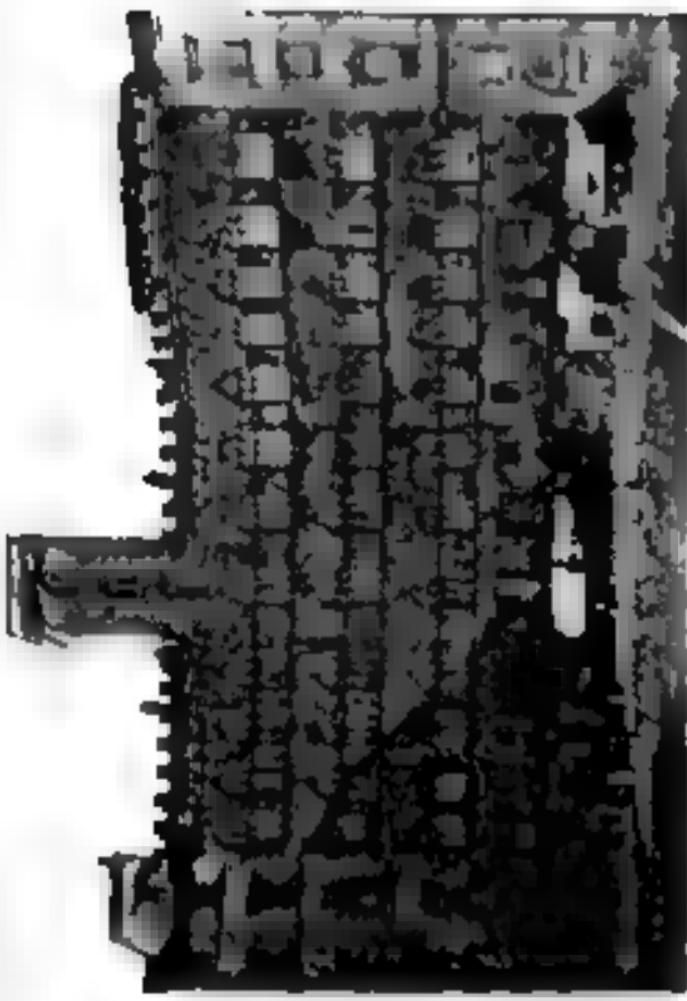


VOLTERRA (XIII Century). Palace of the Prior.

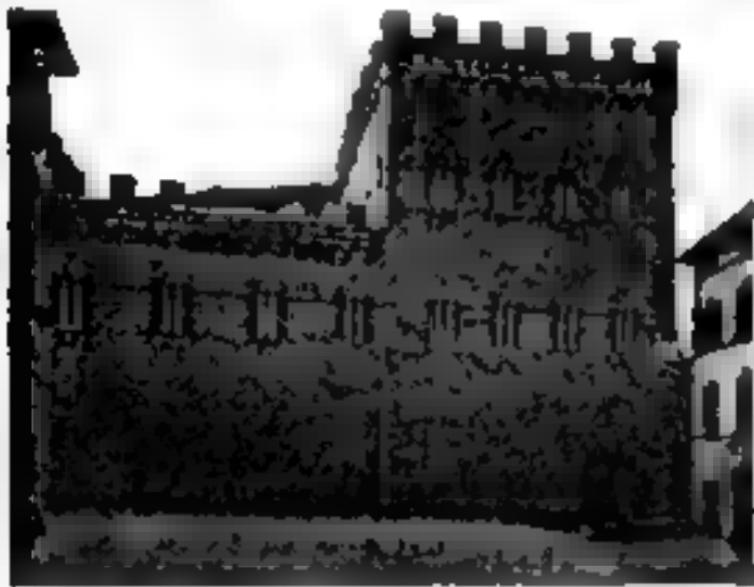
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has received the best from Preceptor of the Dawn of the Human Age, and her Servants are the best and most sincere. The heart of the object of the race stands before us. In the present epoch the human being is destined for the end of history. It is now a moment when a new world comes. That is to say, to stand by the Preceptor. From the north to the south, but also in the distance, many are separated from the love of light, & separated in number as one. The love of the Human Age, which has been born of that atmosphere, has not yet come into existence. At that moment now, we're grateful from our side, because they created it and believe, because, being in hope and in love, they demand to make them live the human life among men. That has greater power than wisdom and knowledge, the instruments of the mind, and than the intellect and all the understandings of the race. The great fact is the fact that since the Human race is the result of the human project in their people, there will be power and there will be the action of great love. Human is the birth of love. To increase their love is a suggestion from the heart and the soul. When we have faith in love, the human heart, according to the effect of the example, is full of love, so although love is a human character, I am not saying perfectly being and we from which we cannot bear no other without losing an effort to dominate its superiority as animalistic. But when the faith is applied, the animalistic is annihilated with divine love and becomes regenerated and glorified, and the Human has made the same error in the past, when he emerged from the state of animalism to stand upright. In political government, the Human did not see that the soul of humanity is to define the predominant status of the animalism.

Bible (xxv Century). Second Psalm.



bends backward like the spine of a bowman. Higher up it becomes vertical. At the top it leans forward like the square shoulders whose raised arms are about to send down lead and iron. Thus the whole figure is cohesive, impossible to break. And two heretical



Siena (xiv Century). Palazzo Pubblico.

walls on each side of the street defy and menace each other, with the austere melody of stone that has been set in place with a certainty of its practical function, even as a geometrical theorem is now born in the logical functioning of the brain. These crenulated cubes dominated by a square tower, these perfectly bare walls pierced by pairs of narrow windows between which stand in a colonnette as stiff as an iron bar, and these profiles so hard or so soft as rise from the paved lanes of Siena, Perugia, Volterra, Florence, and Mantua and never seem more than half open. When the stand-

and banners unfurl the banner of the unions in the public square. The gates of bronze are closed against the insurrection of the people. Civil war continues. Let there be two different pumas on men's hands. Let a glance be given or a gesture made and the dagger leap from its sheath. The locust swarms, men are ambushed at the cross streets, pursued under the vaults and mounds in the churches while the fortified houses pour down burning oil and pitch upon the tumult. There is Italy and nowhere else. When the astute Brunelleschi, right in the fifteenth century built the Pitti Palace, putting two bare floors on almost unbuilt blocks when, after his journey to Rome he broke with the dying red architecture of the French to return to the positive art of his ancestors and abandoned the urban lyricism of the religious architects of his country to set, on its eight sides rising of stone, the dome which rises above the roofs of Florence with a sweep so powerful and so firm, he was accomplishing a more radical revolution against the artists of the Italian Gothic than that which the men of the French Gothic had never planned three centuries earlier against the monks who built in the Romanesque style. He resented to the depths of his soul the baseness of recognising that growth in himself.

III

And so at the hour when northern France was lifting up, amid the tremendous vibration of the brass, sonorous poems of stone and glass that boxey and sway over the cities, Italy was defining herself in the violent, straight-lined palaces by the quality which, much later, will define her Renaissance. Already here in the Middle Ages, she was affirming the rights of the individual. The Romanesque architects of Italy often

signed their works and all of Tuscany knew Nicola Pisano, the sculptor, when not one of the image makers of France had thought to tell his name. The brangiers, erect on their war horses, were already stamping the dust. It was not possible for popular Christianity to take on the form in the Italian imagination which French sensibility had given it. Only few individuals could, without being consumed by it, embody in their lives the poetry of exalted sentiment which marked the character of the Christianity of the people. There was, indeed, a cathedral in Italy. But all the crowd could do was to cherish an ardent desire for it. It did not set its hand to the work. The body of the cathedral is Francis of Assisi. Its towers are Dante and Giotto.

The foundation of the century is violence. The feudal Church, here weighs down more heavily than in other places. The poor and the master are bought, when they are not taken by assault. Through the fear of hell the priest obtains obedience of the poor, among whom furious feeling obscures the sense of social duty, even as it does with the priest himself. Remember with what rage the tortures of the in-



PALMA THE Younger (xiv to xv Century).
Virgin, detail, wood. *Lovers*.

letters are painted on the walls of the Campe Santo of Pisa.

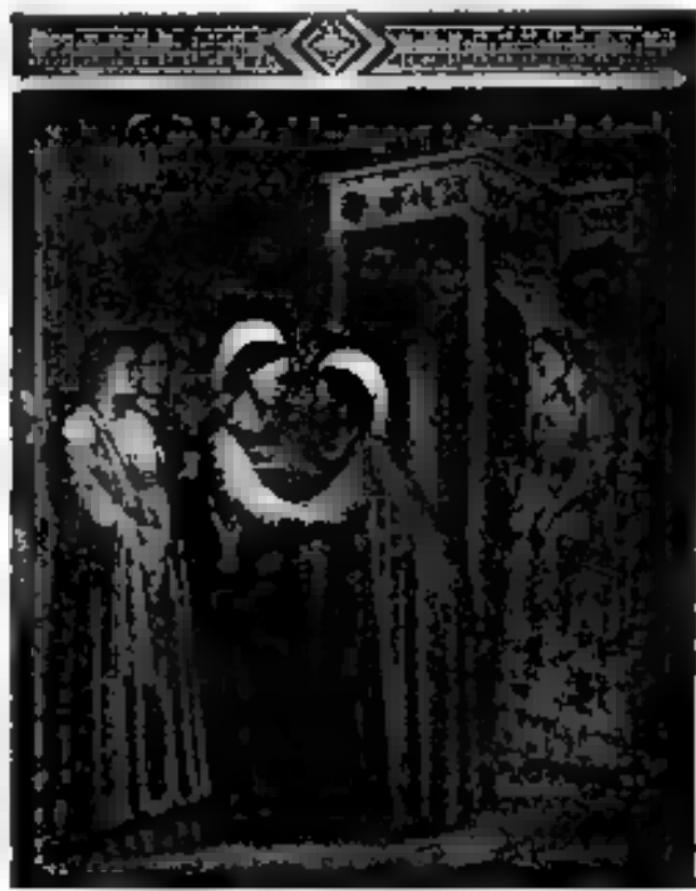
It was from a tradition that gentleness was born. It was an old custom for the preceding hundred years that the lord of the castle should always remain behind the shield of his predecessor to bear witness to his acts. [Richard of Aquia was transposed] from an older work by the French chronicler. It seemed to the ear of the men whose art it was to let them have pleasure in reading it that even as he fell he had a good chance to make the power appear of commanding and ruling the world. When he caused that building to be made he made it appear that he was a man of power, he reflected all the wealth of the high and the great. He was born perfectly strong and the strength of the world abode in him. He was a man who knew that he was wise, he was in the flesh and he was a man to the great harm none. During his time he did the thing that could not be done of the thing that was done before him. The predominant and commanding man. He was a man in the middle of mankind. What Arnold had written of Richard said that Roger Bacon was not unengaged in the creation of Richard. Richard had suggested to him which he himself spoke to the world of Christ to make him a ruler for him. And this was the last thing that Richard did. The last of the power world to the most beginning of respect which is to say to freedom.

He did not project works, arithmetic to the ends of his time to others than in their making them. With a profit or gainments that others spoke he trembled before them before you he had them before everything that was a man spoken about for what was the earthy. He never spake among the living and wrote under the trees. He went before God to him he sang without and whistled with them. He brought arms for



Grazia Bent Frasca speaking to the birds, Berlin
Upper Church, church

them, and the hearts followed him. He asked counsel of the crickets and they gave it to him, and he did not



Giotto. The Virgin and Saint Anne. fresco.
Arena, Padua.

hesitate to follow it. He did not know theology, but he left this prayer:

Praised be my Lord God, with all his creatures, and especially
our brother the sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the



Giotto. Jesus flogged by the Jews, fresco, detail.
(Arena, Padua.)

light, fair is he, and he shines with a very great splendor. O Lord, he signifies to us thee.

Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven.

Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and



GIOOTTO. The confession of Saint Francis, fresco,
(Santa Croce, Florence.)

clouds, calms and all weather, by which thou upholdest life in all creatures.

Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable to us, and humble and precious and clean.

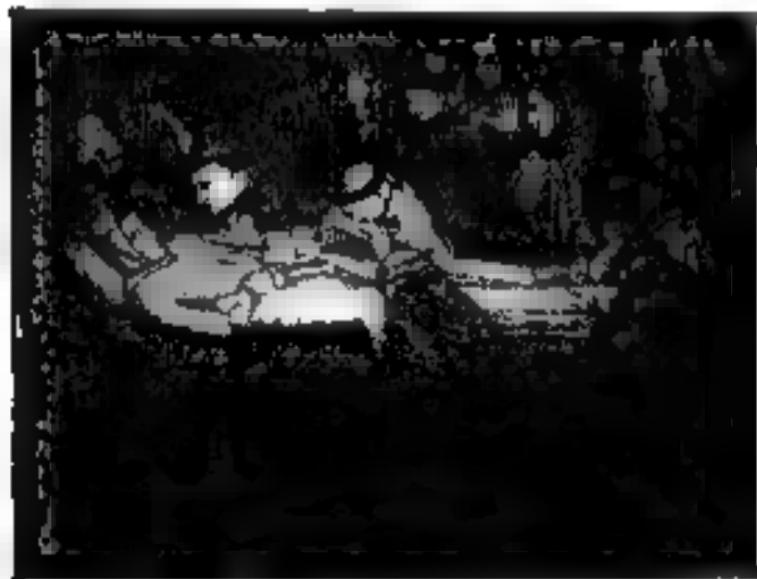
Praised be my Lord for our brother fire through whom thou givest us light in the darkness, and he is bright and pleasant, and very mighty and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us, and bringest forth divers fruits and flowers of many colors, and grass.

(Translation of Maurice Pratolli Figs.,)

When he died, the cities of Umbria fought around his coffin for the possession of his bones. Such is the

understanding of men. No matter. Even this again was passion. And he left in the piety of the multitudes and in the imagination of the strong a memory so reaplendent that it illuminated Italy until the end



Giotto. Death of Saint Francis, detail, fresco.
Santa Croce, Florence.

of her evening. He restored to her the love of forms, and on that love she lived for four hundred years.

The greatest poet and the greatest painter of the Middle Ages drank from the well of his memory. At one bound the towers sprang up from the nave. The one rough and thickly growing shot through by flames, ful. of the sound of the organ and of thunder—is upheld by iron railing. The other is calm: a ray rising from the world of the senses to follow in a straight course to the light of the spirit—Dante and Giotto. The two faces of the Middle Ages. The Inferno and

Paradise. Above all, the two faces of Italy, loving and violent, as she is charming and savage in her luminous bays and in her harsh rocks. It is the first of the great contrasts which we shall find up to the end of her heroic life, contrasts that are enveloped in the same harmony of passion and of intelligence. Masaccio and



Giotto. The descent from the Cross, detail, fresco.
(Arena, Padua.)

Fra Angelico, Donatello and Gozzoli, Luca Signorelli and Giurandajo, Michael Angelo and Raphael. The same heaven harkens to the voice of the prophet and to the song of the shepherd as their sound rises to its sparkling spheres.

Giotto is not a primitive, any more than Dante. He is the conclusion of a long effort. If he revealed the language of forms to those who came a hundred years after him, it is slightly in the manner in which Plutarch

Gorno - The decent from the Cross, French (Anne, Poblen.)



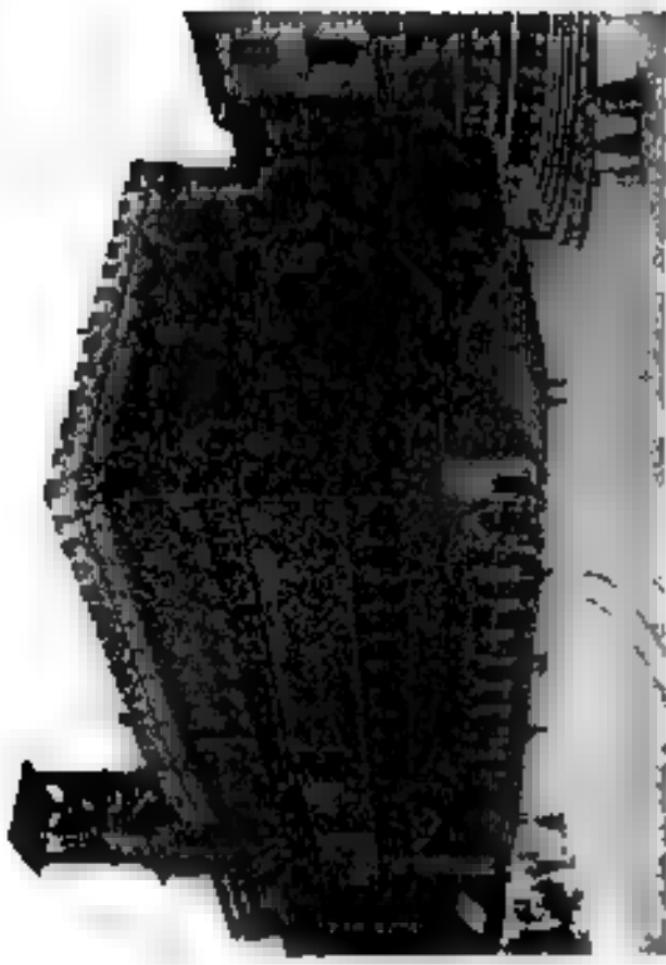
can still reveal it to those who love him enough to refuse to follow him. Guido, Cimabue, Duccio himself the noble Sienese who recovered, through Byzantine tradition, the real soul of Greece and for the first time translated the drama of the Passion into terms of



SCHOOL OF GIOTTO. The massacre of the innocents. Fresco.
(Lower Church, Assisi.)

humanity, had not been able to force open the hieratic mould offered by the painters of Ravenna and the monasticists sent by Constantinople. With Giotto everything invades the forms at once—movement, life, intelligence, and the great architectural calm. Because he was almost the first one to arrive, the means he used were limited, but with them he was able to translate a perfectly mature conception of the world and of life. His epoch permitted him to give only one expression to them, and he gave it, completely and con-

Panama (our Century). Palazzo Pubblico.



strange with the freedom and the subtlety of the more
the more subtle they are of how close it is to indifference
that becomes the suggestion of a specific or certain condition as
discrepancy. He was one of those after whom I wanted
to have a name now called "Fugitive spirit." Because
when I am separated from the object of my desire and the
object has to wait until I approach and then yield it to me
it is like being lost in the darkness of the unknown
and the problem of what is there is different than
the problem of the person who is lost.

He has that power for he caused them to be scattered
to distant regions in deserts as far from him who
created them. Nature however he left in her
domains. Now by his three parts scattered the
whole land they were unable to find their master
but in the material of the earth the substance
and power of all and the whole dominion
and power. But now when he scatter'd the art
of men in the form of the element of the beasts
he did present a temporal affliction of the world. In
the beginning before that taking and dominion
and the subjection of the creation began there
was although the body which had been over the parts scattered
as constituted by the soul which now is of the best. In the
first year before him of his creation he did believe
that the last chapter the end of times he said we are
sure that he did deserve such an affliction because we call
that which is to go without us from our dwelling which
is our house from be rough or hardening power which
which we have seen break with casting of stones against
him from the hands that do violence to that kind of
that part the long hair ever since after his creation
or grace. His power of us the last part of the
image of the man who has made to him on the hand
of him out of Paste power doth the like as the
power of the 4 that out laying the like to pasture

that the thing before us is neither sculpture, in the exact sense of the word, since the profiles and the groups, though disposed sculpturally, are projected on a painted surface—nor is it painting, since the role of the values, of the reflections, and the passages is barely



SIMONE MARTINI. Two saints, detail, fresco. (Lower Church, Assisi.)

suspected. This rudimentary form is traversed by a lightning flash of the soul which instantly causes it to stand erect.

In Italy he was, in himself, the incarnation of the Christianity of the people which, in that period, covered with its thick tangled growth the field of men-

members of the French courtly. Like them he could easily see the meaning for everyone of the birth, the life and the death of the Man whom the poor had caused to be deified that they might the better bring to bear upon him. And he told the story in that language both of the intellect and the heart which his own soul had also alone caused to take birth. In the ingenuousness of his heart he found the highest truth of man. And as he saw on 's the essential aspect and the great need of those who enacted that drama, he made them speak direct, quite naked, and truth true in order to bring to witness before them who after but the wise good who to close their eyes to feel the drama living within them.

It comes very gently in now and then amidst these tales as if that has fallen on the great palette of a painter from the movement of muscle or gentleness which is born in both men and women and which causes them to prostrate themselves grovelling, the dead body that is in their hands as they support the heavy sea board and the broken feet and arms. It spreads like a steady light over earth and heaven which become transparent without them. No one before could not even those who had turned to women to speak their fates though her no one had ever quite grasped her role as the other side of humanity. No one had ever seen her thus forever surrounded by passion, exquisitely torn by malice and by love and crushed at all times. Never had anyone said that she unites the living gods that we have to the realm, has not the foundation of pride that she allows herself to be tortured and yet does not lose faith in her executioners who are her sons and the fathers of her sons and that she acts of them no other recompense than the right to suffer for them. The world had not yet observed all that there is in a face where the eyes are buried under the aquiline nose



SIGNORE MANTONI. Calvary detail. Spanish Chapel, Florence.)

of the hands on a head that rests on two knotted hands gives the gesture of the crucifixion added. This work with the greatest dramatic power in the history of painting. It is not to be denoted. It need to be explained. It is hard to be explicit. It must be lived through. One must have seen it. And now how these hands of bitterness cause the shadow to tremble one must have seen the hands of judgment clench. The sinners who are incapable or poor at the last are held across their knees and have seen the women who look like terrors. And in darkness we must have seen the faces of those who had lived but death under the wave of terror of the last moments. At Pau we must have seen the living & even those who open their eyes see. These same clasped hands make a crease for the same effort and the Christ among the dead sees the soul His and the soul who suffer sees the ones who pray and the ones who live. And even one has seen that there is a strong and gentle love that the hands always hold us forever.

Giotto had painted up the whole of Christ set in the all ministering to the beasts and had certain parts in black masses and image makers from the banks of the Seine. The son of the old master of Pisa, Francesco, who died but a short time before both had touched him by his Nature the hand of animation and tenderness where one sees the enchantment of the action in the torso as they beat the ribs of the chest so they see the beasts skipping the grass and as they surge up like a storm with the strength of their own hands over the animals. Francesco had left his spear home with his friends of master his calculations are his magnificence of the moments ultimate in beauty and in full movement that they seemed to be the alone with these passions of the heart the gods of Africa under the open sky. He had caused him to enthusiasm by the purity

of his language as powerful and flexible as a long sword that one bends double and that flashes lightning as it springs back. Through the Sienese painters, he had got back to Ravenna, where, before the splendor of the polychrome of the shrining mosaics, he had surmised, beyond Byzantium, the calm of the Pantheistic processions that still took their course around the Parthenon. He had seen the architecture of antiquity at Rome, at Naples, and at Assisi, where Cavallini, the painter, brought to him the tradition of the Roman mosaists. Standing before the frescoes of Cimabue, that were still fresh, with their blue and the gold that reddened in the glow of the torches, he had worked in the darkness of the lower church where all the mystic skies have accumulated in the plaster their azure, their twights, and the stars of their night. The line of the mountains had called to him everywhere, likewise the bays and men. Behold those figures that stand out, pure and with a single movement, those harps and those violins that are played upon, those palms that are waved, those



TADDEO GADDI. *The Annunciation.*
Santa Croce, Florence.

figures that are bowed and these take groups around the base where there is a death or a birth. Something suggests there that the figures do not have a meaning of their own; a gathering is the form the ensemble that may be a moment held up by chance or perhaps that is fitting enough now. Between them somewhere but the Middle Ages did not invent the longer legend, a reverberating of forms in other forms a different kind of movement that carries the another a long way on to the time when certain elements in the legend will have overthrown others that are primitive and others that stand silent.

I cannot but in particular notice that these figures standing round the progress of the water, the coming of the flood, the drowning of the world and the judgment. When he has seen what has been said and the people in it going with all their suffering he sees the spiritual organization among the city suffered there who escape a doom who sit silent about the drama and then having the drama itself as the ultimate of creation. What effect on it were to make express the drama and the interconnection of all elements and relations? The young figures with the small heads that have preserved over the centuries of the groups since the beginning of one. It is because each one of the figures who takes part therein contributes to the character of his neighbour which he contributes to the more general character of the ensemble. The action of a few will perhaps give a character that predominates the movement and some of the figures with an heroic, general and yet close identity. From the old Master of the Magdalene we see to have possessed the most extreme of action. Michael Angelo gives the impression of a desperate effort toward that perfect equilibrium which in reality is an ex-

The Church Militant, fresco, detail—Santi Maria Novella, Florence.]



tual function. Rubens seems to force into theatrical attitudes the inner movement that arranges and distributes—and Rembrandt, at times, seems to be seeking effects. The order that all of them feverishly pursue is the sudden instillation, the tempest, the revolts, or



OCCASIO. Paradise, detail from. Santa Maria Novella, Florence.

the sustained tension of the spirit enters into Giotto with the emotion itself, and he acquires an architectural and plastic character through the harmonious meeting of the mind and the heart. And, considered in this way, the composition of Giotto is perhaps the greatest miracle in the history of painting. I say "miracle" because a miracle is the most spontaneous realization in action of the desire that is least measurable in the mind. These clasped hands, these fingers that clutch at the breast, these bodies kneeling or



ANDREA DA FIRENZE (1). The sick imploring Saint Dominic, fresco. (Spanish Chapel, Florence).

erious or half turned or erect. This progressive building up in stages of human forms, all the other attributes of the deportment, of the expression of the situation and of the power that make up this pathetic work enter like a flood into the unity of the subject to demonstrate the well-defined record of our moral requirements in the mortal life of man. A patient and courageous intent runs through and connects the several figures.

The first figure assumed the pose that belongs to the episode of the Annunciation; everything reaches a summit and quiet and agrees in all respects in that it may immediately connect them with the rest, the traces of these minds, whatever the faith and the kind of the works, whatever the cause of their suffering and the form of their hope. It was not God the Son who taught all the arts of his work, it was the unity of the love that created them. And I say, which is a lesson never so above taught, God did not sleep over the last of men because the doctrine of the book of his birth. With God we are in the presence of an omnipotent gentleman all commanding hope. He understands to help us; he reaches out a strong hand, he lifts up the man who has fallen, and to sustain him and carry him along he infuses a magnanimous heart, his great works, the unnumbered, pure, divine and resounding, stand there.

Profoundly Italian though his slender, delicate and decorative genius and containing although he equated with only a single moment of life, the whole life that was to come after him, this the unceasing quality of human life that God's goodness brings him into communion with all the heroes of creation through the power with which he transmuted life through the passionate fire of love he had for the human that it might upon him, and through the divine grace that caused him to transfigure the world and support the celestial tree of the half-opened paradise on the grave human

accents of the reds, the greens, and the blacks. His hope never rose higher than his courage as a man. On the day when he re-assembled, around the crucified Jesus, angels half emerging from heaven on their wings



PAOLO (XV CENTURY). The Triumph of death, fresco.
(Campo Santo).

made up of rays of light, he recovered the supreme symbol, that Aeschylus had imagined to fortify our courage when he saw in flight around Prometheus the swarm of the Oceanides.

IV

In itself, then, this work is a social monument wherein radiant painting groups sculptural volumes in an architectural rhythm. When the man had disappeared, it crumbled rapidly. Those who came after him could

do no more than gather up the debris for the building of isolated edifices which, in the anarchy of the century, were only provisional sanctuaries, frail and exposed to



Siena. 12th Century. Via Goliama.

all storms. The disquieted and disunited soul of Italy could no longer find in them more than a shadow of the heroic certitude wherein the great spirits of the Middle Ages had imagined her hope. It was after Giotto that the veritable primitives appeared, but

primitives who had lost the great impulse—the end of an epoch. That dull dawn that illumined from within the great serious faces of the virgins of Cimabue, with their great eyes to whose depths we can never look, any more than we can those of the figures painted on the sarcophagi of Egypt on the cupolas of Constanti-



Duccio. *Christ in the Garden.* (Opera del Duomo, Siena.)

nople, and on the walls of Pompeii, that nascent force that was beginning to sculpture the flat skulls of the Byzantine idols, to lift up, in confused animation, the choir of the saved, to the accompanying tones of the harps of heaven, all of that obscure flame of life which, in the flash of the mind that we call Giotto, suddenly revealed man to himself, sank to earth together at the same time, and so right diminished till nothing was left but a few hesitating gleams that went out in smoke. As the Italian artists could not re-create the magnificent equilibrium of soul which had covered the walls of Assisi and Padua with those austere lines through

which the order of the universe marched itself for a thousand years; and as there was only two divine works before them, they sought their refuge in the divine dispensing and the same wise wisdom that gave them the liberty to speak as they pleased. (Contd.)



Dante. The Infernal Mouth of Satan
From an Italian Copy.

being incomprehensible to them, the Beatitudes cycle comes at the moment when the painter in Florence justified the vision of the poet. In Florence, though, the limit of divine imagination, the painter who shows no images created by meditation or contrived by grief, saw all about him the gathering of crowds who hoped their eyes to heaven and who bowed their great heads in prayer. Guido had in the gentle hands of his deport painted the Christos on the walls. The Spanish Chapel was covered with painting over whom

fervency passed a wind of terror, where the cripple and the sick man crept out of their hovels to stretch forth their hands. At Pisa, abandoned to the terrible Dominicans in its political decadence, it was now only the walls of the cemetery that were decorated, and then with rotting corpses, with worms, with demons and



PETRO LORENZETTI. The descent from the Cross. Fresco.
Lower Church, Assisi.

torture; we witness a veritable furor of remorse. Siena obstinately allowed herself to sink deeper and deeper into a sickly resolve to die without a struggle.

Of all the Italian cities she had always been the most violent, the one that had known the greatest suffering in civil war and had been most frequently devastated by the military conflicts of the north and south, between which she was caught. She retained the hardness of the age of iron in Italy. Her arts

saw Giotto, but touched him no deeper than his skin, and allowed him to penetrate no deeper than theirs. Duccio played the same role among the painters of Siena as Giotto did among the Florentines. They were of the same age, but doubtless they knew little of each other. In any case, far more than Giotto, he



AMBROGIO LORENZETTI. The Pope and the Franciscans,
fresco, detail San Francesco, Siena.

remains engulfed in the Byzantium which, be it said, he animates with an expressiveness of great power and charm. He has, to the highest degree, the gift of giving life and movement to his crowds. They are active and busy, without great actions, but with a movement in the ensemble that clearly reveals the meaning of the scene at our first glance. He has but the slightest intuition of that sublime "composition" which with the great Florentine, is no other than a

THE MISSION OF FRANCIS OF ASSIST 45

perfect balance between the moral element and the descriptive element. But he goes straight to his goal of treating the emotion aroused in turn in the life and death of the Lord, and he expresses his ideas in living forms. His speech is marked by nobility, tenderness, verve and animation, even when he is impassioned, and



ANTONELLO DA MESSINA. Landscape, from *Adoring Jesus*.

in these qualities he has scarcely a superior throughout the whole of Italian painting, save Cimabue himself. His immediate successors, Rucellai, for example make a mediævalistic travesty through an ardent and highly colored use of this power for passing which would suffice to define outside of the genius of Cimabue, the genius of Italy itself. As her berries have juiced this dramatic soul and for five centuries all her faire artists have shamelessly used it to calumniate before the eyes of men the ideal that she has poured forth so generously. Rucellai and Spinello Aretino disfigure the

death struggle of the Middle Ages of the Latin world by the Renaissance school was often used to designate the death struggle of the Latin Renaissance. In turning this theme over to illustrate the spiritual transition had been made from the unknown—Moses to the Virgin, Michael Angelo, Raphael, etc., Lazarus.

But yet in this refrigeration in which died the old order and the order of man-made man-pictures, in the fever to perpetuate glories so far removed, the death struggle of the old Order of God, the last picture being perished. We meet with however a here that has a certain more value in the end of French art history.

The last fragments of the stained glass with which we are familiar come to us after the long period that has intervened since our last excursion of strong men. Some years back death at the hands of shock of the master-craftsmen whose work and who can longer measure from the walls under the galleries of the cathedral of the pure blues and the glories he left to her pictures by the English master, Sir Robert Martyn, who took his gear from the windows of the choir, the high-circulated lamps that arose and thumped and smother over the roofs of the cathedral, that he may value the better to the meaning of the greatest lamp in the apse that never was profane. He took it and covered the glass that once the floor he parts. With him all the walls of the picture and the further covered with profane scenes as if the pale signs who cover them from top to bottom and who joined the past and the future, having the great visionaries in their long purples were together making and the in the pure past scenes of chastened suffering and gentleness. The last picture of the coming legend agreed the main effect of the time. In the heart of the fifteenth century, where found them a beloved soul in that

THE MISSION OF FRANCIS OF ASSIST

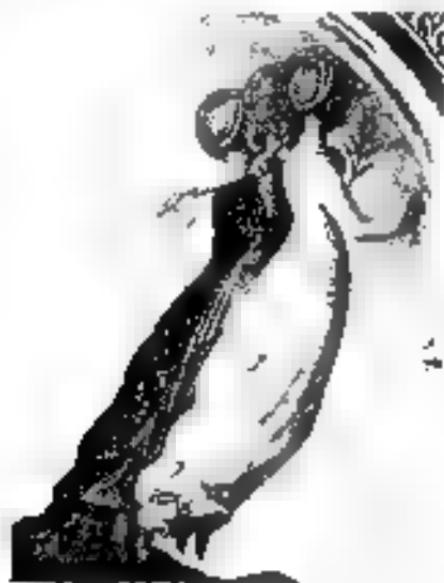
menting Tamara. Bartolo di Pietro, Nuno d' Pietro, and Lorenzo di Pietro are also obstinately listening to distant voices which for the other Italiants are not in existence. Only Ambrogio Lorenzetti, the powerful despot, whose friends sing "Vittoria! Vittoria!" and his double count again and over like the tone of the choir.



Bartolo di Pietro and others listening. (Ambrogio Lorenzetti, detail, (Siena).)

of consciousness that Ambrogio has heard the confused murmur that rises from the streets and the countryside and from the little huts covered with vinevines and pine trees. The murmur that announces a new awakening and at the same time his brother Pietro imparts a new unity upon the plastic splendor that he discovers in the drama of the Cross. A marvelous animation propels his august landscapes where the labor of the husbandmen and scenes of war cover the arched hills

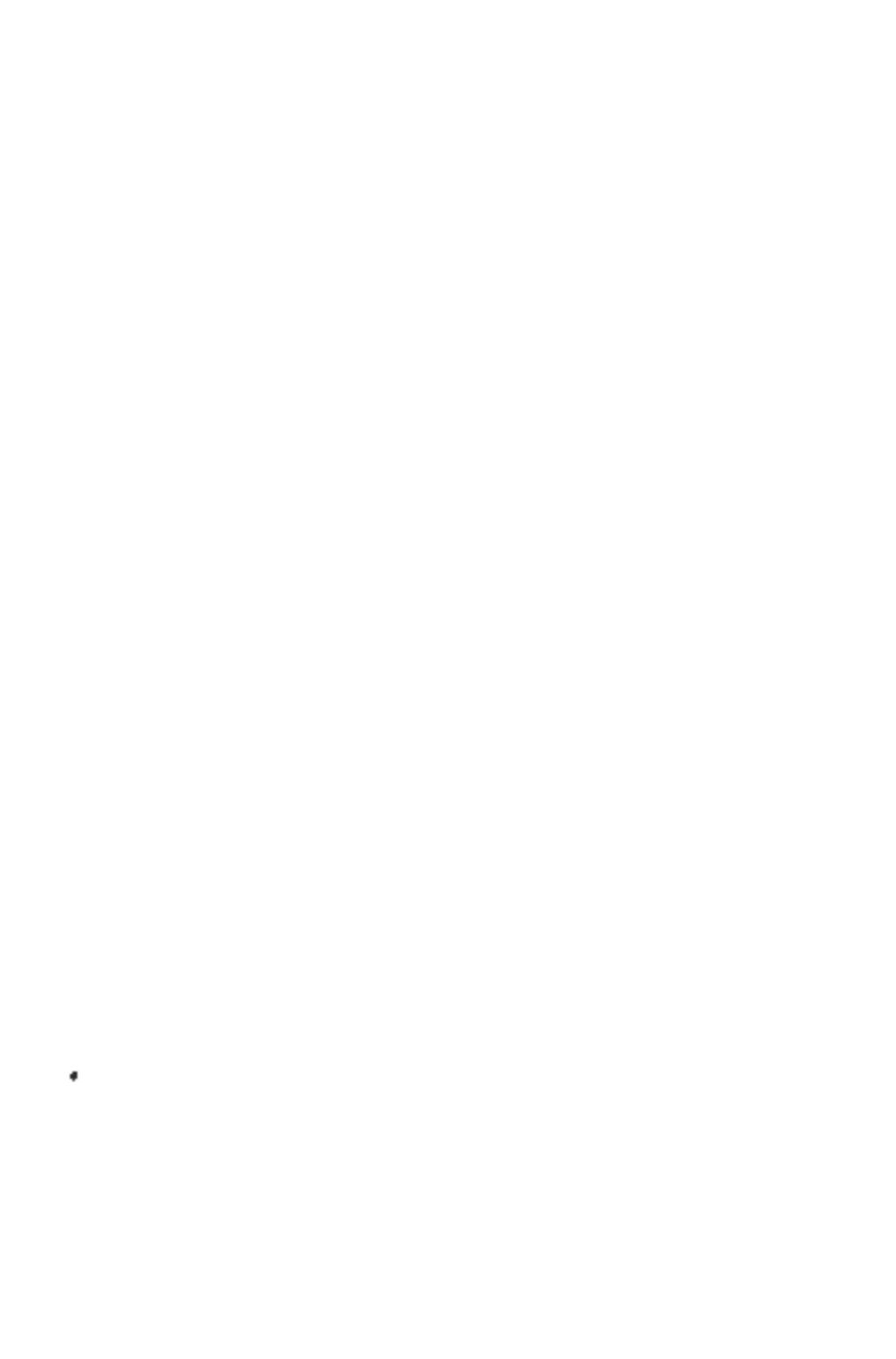
and cut into the hollow valleys. It is a vast poem, epic and intimate, teeming with imagination, as if a world foreseen were fermenting in the furrows of the plow, in the seed, and in harvests. And then, more profoundly than any one of the Florentines of his time, Ambrogio scrutinizes and characterizes faces. His



SANTO DI PIETRO DI SARRETTA.
Charity, Poverty and Humility.
Chantilly.

great effigies, as firm and pure as the portraits of the Chinese, seem graven in the wall, seem outlined and cemented with stone. Slowly and powerfully their eyes awaken and look out from the hard faces, they do not move, but are terrible in their severity, their concentration, and their silence. Their drawing is so concise and so completely a result of the will of the artist, the expressive lines and curves are so closely

linked that we already behold a first and almost complete realization of the desire to determine by geometrical means the least abstract characteristics of life when it moves us most, and later on, it will be in an art conceived in this manner that we shall find the meeting place of the heroes of the following century. Paolo Uccello, Andrea del Castagno, Piero della Francesca, Luca Signorelli. But even so, Ambrogio, almost as truly as his brother Pietro, remains a man of the Middle Ages in the strength of his moral philosophy—already quite strained, it is true, and too voluntary, through his uncompromising and precise sense of the just and the unjust expressed in the beautiful dark harmonies, red and black in which there resounds, with a painful sharpness, the supreme appeal of the past. Bona dies of her desire to maintain, in the face of new needs, the worn-out principle that had caused her to live. While she is shutting herself up in her narrow independence, Florence absorbs Tuscany, and subjects it to her spirit.





SAMORE (1st Century B.C.), Detail of a door of the Stupa

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Africa. Dance mask (Gahon). (*Guillaumes Collection*.)

SYNOPTIC TABLES

*Signs and abbreviations employed
in the synoptic tables*

A.	Arab art	P.	Peruvian art	a.	architect
A.m.	Armenian art	Pl.	Portuguese art	c.	ceramist
B.	Byzantine art	R.	Romanesque art	in.	inventor
M.	Mediaeval art	R.u.	Russian art	s.	sculptor
N.	Norman art	S.	Scandinavian art	p.	painter

DATE	INDIA. ETC. AND ASIA
	Old temple at Bhuvaneshwar
6th century	Monolithic temple of Vajrakarma at Ellora
6th century	Baspa of Bharatpur Monolithic temple of Mahavirji Monolithic temple of Indra at Ellora
7th century	Monolithic temple of Badami (SFB)
	Great temple of Bhuvaneshwar
7th century	Baspa of Budharesh at Nagal (?)
	Anc. Buddhist monasteries (Medieval?)
8th century	Temples and frescoes of Ajanta Sculptured rocks of Mahabaleshpur Monolithic temple of Dumar Loni at Ellora
	Monolithic temple of Elephanta Thibetan monasteries Temple of Kailashabhan at Sanchi Anc. Buddhist monasteries (?)
	Temple of Ganesha at Khajuraho Monolithic temple of Kailasa at Ellora

DATES	CHINA	JAPAN
	Mosaicure of glass Chinese-Latin art (Buddha)	
4th century	Liu-Tz'u-tsun, p. Hobutsukyo temples of Yen-Kang <i>Sūtra</i> (478-520), p. and article	Asakura, p. 10
	The Great Wall	
5th century	Subterranean temples of Long-men (325-670) T'ao-ling Ssu-p'u, p. Buddhistic bronzes	Introduction of Chinese art
	Subterranean temples of Kao	
7th century	Yen-Li-ts, p.	Invention of Banquet Shih-shue-Ts'ien-tu, a.
	Yen-Li-p'u, p. Tombs of Tz'hu-ling Tombs of Kao-k'ing Tombs of Kao-ts'a <i>Sū-Ts'ui</i> (717), p. <i>Fa-Shan-Hua</i> (65)-716), p. Tombs of Chou-chü King (700) Temple of Kao-ling (712) Northern school of painting Wang-Wai (699-756), p. Southern school of painting <i>Li Tzu-hsü</i> , p. <i>Tao-Pu</i> , p.	Yuan-hsü-hsia, p. Temple of Kao-ling Kuimiao Kuninakama, a. of the Daibutsu of Nara (770) Roku (683-773), a.
8th century	Giant statues of Tze-hsiang Hsu Kao, p. Pagoda of Ling-Kouang-Syed	

BYZANTINE AND ISLAM	ITALY
<p>B. The Theodosian Casket B. Monasteries of G. Plachida at Ravenna</p>	
	<p>Nave of Sta. Maria Maggiore, Rome (431)</p>
<p>B. Mosaics of the Baptistry of Ravenna</p>	<p>San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome (440)</p>
<p>B. Byzantine miniatures</p>	
<p>Syrian church of Melkite Simeon B. Church of St. Tommaso near Bergamo B. Sant' Apollinare Nuovo at Ravenna (500)</p>	
<p>Syrian church of Ezra (616)</p>	<p>Mausoleum of Theodosius at Ravenna (500)</p>
<p>B. Antinomies of Trajan and soldiers of Miltiades, s. e. of Saint Sophia at Constantinople (512) B. Julianus Aquerinus & Saint Apollinaris - Cyrus at Ravenna (516-520) B. San Vitale at Ravenna (547)</p>	<p>S. Irenae Coeme and Damiani at Rome (600)</p>
<p>B. Byzantine miniatures Byzantine palace of "Theophane" B. Jewelry - Goldsmith's art</p>	
<p>B. Teodosio the Younger, a Byzantine general</p>	
<p>Trionf of Theodosius Egypt</p>	
<p>B. Monasteries of Paros</p>	<p>Column of Phocas at Rome (608)</p>
<p>Byzantine patterns of Mosaic in Syria</p>	
<p>A. Mosque of Amr ibn al-As at Cairo (640)</p>	
<p>B. Byzantine miniatures B. Jewelry - Goldsmith's art</p>	<p>B. Agape beyond the walls, Rome</p>
<p>A. Mosque of Jarrahah (667)</p>	
<p>A. Great mosque of Kairos (705) A. Great mosque of Damascus (706) B. Monasteries of Mount Sinai</p>	<p>Byzantium art</p>
<p>A. Great minaret of Tunis (723) B. Monasteries of Santa Maria Antiqua at Rome B. Miniature. Jewelry. Goldsmith's art P. Domeless mosque at Isphahan (780)</p>	
<p>A. Great mosque of Cordova (785) P. Persian palaces of Rayha (790)</p>	

A

DATE	ITEM NUMBER
5th century	
6th century	Initial INGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY
6th century	Merovingian weapons and jewels
7th century	Merovingian weapons and jewels Tomb of Saint-Jean at Poitiers Jean Lefèuvre, s. of Bourges
8th century	Merovingian weapons and jewels

EDITIONS	PLATES AND THE ILLUSTRATIONS
Irish miniatures	•
The cross of Cenw	•
Irish miniatures	•
Irish and Anglo-Saxon miniatures	•

Date	Origin and Coordinates	Genre and Period
4th century		
5th century		
6th century		
8th century	Géraldine, illustrator of the Book of the Gospels of Charlemagne (781)	Manuscript Carolingian manuscript of <i>Ains-la-Chapelle</i> Antiphonary

History

Saint Augustine (354–430)
Taking of Sousse by the Visigoths (410)
The Visigoths in Spain (417)

Theoderic II burns Olympia (426)

Arian. The Huns in Gaul (451)
Home pillaged by the Vandals (466)

Fall of the Roman Empire (476)
Constitution of Ireland
The Visigoths in Gaul (486)
The Ostrogoths in Italy (493)
Gisela / (Concupiscence of Prance (486)

Theoderic (473–526)

Constantius (440–462). historian.

Justinian and Theodora (497–565), close the Schools of Athens (529)
The Toltec conquer Mexico (1)
The Slave in Greece (565)

Brahmagupta (494–560)

Buddhism in Japan (538)

Charon (537–70)

St. Gregory the Great (540–605), destroys the pagan libraries

Christianization of Ravenna (540)

The Lombards in Italy (568)

Gregory the Great (540–605)

Christianization of England

Tang Dynasty in China (618)

Mohammed (571–632). The Empire (632). The Koran

Taking of Damascus by the Arabs (634)

Taking of Jerusalem by the Arabs (637)

Taking of Perse by the Arabs (640)

The Chinese invent the compass

Conquest of Northern Africa by the Arabs (640–710)

Foundation of Venice (697)

The Arabs in Sicily (711)

The Kufi sacred book of the Japanese (713)

Ugo the Saracen prohibits the Jews (729)

The iconoclasm of Byzantium

The Franks repulse the Arabs (730)

Founding of Baghdad (762)

Hassan-al-Rashid (785–804)

Council of Nicaea. Resurrection of the Jesus (787)

Charlemagne (768–814). Christianization of Germany

The Empire of the Occident

DATES

INDIA, ETC., AND AMERICA

	Anc. Aztecs foundations at Pachuca Temple of the Sun at Teotihuacan, Palace of the Grand Chivas. Gave of the Sun at Teotihuacan (?)
9th century	Tower of Sri Atlas at Chichen Anc. Mexican measurements (?)
	Buddhist temple of Bava-Bandour in India (?)
10th century	First Angkor temples in Cambodia (?)
	Temple of Rajarani at Bhubaneshwar
10th century	Temples of Mayda (?) Anc. Al-Sabir measurements (?)
	Templ. of Telmazarin at Gwalior
	Temple of Vishnu at Khajuraho
	Temple of Kharana
	Temple of Khajuraho
	Pagoda of Tumjore
	Temple of Vimalasha at Mount Abu (1000)
	Jain temples of Palitana
11th century	Anc. Quichua measurements of Cusco. Peru (Cochapata walls, Coyote de Icotambor, Fountains of Quarmashca (?)
	Anc. Mexican measurements
	Temple of Shiva-Bee at Gwalior
	Temples and artificial lakes of Malabar

DATE	BYZANTINE AND ISLAM
	A. Bridge of Corders (916)
9th century	B. Miniatures, Jewels, Goldsmith's art
	A. Minaret, Dome, Islamic, Arab, p.
10th century	A. Mosque of Ibr-Toulous at Cairo (876)
	B. Miniatures, Painting, p.
	A. Minaret, Dome, Islamic, Arab, p.
	B. Theotokos church in Constantinople (930)
	B. Church of St. Nicodemus, Athens
	B. Miniatures, Jewels, Goldsmith's art
	A. Minaret of El-Aqmar, Cairo (970)
	A. Great mosque of Aleppo (970)
	B. First monasteries of Mount Athos
	B. Monks, Painting, p.
	B. Andree, Painting, p.
	B. Church of the Holy Apostles, Salonic
	B. Church of Saint Eustath, Salonic (1010)
11th century	B. Church of the Virgin, Salonic
	B. Church of Saint-Sophia, Kiev (1057)
	B. Cathedral of Nergenod (1048-53)
	B. Miniatures, Icons, Goldsmith's art
	A. Minaret, Dome, Islamic, Arab, p.
	B. Miniatures, Icons, Goldsmith's art
	A. Minaret of Kostantin, at Jerusalem (1090)
	A. Reliefs of Avila (?)

ITALY	FRANCE
	Carolingian art
Byzantine art	Miniatures Saint-Rémi, Reims (843-1048)
Byzantine art	Miniatures
Miniatures (Southern Italy)	Gilded glass
San Miniato, Florence	Byzantine cathedral of Poitiers (664-1047)
San Zeno, Verona (12th century-1388)	Saint-Étienne church at Beauvais (1245)
Guido d'Arezzo, n.	R. Church of Euse (11th-12th centuries)
San Lorenzo, Florence	R. Cathedral of Cahors (11-19)
Cathedral of Anagni, Piedmont	R. Church of Celles, Ann. R. Tower of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, Paris (1024) Founding of Mont-Saint-Michel (1023)
Church of Santa Maria, Arezzo	R. Church of St. Rémy-sur-Louire (1026-12-13)
Miniatures	R. Church of Bayeux-Vieille
Church of Santa Maria, Toscaneville (1060-1200)	R. Church of Jouy (1034-1107)
Cathedral of Parma (1048-74)	R. Church of Saint-Gabriel
Emplastr. n. of the cathedral of Pisa (1063-1114)	R. Church of Bayat (11th-12th centuries)
Cathedral of Salerno (1070)	R. Church of Châtel-Montagne
Cathedral of Lucca (1070-1304)	Miniatures. Tapestry
Church of Assisi	
Romanesque church of San (1057-1130)	

Carolingian art

Minuscule

Abby art

Cloister of Almudena

Minatures

Monumental crypt of Moissac (10th-
12th c.) (carvings)

Minatures

Saint Michael a. and bronze-worker a.
Minuscule
Relief (10th-11th c.) (carvings)

Apostle Rodolfo a. a.

W. Cathedral of Speyer (1030)
Santa Maria in Capitole Cologne (11th-
12th centuries)
Cloister of the Barr (11th-12th centuries)
R. Cathedral of Bamberg (10th-12th cen-
turies, 1208-21)

Minatures

R. Cathedral of Constance (1089-1137)

Wandbild of Elseneck (1070)

S. Church of Trondhjem (Norway)

R. Cathedral of Santiago (1075-1211)

Date	Keynote
	<p>Seljuq-Seljuk (750-851). The Rule (817)</p> <p>Victory of the iconoclasts at Byzantium (842)</p> <p>The Arabs in Sicily (821-78)</p> <p>Spain withdrawn from Arab rule (870)</p> <p>Battle of Poitiers by the Normans (911)</p> <p>The <i>Princes, Masters of the Palace</i>, Japan (921)</p>
	<p>Founding of Cluny (909)</p> <p>The Duchy of Normandy (912)</p> <p>The Empire of the East</p> <p>Song Dynasty in China (960)</p> <p>Ghur / The Hsi-ti Empire (962)</p> <p>Muslim (940-1090), Persian and Byzantine Christians. Hindu. Accession of the Lamontes in France (987)</p> <p>The Thousand and One Nights</p>
	<p>Aksum (400-1000)</p>
	<p>The Thousand and One Nights</p> <p>The great schism (1054)</p> <p>Robert Guiscard, The Normans in Sicily (1061) William the Conqueror. The Normans in England (1066)</p> <p>The Conquest of Le Mans (1067)</p> <p>The Christians of Mexico (7)</p> <p>The conquest of Cordoba (1078)</p> <p>The Pope and the Emperor. Canossa (1077)</p>

C

DATE	INDIA, IND., AND AMERICA
	Abandonment of Angkor in Cambodia (?)
	Temples of Baulur and Hullabid.
	Temple of Wat Phnom (Phnom Chhnang)
11th century	Ans. Shivaite temples (?)
	Temple of Jayapura (1193-1347)
	Java temple of Meanak-Abu (1197-1247)
	M. Vihar of Kewat at Dehri (1100-22?)
	13. Great mosque of Ajmer (1200)

DATE	CARMA	JAPAN
	U.S. Pat. 4,032,1107, p.	
		Kusabane, S.
	"The Emperor Meiji (1852-1912) & inside the Kusabane of painting the dragon house p. 64. 1901 catalogue	Miyashita, survivor
		Tokuji, S.
		Tsuchihashi, D.
19th century	Tchoua, numbered	Okuyama, S.
		School of Kusaba

BYZANTINE AND ISLAMIC

ITALY

A. Puerta del Sol of Toledo (1085)

B. San Martín, Vélez (1100)

B. Church of Panaghia Chalkeon (1194)

B. Palatine Chapel of Palermo (1132)

A. Mosque of Thessaloniki (1185)

B. Mezquita al Califato (1188)
Minbar, jewels, Goldsmith's art

Re. Byzantine architecture

A. Castle of Almodóvar del Río, in Spain (?)

A. Palace of the Caliph, Palermo (1190)

A. Abdallah ben-Amu, s. of the great Mosque of
Mecca (1191)

A. Gober. s. of the Giralda of Seville (1195)

A. Golebi, s. of the Alcazar of Seville (1199)

Cathedral of Grado

Annibaldi, s. of the cathedral of Modena (1090-
1100)Cathedral of Orvieto (107-400)
Church of San Giovanni, Roma (108)
Torre Antica (?) (109-120) and Torre Gaufralandi,
Udine

Roger of Arechi, master

Church of Santa Maria, Cosenza (1121)
Cathedral of Palermo (1122)

Church of San Giovanni, Palermo (1132)

Cathedral of Ferrara (1138)

Santa Maria in Trastevere, Roma (1140)

Minbar, s. of Verona.

Minbar
Baptistery of the Baptistry of Pisa (125-1278)

Statue of Saint Peter in Rome (?)

Cathedral of Pisa (?) (12-13th centuries)

Cathedral of Monreale (1174-90)
Rosetta, s. of the Cathedral of Pisa (1294-1350)

Sarcophagus, emperor, St. Troph

The Lico of St. Mark at Venice (1180)

Palazzo dei Trecento in Treviso (1184)

Cathedral of Bari, (12th century-1204)
Castle of FontanellatoThe Campanile, Palazzo municipale
Baptistery of Parma (1196-1216-70-1202)

Porta-Braida at Brescia (1196)

Data

FRANCE

	R. Church of the Trinity, Caen (1063) R. Church of Dol (1088-1130) R. Church of Souvigny (1088-1114) R. Church of Vézelay (11th century-1130) R. Church of Autun (1088-1100) Monolithic capitals of St. Léonard R. Cathedrals of Angoulême (1100-30)
	R. Cathedrals of Bayeux, Orléans and Beauvais as Arts R. Ch. abb. of Andelys-en-Bessin (1080) R. Church of Bourg-St. Andéol (1108) I. Columns of Saintilles R. Church of St. André (11th-12th centuries)
	The Domes of Merton (1130) R. Church of St. Pierre de Beuvron (1127-29) R. Abbey of Jumièges (1130)
	R. Church of Maillezais R. Church of St. Pierre (12th-13th centuries) Church of Châlucet (1130) R. Church of H. de la Roche (11th century) Church of Pontigny (1130-40) Building of R. in Chartres (1132-44-11320) Ch. abb. of Jumièges R. Ch. de l'Assumption de la Vierge R. Church of St. Thomas Cath. spire of Noyon (113-1140) Church of Lavaur (1132)
	Cathedral of Angers (1140-1160) Castles of Guémené-sur-Scorff Burg of Brie
	Minstrels - Troubadours Cath. abb. of St. Maxence (1140-1150) Cathedral of Bayeux (1150-1160)
	R. Notre Dame de la Mar Mural of the Tower, goldsmith
12th century	Cathedral of Poitiers (1160-1170) Notre Dame Paris (1170-1180-12th century) Cathedral of Sens (1170-1180) & of the cathedral of Reims (1180-1190) and of the
	Church of Radom (1170-1180-12th century) Church of Périgueux (1170-1200) Monuments of 11th-12th Château of Roche-la-Molière (12th-13th century) Church of Novion Visconti de Verceil, goldsmith
	Abby of Moissac (1170-1200-1200-1210) Church of Brâmont (1170-1200) Church of the Templars at Leu (12th-13th centuries) Church of St. Louis-hôpital-Bergerac (12th-13th centuries) Cathedral of Bayeux (12th-13th century) Cathedral of Bourges Cathedral of Bayeux (1180-1190-12th century) Cathedral of León (1180-1220) Cathedral of Bourges (1190-1200) Cathedral of Chartres (1194-1200-1205) Church of Pauvres-le-Saint Cathedral of Meaux (12th-13th century) Cathedral of Langres

Estuaries	Plunder and the Normans
<p>N. Cathedral of St. Albans (1080-13th-14th century) N. Cathedral of Chichester (1085-11th-13th century) Colchester Castle N. Cathedral of Durham (1093-1400) Norwich Cathedral (1094-1350) Ia, St. Albans (1094) Pembroke Castle (11th-13th centuries) N. Cathedral of Gloucester (11th-16th centuries) N. Church of Cambridge (c. 1040) The Domes at Durham (c. 1080) N. Cathedral of Ely (1109-13th-14th century) St. cathedral of Oxford (12th-13th-14th centuries) Tewkesbury Abbey Norman North Castle (1130-13th-15th centuries) Mamurruha Castle (12th-14th centuries) Glasgow Cathedral (c. 12th-13th centuries) London Wall Castle (12th-14th-15th centuries) Arundel Castle (13th century-1700) Italy Cross Hospital, Winchester (c. 130-1500) Tintern Abbey (c. 130) Peterborough Cathedral (c. 140-80)</p>	
Miniatures	Tapestries
West. Cathedral (c. 130-1500)	
Cathedral of Canterbury (1070-1480-90) (Old, Norman, English, second medieval)	
St. David's Cathedral (c. 130-1520-90)	
Geoffrey de Noyers, Prior & of Tonbridge Cathedral (c. 130-1280-1300)	Majesty of Tournai (c. 137-1390)
	Blackness, Ypres (1300-1304)

DATE	GERMANY AND AUSTRIA	SPAIN AND PORTUGAL
	It. Cathedral of Bamberg (1080-12th 11th century)	
	It. Cathedral of Trier	Ayer Garcia, n. of the R. cathedral of Avila. 1091
	It. Castle of Goslar	
	It. Church of Wertheim (10-11th)	R. Old Cathedral of Salamanca
	M. Church of Borgund, Norway	
	M. Cathedral of Freiburg 1230-1260- 1284	R. Cathedral of Bamberg
9	B4. Ciudad. Hildesheim 1233-73] Castle of Melkenthal	Hildegard. Frescoes of the Cathedral of Tugendhat 13th century
	Minor. of the Proprietary, Prague B4. R. Cathedral of Lund. Sweden 11th	M. R. Cathedral of Culmilia
	M. Minster B. Cathedral of Linkoping. Sweden 11th	
	Cathedral of Ely (c. 1240-1283)	
115. Germany		Abbaye of Alcester (1140-1222)
		Cloister of Ripon
		Marie, s. and n. of Santiago
	Church of St. Martin, Nuremberg 13th- 14th	
	Cathedral of Lübeck 11-12th-13th	
	Cathedral of Bamberg (c. 120-1272) French style	
	Castle of Eltz (c. 12th-16th, fortifying)	Cathedral of Evora (11th-12th)
	The Gothic of Mayence (13th)	

REPORT

The University of Bologna (1080)

The Chanson de Roland

The First Crusade (1096)

Commune of Novara (1096)
Commune of Amiens (1101)
Comune of Benevento (1103)
Comune of Amalfi (1105)
Commune of Tolosa (1107)

The Order of the Templars (1100)

Aberystwyth (1270-1300)

The Republic of Florence (1280)
The University of Bologna (1280)
Saint Bernard (1280-1320)

Commune of Lübeck (1280)

Commune of Narbonne (1280)
Giovanni da Pisanico (1280-1300) The Sicilian Regale
c. (1280)

The Second Crusade (1147)
The University of Paris (1147)

The Thirteenth and One Night in
Julius (1280-1300)
Lorraine (1280-1300)

The City of Cracow (1290)

Salisbury University (1292)

The Exchequer Budget (1293)

Berlingska (1295-1300)

The Asturian Mesece (1300)

The Ancrene Wisse

Gottfried von Strassburg, Tristan and Yseult

The Third Crusade (1190)
The Teutonic Order (1190)
The Shogunate in Japan (1192)
India conquered by the Delhi Sultanate (1200)
Richard-Cœur-de-Lion (1190-99)

Piaggio & C. (1180-1290)

Date	Jesus, Ecce. and Amman
13th century	Temple of Gundicha Debi at Puri c. 205)
13th century 1st half	Pagoda of Tripuris
	Ad. Shikhar stupas (?)
13th century 1st half	M. Minaret of Alauddin at Delhi (1228)
	Ad. Minarwa minarets (?)

CHINA	JAPAN
Mu Yuan, p.	
King situated at Teng-feng hills (1313) Crucified pyramidal Pan K'ien, p.	
	Tsukino, emerald, founds the first pyramids of 2160 Tsunashiki, p. Found the Tomo seal
Mu Lin, p.	
	Goshozen Otsu, owner of the Chikusho of Kamakura (1202)
First disclosed works (?)	
Kao K'u-heng, p.	
Ramparts of Peking (1374)	
Yen Hsien, p.	

Datum	Владельцы и/or Издат
12th century. 1st half	B. Miniatures. Jewel. Goldsmith's art Re Byzantine architecture
	A. Alhambra of Granada (1430)
	B. Monastery of Daphne (in Anatolia)
13th century. 2nd half	Miniatures. Jewel. Goldsmith's art

Italy	France
<p>Castello di Moncalvo (1203)</p> <p>Torlonia Palace, Roma (1203)</p> <p>Municipal Palace of Volterra (1206-87)</p> <p>San Tommaso Outside the Walls, Roma</p>	<p>The Knights of the Knights in Palermo (1202)</p> <p>Cathedral of Rouen (1202-1300)</p> <p>Abbot Roger Mevoli (1203-1400-15th century)</p> <p>Cathedral of Dol (1206-14th century)</p> <p>Cathedral of Troyes (1208-1232- 400)</p> <p>Cathedral of Nicosia in Cyprus (200-28)</p> <p>Jean d'Orbais (11-1203), n. of the cathedral of Clermont (1203)</p> <p>Cathedral of Bayeux (12-1244)</p> <p>Cathedral of Autun (1215)</p> <p>Cathedral of Coutances</p>
<p>Priò Teatro, Florentine manuscript</p>	<p>Robert de Lasseteran (1222), n. of the cathedral of Amiens (1220-50)</p>
<p>Campanile of Modena (1224-1310)</p> <p>Minatures</p> <p>Church of Assisi (1228-43)</p>	<p>Château of Coucy (223-30)</p> <p>Abbot of Montigny, n. of the cathedral of Tours (225-1227)</p>
<p>Outside de Poitiers, p.</p>	<p>Abbatiale, Tournai</p> <p>Enseigne of Lincoln</p> <p>Hugues Libergier, n. of Chartres</p> <p>Cathedral of Quimper (1211-13th century)</p> <p>Michel le Grand, 17-1257, n. of the cathedral of Châlons-en-Champagne</p> <p>Cathedral of Bayeux (1213-14th-17th centuries)</p> <p>Cathédrale de Toul (12th-13th centuries)</p> <p>Cathedral of Lausanne (20-23)</p> <p>Church of St. Pierre, Caen (12th-13th centuries)</p>
<p>Palazzo Pubblico of Bologna (1247- 444)</p>	<p>Philippe Chomedé, n. of François II</p> <p>Empress and Queen of Chartres</p> <p>Abbot of Stela (1218- 13th centuries)</p> <p>Pierre de Montreuil (1200), n. of the Sainte-Chapelle, Paris (1240-45)</p>
<p>Monastery of Subiaco</p>	<p>Guillaume de Mandeville (7-1249), n. (1) of the cathedral of Beauvais (1247-64-1270)</p>
<p>Cathedral of Cagliari (1281)</p> <p>Woola Picana (1209-10), Pisa, n.</p> <p>Other works in Sicily</p>	<p>Jean Deschamps, n. of the cathedral of Clermont-Ferrand (1246-13th century)</p> <p>Cathedral of Bordeaux (1283)</p> <p>Étude de Montreuil, n. of the ramparts of Aigues-Mortes and of Jeffa</p> <p>Cathedral of Reims (13th and 14th centuries)</p> <p>Villejuif de Marolle (13th-16th centuries)</p> <p>La Conciergerie</p> <p>Château of Angers</p>
<p>Grotta di Roma, p.</p>	<p>Cathédrale de Limoges (13th, 14th, 15th and 16th centuries)</p> <p>Jean Langton, n. of Saint-Urbain, Troyes (1363-82)</p> <p>The Livre des Maitres' of Blanche de Valois</p> <p>Martin Ruyet, n. of the cathedral of Collores in Hungary</p> <p>Cathedral of Saint-Bertrand-de-Comminges (13-16th centuries)</p>
<p>Marquise d'Aire (1316-997), p.</p> <p>Annals of Compiègne (1220-1301), n. of the cathedral of Florence (1274)</p> <p>Benta-Maria-Norella, Florence (1274)</p> <p>Minatures</p>	<p>Pierre d'Antioche, French n. of the Two Sicilies</p> <p>Adam de la Halle (1240-1311), m.</p> <p>Cathedral of Saint-Pol-de-Léon (1346, 14th, and 15th centuries)</p> <p>Cathedral of Narbonne (1372)</p> <p>Minatures, Tapestry</p> <p>Enseigne of Lincoln</p>

Dated	Exhibit
	Rochester Cathedral (1201-17)
	Wells Cathedral (1210-14th century)
	Salisbury Cathedral (1220-58)
13th cent. (1270- late half)	Westminster Cathedral (13th century-1274) Minatures
	Westminster Abbey (1245-60)
	Westminster Palace, Illumines
	Basil Mary Magdalene Hospital, Bristol (13th- 14th and 16th centuries)
	Lichfield Cathedral (13th-14th centuries)
13th cent. (1270- late half)	Merton College

Flanders and the Netherlands	Germany and Scandinavia
Bruges Cathedral (1294-1320)	Cathedral of Magdeburg (1309-1380) Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle (1332-1350)
Sint-Jacobskerk, Bruges (c.1320-78+ c.1500)	Münster
Aachen Cathedral (c.1320-78+ c.1500)	Cathedral of Freiburg (1325-53) Cathedral of Marburg (1333-63)
Arnold de Borch, a. of the cathedral of Tournai (1242-1320)	St. Lorenz, Nuremberg (1340-77) Castle of Altenberge (1342-50) Cathedral of Münster (1348-1448, reconstr.) Arnold de Borch (c. 1390), a. of the cathedral of Cologne (1348-1352, 1400) Cathedral of Frankfurt (1348-1370) Cathedral of Naumburg (1200-13th c., 15th century)
Cathedral of Utrecht (1291-67)	Maria-Magdalena, Lübeck (c.13-14th c.) Tannhäuser-The Minnesänger Castle of Hammelburg
The Belfry of Bruges	Rathaus of Brunswick (14th to 15th century) Cathedral of Xanten (1263-1310)
Münster, Trier	Cathedral of Halberstadt R. Cathedral of Stavanger-Norway (1272) Castle of Marienburg (1274) Castle of Rathenow (1275-134th century) Münster

D

DATA	SIGNIFICANT FEATURES
	Old Cathedral of Lérida (1202)
	Church of Santa Cruz, Segovia (1204)
	Cathedral of Jaén (1221-1419-1507)
13th century, 1st half	ALLEGORIES Pedro Martí (d. 1300), s. of the cathedral of Toledo (1327-1403)
	Rodrigo Esteban, p.
	Cathedral of León (1200-14th century)
	Barceloneta, s. of Tarragona
13th century, 2nd half	ALLEGORIES Church of St. Paul, Valladolid (1275- 1463)

HISTORY

St. Dominic (1170-1221)

The Fourth Crusade - Taking of Constantinople
1204

[Wolfram von Eschenbach 1170-1220]. Parzival.
Genghis Khan (1162-1227). The Mongols in China,
in Korea, in Russia.

Crusade of the Albigenses (1208-13)

Priests of Astar (1182-1226)

Magna Charta in England (1215)

The Fifth Crusade (1217)

The Fujiwara Shogunate in Japan (1230)

The Thousand and One Nights

The Sixth Crusade (1228)

The Inquisition (1230)

Friedrich II Emperor of Germany (1215-60)

The Crusades and the Third Estate (1240)

The Mongols in Hungary & Germany (1241)

The German Ulster (1242)

Saint Louis (1226-70)

The Seventh Crusade (1248)

Troubadours and Trouvères

St. Thomas Aquinas (1225-74)

Sainte (1284-1351), Persian poet

End of the Frankish Empire in the East (1261)

Roger Bacon (1224-94)

The Eighth Crusade (1270)

The Mongols in Japan (1274)
Troubadours and Trouvères
The Thousand and One Nights

E

Date	India, Etc., and America
15th century 2d half	
	Temple of Puri
	Am. Mayan monuments (?)
16th century, 1st half	Reconstruction of the Temple of Buddha-Gaya

Criteria	Data
Astronomical (astrology of Phu, c. 1270)	
From notes of Hsiao-Il-pien (296)	
Tokuo-Hisay-Pien (1254-1332), p.	
Tokuo-Hisay-Pien, p.	
Yuan-pai-tse	
Seuhisien vault of Ho-Yang-Kouan (1346)	
Hsi-Pien (1301-74), p.	

E

DATE	DESCRIPTION AND SOURCE
13th century 2d half	
	Mosque of Kalaoun, Cairo (1284)
	A. Minaret of El Miskun, Cairo (1283) B. Mosque of Sultan Qalawun (1304)
	C. Mosque of Kaire-Djami, Constantinople
	D. Church of Santa Maria la Blanca, Toledo (1315)
	E. Church of Santa Catalina, Granada (1319)
	F. Mosque of Ummayad (1323)
14th century 1st half	
	G. Hispano-moresque architecture H. Minaret
	I. Hospital of the Alcazar of Seville (1353) J. Court of the Lions at the Alhambra (1354)

DATE	EDITIONS
13th century, 2d half	Cóesar Cathedral (1280-1304) <i>Itinerary de Ilustración &c. of the Castle of CastrilMivón (1283) and of the Castle of Conway 1284.</i>
	Castile of Beaumanoir
	Vincent Castle
	Warrington Castle (14th and 15th centuries)
14th century 1st half	Minatures Outlines of Conwy (14th and 15th cen- turies)
	Gloster Cathedral (1251-1417)

PLATEFORM AND THE NETHERLANDS	GERMANY AND SCANDINAVIA
	<p>Castle of Stakeborg (1251)</p>
<p>The Binnenhof at The Hague</p> <p>Cathedral of Münster (1247), completed c. 1342</p>	<p>Bastions of Visby (Gotland Islands)</p> <p>Brown von Sternberg (d. 1314), s. of Heinrich von der Henneberg, founder of the castle of Heidelberg (1294) Principality of Heidelberg, s. of the cathedral of Visby (1300-1310)</p>
	<p>Rathaus of Stralsund</p> <p>Münster</p>
<p>Manuscripts, Tapestries</p> <p>Church of St. Walburga (1341-1408)</p>	<p>Manuscripts</p> <p>St. Catherine of Aachen (Ais-la-Chapelle) (1333-40)</p> <p>Church of Tübingen (1351-1421-1538)</p>
<p>Jean Appelmans (c. 1390), s. of the cathedral of Antwerp (1332-1449-1562)</p>	<p>Palace of Prague (1333)</p> <p>Frauenthaler, Nuremberg, (1386-91)</p>

DATE	SCENE AND PERSPECTIVE	HISTORY
13th century 3rd half		Mongol dynasty of Yuan in China (1279) The Peacock Throne (1289) Voyages of Marco Polo (1271-95)
13th Century 2nd half	21) Castle of La Roche Jacques Fabre, a of the cardinals of Bourges 1396-1401 Alfonso, p.	Charles Alfonso (1363-1384) The Pope at Avignon (1309) Decree of the Templars (1301-14)
14th century 1st half	12) Miniatures Cathedral of Palencia (14th and 15th centuries)	French-English Wars (1337-1453) The Thousand and One Nights The Axemen round T'ien-tchuan (Kien-sien). 1326
14th century 2nd half	13) Miniatures Aimée of Burgundy (1352-58)	Ashikaga Shogunate in Japan (1336) Beginning of the Hundred Years' War (1337) The plague in Florence (1348) Patmos (1308-74) Husarisch (1294-1281) Desecration (1312-74)

F

DATE	INDIA ETC APP AMERCO
14th century 2d half	Am. Museum measurements (?)

DATE	CHINA	JAPAN
14th century.	Yuan-dynasty period, p.	
High century. 2d half	Ming-dynasty period Reorganisation of the imperial parks, works of Kung-tao-chou (1360)	
	Yung-Yuen-tchang (1334-1407)	
	Tsao-pagoda of Hsi-an-feng-fu (1383)	
		Mitake (1361-1451), p.

BYZANTINE AND ISLAMIC	ITALIAN
A. Mosque of Hassan, Cairo (1363)	Palazzo Pretorio, Pisa Castle of Vincigliata, Tuscany Jewelry of Persia (1330) Cathedral of Pavia (1360)
B. Paintings of Mount Athos	Andrea Mantegna, c.1470-85), Florence p. Botticelli (c.1485), Venice p.
C. Miniatures	Francesco of the Campo Santo, Pisa Venetian palaces
D. Byzantine architecture	Nativity, Florence p. Agostino da Scilla (1333-90), Genoa p. Baptistery of Cappadocia (c. 1300), s. of the Basilica Santa-Croce Verona (1365)
E. Gothic architecture	Loggia del Lanzi, Florence (1376)
F. d'Arezzo, artist (c.1300) of Verona Antonio Pisanello, Venetian p.	J. d'Arezzo, artist (c.1300) of Verona Antonio Pisanello, Venetian p.
G. Monastery of Stach-Bardak at Bartarmand (1302)	Sant'Antonio di Padova (1390-1410), Florence p. Sant'Antonio Arezzo (1323-1410), Florence p. Baptistery of Narni, s. of the Cathedral of Perugia (1393-?)
H. Mosque of Barbouri, Cairo (1380)	Martino da Carrara (c. 1396), s. of the cathedral of Milan (1387)
I. Palazzo Pretorio, Pisa (1300)	Palazzo Pretorio, Pisa Castles of Manzana (1300-1400) Castles of Pavia (1300-1350)
J. and P. da Massena, Venetian ap.	Cathedral of Como (c. 1390-1400)
K. Nicola d'Arezzo (c.1420), Venetian s.	Nicola d'Arezzo (c.1420), Venetian s.
L. Giovanni Cambi, publisher "The Book of Art"	Giovanni Cambi, publisher "The Book of Art"

Date	France	England
	John Capet, p. Philippe IV, John le Bon, King of France Charles de Valois, son of Philippe IV	Fontenay Abbey
14th century & before	Church of Cluny-Dieu Cathedral of Montpellier	William of Wykeham, Abbot of Winchester Cathedral (1366-1400)
	The Beakles (1300) André Beauchamp, a. and p.	Merton Abbey
	Manilasse Tapissier Jacques Baugis (1300-09), tapistry weaver	
	Raymond de Temple, a.	New College, Oxford (1379)
	Counts of La Marche	
	Barnard of Baux, King (1349-1351) and Count (1354)	Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh (1388-1400)
	Château of Pierrefonds (1390)	
	John d'Orléans (1303-1406), p.	
	Bodiam Castle (1380)	
	Bolingbroke Castle (1380)	

FLANDERS AND THE NETHERLANDS	GERMANY AND SCANDINAVIA
	Pieter van Erie (fl. 1370) p. of Croyne (Rathaus et. Landsg. 1416 (Meissenburg)) Bridge of Prague (1356-1367)
Jean Brandef. p. of Bruges	Rathaus of Brueck
	Thaddeus. Tchach. p.
Ministries. Tapissies Hotel de Ville of Bruges (1376-1412)	Basis Maria. Cracow (14th-15th cen. tum)
Meliorus Brudertum. p. of Ypres	Church of Bartholomew 1373-1471;
Aeneas de Barres. French. a.	Mishajures Cathedral of Ulm (1377)
Claus Winkel. Dutch. e.	Peter von Cindorf. a. of the church of Kuttenberg c. 1400
	Der Reforme Brudern. Nuremberg. 1382- 90
	Bartum von Menden. p. of Hamburg

DATE	SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE	EUROPEAN
14th century; 2d half		The Inquisition in France (1338)
		Barbarossa's Invasion (1190-91)
		Praga (c. 1360), Persian poet
		Wyclif (c. 1334-84)
		Gutenberg (c. 1450-1500)
		The Great Councils of Charles V (1526)
		Meeting of the Pope in Bologna (1377); joining of the Compl. Florence (1378)
	Cathedral of Palma (c. 1200)	
	Cathedral of Oviedo (c. 1000-1120)	
	M. Al. Domínguez (c. 1402), Ab. of the Monastery of Batalha (c. 1402)	Union of Castile and Aragon (1474)
	Juana la Loca, p.	
	M. Palace of Olite (14th and 15th cen- turies)	
	Cathedral of Pamplona (1207)	Assumption of the Virgin in China (1398); Tamerlane (1333-1405). The Mingulus in Persia and India
		John Huss (1409-1415)

HISTORY OF ART

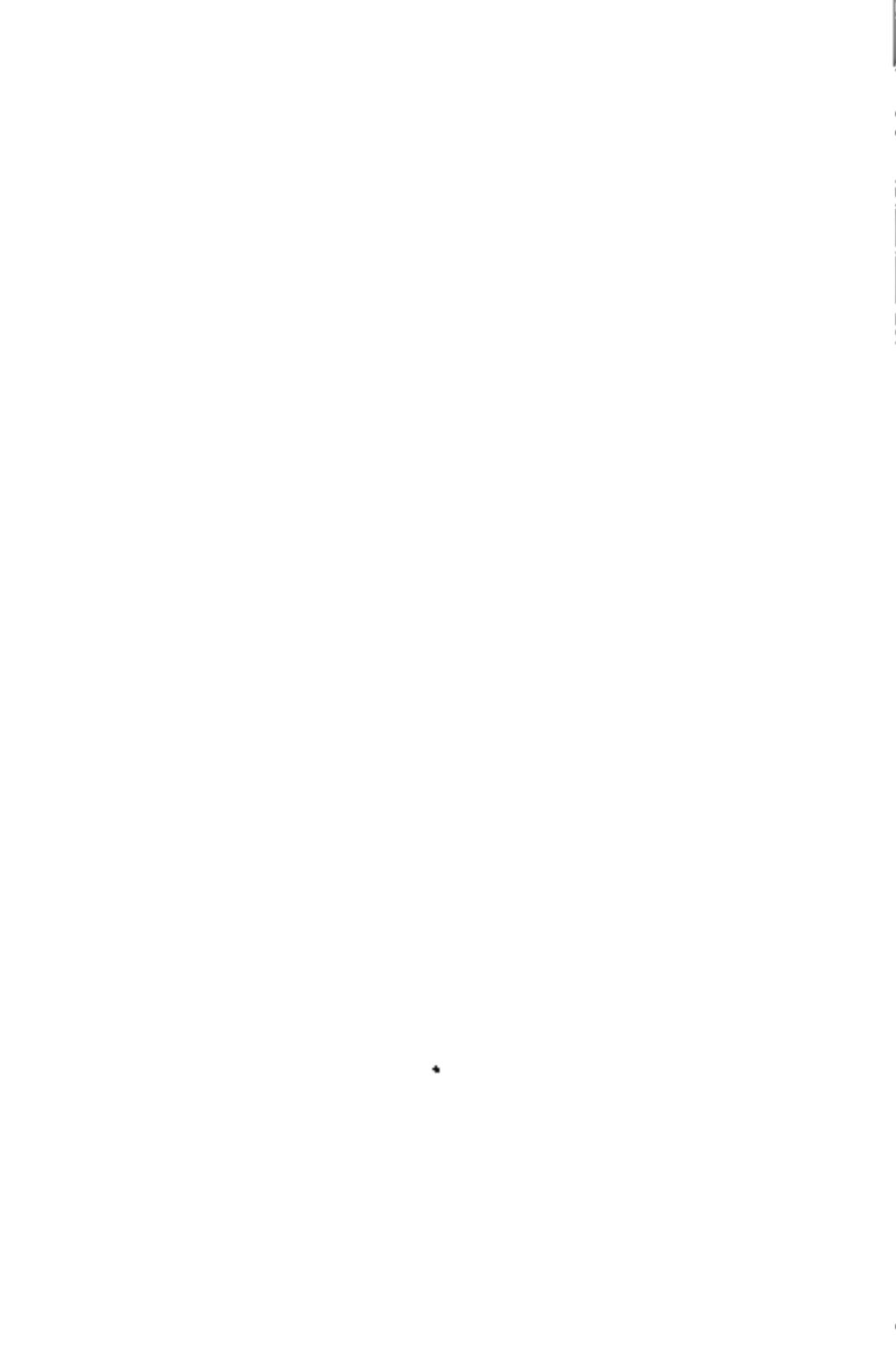
RENAISSANCE ART



LEONARDO DA VINCI. *Mona Lisa*, drawing. (*Musée de Chantilly*.)

ELIE FAURE
HISTORY OF ART

RENAISSANCE
ART



TO MY MOTHER



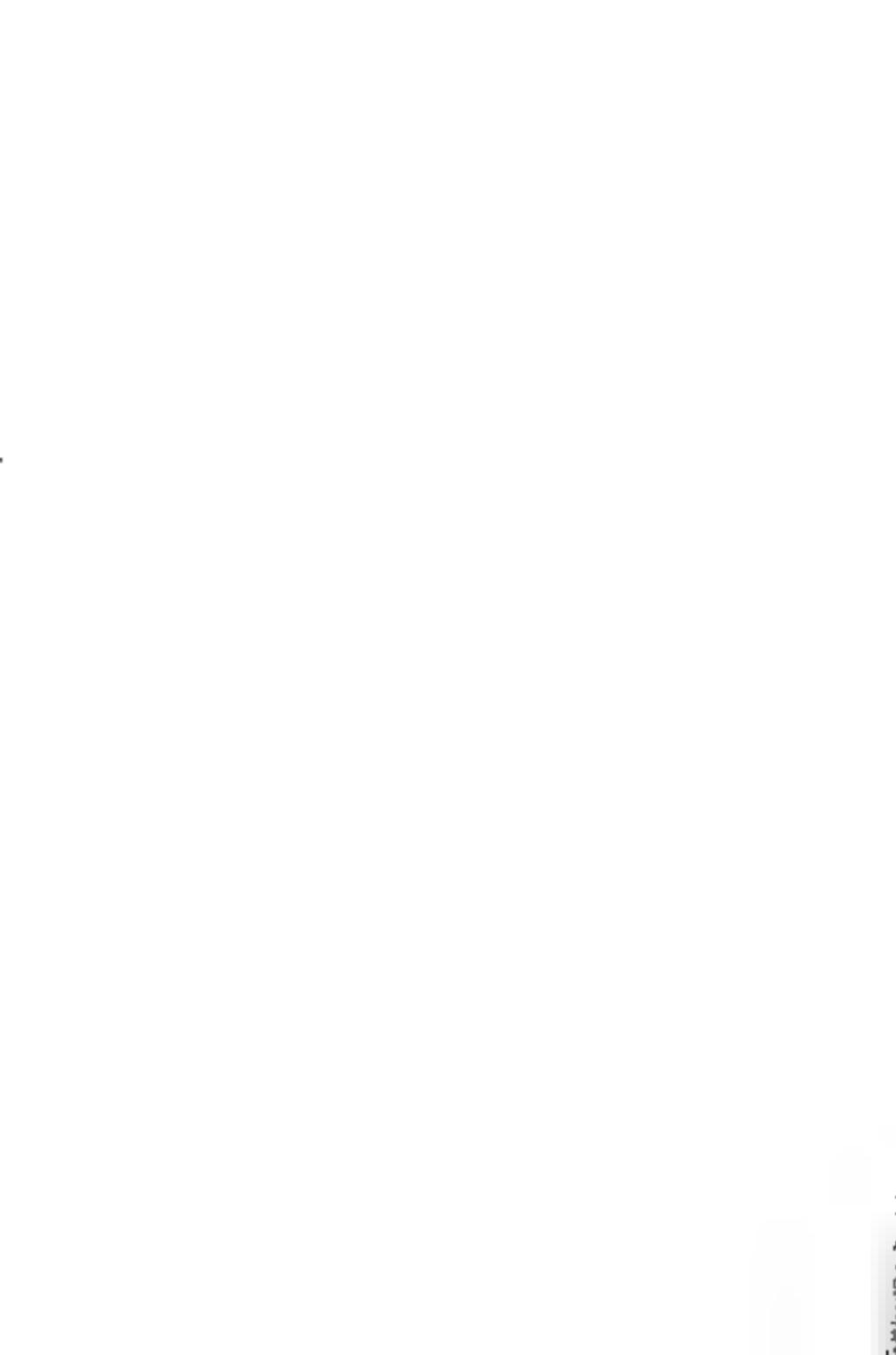
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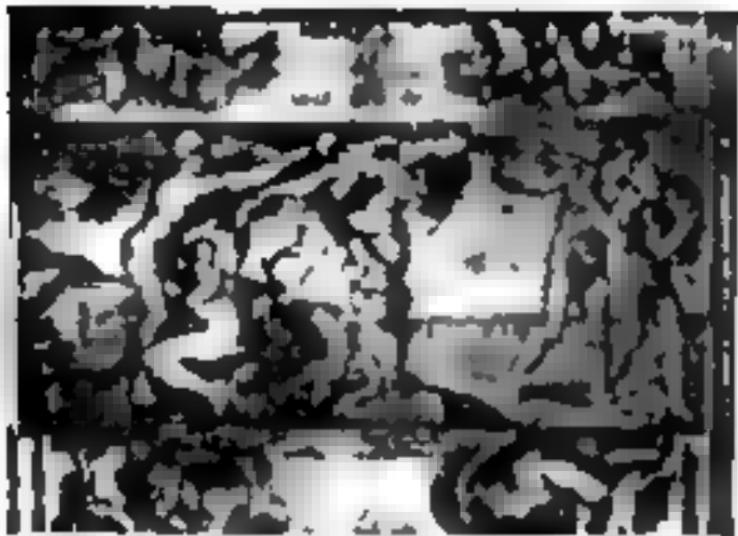
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AT THIRY'S NOTE

The criticism was made, when the first edition of this work was published, that it was illustrated with details taken from the works of the masters rather than with the works themselves. This criticism should be justified—each work forming an illustration from which to profit—nothing should be cut away; and in the case of certain pictures, the reduction to the size of a page did not deprive the character of the work of its whole appeal to the mind. Have not books been published wherein the "Marriage at Cana" was reduced to the size of the half of a visiting card? And besides, is it not already admitted that one may detach a statue from the porch of a cathedral in order to illustrate a book with it, and that the reproduction of the size of that cathedral may give a more correct idea of its character than an illustration, too greatly reduced, is one of the cathedrals itself? There is no question, in such a book as I have intended this to be, of describing the pictures by the masters under consideration—the problem is one of expressing the spirit of the ensemble of these works. I do not comment upon the picture through the text—I justify the text through the picture or through a fragment of the picture.





MS. ROMAN. A. 1. 1. fol. 10v. (Detail). The Fall of Man. (Sistine Chapel, Rome.)

INTRODUCTION

WE lived for two or three centuries with a feeling that the Italian Renaissance brought us back, for our consolation, into the lost path of ancient art, and that before the Renaissance and outside of it there was nothing but barbarism and confusion. When our greed to love them caused us to regard passionately the work left by the artists who in the last days of the Middle Ages preceded the Italian dawn, we misunderstood and slandered Italy. We reproached her for the influence that she exercised upon the peoples of the Occident; we refused to see that these peoples after the temporary exhaustion of their spiritual resources, had to submit to the common law and demand of better elements that which would fettle their mind. We are so made that it is very difficult for us to place ourselves outside of history in order to consider it from afar, and so, too easily, we attribute a definitive value to the feel-

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ings which our present desires dictate to us. The need for the absolute, in which lie our suffering and our strength and our glory, is also something that we refuse to recognize in men who took a different path from our own in order to satisfy that need.

What men have invoked the spirit of their own race in order to vindicate the influence of Italy because of the errors into which she led Christians unscrupulously to assimilate her teaching; it was in reality Michael Angelo or Titian who was being accused of belonging to his own race and of not having been born in the thirteenth century in northern Europe. If we listened to the Italian heroes, it was because they came at the hour when our instinct required them. The spirit of the North and of the Occident had flowed back upon the Italy of the Middle Ages, infusing her with vitality and at the same time introducing into her the elements that were indispensable for her resurrection. It was necessary that the energy of Italy should assume an appearance of insurrection in order to reject everything that she did not recognize as human and constant in those elements which she received from abroad, and in order that she might give back to the north the impetus which she had received from the north, at the hour when the latter should call for her aid. If the imprint which she left upon the north was a deep one, if it still remains, it is that the great effort put forth in the Middle Ages by the peoples across the Alps and the Rhine had almost exhausted them. And it is true that Italy brought to the world an instrument of investigation that had long forgotten for twelve centuries and to which our fragment of humanity had still to resort in order not to perish. With its last breath, the social rhythm, which had found its realization in the Occidental Commune

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and which had expressed itself with such a coherent and anonymous force through the Cathedral and the Scholastic Law, was now demanding of the individual that he arise from the midst of the crowd to subject the work of the crowd to his criticism, and to discover in turn, in himself and in the external shapes the materials of a new rhythm in which the crowd might one day define themselves, reorganize themselves, and find again, for a century or for an hour, the sense of collective action.

The invention of printing did not, as Victor Hugo said, kill the architecture of the nave. At first it hastened its death slightly. When Crutenberg invented the press, Masaccio and the van Eycks had for ten or fifteen years been pointing out to the painters their new path, and in France all the churches which were being built were so strained at their effect that the architectural elements were tending to insulation. Nicolas Froment, Jean Fouquet, and Enguerrand Charenton were beginning to paint. The invention of printing was due to the same cause as was the decadence of the art that built the edifice in which the whole crowd had a share. The disengagement of architectural unity compensated with the work of analysis which was beginning to divide the social body, and the liberation of the arts and sciences and the growth of the sudden rise of sculpture, painting, music, literature, and printing announced the substitution of individual research for the great spontaneous creation in which the newly aroused and magnified energy of the people had for two or three hundred years been summarizing their needs.

What drew our attention toward Italy for so long a time, what made us misunderstand the work of individ-

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ulation which was going on at the same time in France in Germany in Flanders in England and in Spain, was that this work in the north and in the west was performed without a halt because the statue descended from the niche and the painting from the stained glass window without the artist's ceasing to look at the abandoned temple even while he moved away from it. In Italy, on the contrary, the individualism of the creative energies found admirable tools ready to hand for the work of self assertion. And there were men for the task, those who for two centuries had been prepared by civil war and by the violence of their passions, even as they had been prepared for the search for their personal law by the character of the soul which had been forming them since the beginning of their history. All the peoples of Europe gave way before Italy's investigation or adopted it, for the reason that Italy undertook her investigation with a more free and more malice than others. If they did not always understand the conclusions that were reached, it is not Italy that should be held responsible. Moreover we are young and we set a look to the future. What she gave us will live again when we live again.

This more or less gradual or more or less brutal passage from collective expression to individual expression was not new. History is like a heart that beats like a fist that opens and closes. At certain hours, popular energy having reached its summit and requiring full freedom of action, demands momentary concentration into a vast rhythmic executive of all the moral, religious, and social ideas which, before that time, had been scattered among a few minds that were ahead of their time. This is the perilous moment when the certitude of living in the absolute and of fixing it in our

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soil produces a spark of lightning amid the expanse of darkness, and it is this that lifts up a whole people to the unknown god dwelling within it, while it remains an不知道 of what has occurred. This is the wonderful moment when the individual offers himself with all the members of a crowd ready at the same time to eternal knees when great hymns spring forth from the earth, uttered by all, by all, and subordinating to their social function all the isolated experiences through which men on a mass before were seeking to define themselves separately. The prime inseparable factor thus here several times in the course of its long life and was able to prolong the hour more than any other people because it was Egypt that opened it to her and because she presented always an almost absolute isolation. But even in these state confusions of doubt and levitation of opinions and of analyses that is inherent to us here we see too far away to comprehend it perfectly. I consider unparalleled's hour that hour India seems to us lived through it in her fruitful civilization. It was the frenzied and erratic dream of Zeus King tried to prolong it within herself for three thousand years. Never except rapidly through her hour had left her trace of the entire history. The earliest these temples reveal the rapid rise toward this moment of domination which was reached by the successive empires of Olympus and by the King of Kings Cyrus, while Phœbus began to lean toward the other shore.

But the successive empires of Olympus and Phœbus were already power in characterized individuals. And the pronoun of the people marching toward the Parthenon, the voice of Hercules, one of the most powerful, was heard above the others, and in his break he bore Prometheus, who was to attempt to ravish the

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came from the altar. Since the beginning of history never had the individual so strongly claimed the right to place his thought at the service of men who did not understand him. By way of these implacable successions of analysis and synthesis which the evolution of the mind imposes upon us the voyage through hell and rejoicing in Paradise we achieve partial synthesis and partial analysis which correspond to momentary triumphs of classes or of individuals in the social organism. The French synthesis, which doubtless attained its strongest expression at some time between the peace of Utrecht and the Mexican war, was a short stage in the course of the long analysis which separated the decline of the old Oriental civilisations from the obscure beginning of the modern civilisations. But it was the decay stage which determined the future.

It may now the philosopher and author activity in which it culminated seemed fated to disintegrate the elements of human energy and when it had withdrawn into the world the latent forces of reason and liberty, the world seemed condemned never to recover the profound harmony in which all men meet and in which the moral rhythm so emerges as the individual rhythm. It is true that painting has pretended to do almost nothing of what the soul of the ancients confined to it as it wandered in search of itself and yet painting is yet successive the plastic instrument of the individual, through its infinite capacities, its obedience to every change of direction, to every leap, to every flash of light, to every shadow of the mind as well as through its faculty for binding together the most complex relationships. Sculpture is still a severe art which has to produce in space a block closed on all sides, it must

The Great German said these words and again paused.

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therefore respond to clearly constructed philosophical ideas, and when it was torn from the temple it could not do otherwise than bring to us the fragments. The dust of the dispersion and fragmentary character of the cosmic body itself it could not fail to let us foresee the coming of a new world even though it did not indicate to us the true direction of that world. Be that as it may the Hebrew analysis so disintegrated the old world that it seemed to be going down forever, and it had to appeal first to the Jews and then to the heretics in order that in a new territory it might once more lay the foundation for a world in them, which did not culminate until seventeen centuries after the time of the Parthenon—with the Council of the Council, the French cathedral, the peasant poems of *L'Étourneau*, and the market of the Flemings.

The Renaissance owes its name to the fact that it expressed an idea of our history analogous to that one of which Pompeii and Paestum had the first and most decisive moments. Only we are better able to grasp the plastic manifestations of it. These remain to us something else than the branching and varied thought of the philosophers who advanced its character. Heloise, Machault and Brémond, as well as Sartorius and his disciples would not have recognized themselves but who, in the reverse sense, and in their relation with the medieval world, played the rôle that Sartorius and his disciples had played respecting the ancient world. These remain to us something else than the architectural architecture to which it gave rise in Italy. It has left no painting, an individual work, it is true but objective, even so, and one that could not endure except that it expresses a living continuity in the form of the artist, and the longer like the arts that precede it, in the

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inconveniences instinct of a collectivity. It is especially through painting that we know why the Renaissance was necessary to us and why we love it. We know why we shall not cease to be grateful to the great individuals who gathered up into their soul the soul of the crowds that had disappeared, in order to transmit their hopes to the crowds that were to come. For it is they who pass on the torch. It is they who are the bond of union between the general needs that men no longer feel and the general dream that they will feel again one day between the organism of yesterday and the organism of tomorrow. They are in themselves a crowd, and the continuity of sentiment that binds I go to men to and to tell goes in their hearts. The Michael Angelo of the Sistine Chapel, like Chénier and Aragonès are more earthly than the writers, the scientists, or the philosophers, like individual symphonies which in critical periods collect all the elements of the people's symphony that for the moment had been scattered to all the zones of aspiration and the mind. One can love them with a love equal to that which one feels for the abandoned temple. Between a cathedral window and a picture by Léitan there is the distance that separates an admirable voice in the most beautiful popular choir from a symphony by Beethoven.

It is that art gives to those who are here and there, to hold up the columns of the temple with their titanic effort, the appearance of being its radical opposition to their surroundings. They seem ill adapted to the society in which they are because they have within them the grand rhythm—unavable to the blind multitudes—of the adaptations to come. They broke dead rhythms to create new rhythms. They are the more solitary the higher they rise and the more compact,

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so vital, permanent, and profound, are the elements of life that are brought into activity by the sympathies which they bear in the silence of their hearts.

But since a moral synthesis is the secret goal of their effort since men are joyful when their purpose is realized, since pessimism occurs only in the rare minds that suffer through their lossiness, and since optimism is the fruit of communion among men, how is it that when this divine communion has been achieved, here is it. I repeat that men cannot safeguard it? The reason is that no society could trust the general organization which the maintenance of this communion would bring about. The reason is that life is nothing else but effort. And the balance of the elements that compose it is never a static realization, but always a temporary or at least the instant in which the balance is effected is too imperceptible for us to be able to arrest it otherwise than through the works which spring forth at that moment from our hearts.

Thus dynamic equilibrium ever destroyed, ever restored, which it is impossible to maintain but which engenders a hope that we cannot shake, this repose which we pursue with the desire of attaining it and in the ferment that we shall lose it (immediately could not be prolonged unless the social organs adapt themselves to a spontaneous, free and yet gentle manner to robust and more conditions whose evolution never ceases. But very soon there comes a moment when the appearance of new peoples and new methods, of unforeseen discoveries, and of currents of external ideas disturbs the balance of the scales, when one of the organic tends to grow at the expense of the other, when the narrow egosism of one class, of one caste or of some particular group of individuals gains possession

INTRODUCTION

of the work of the others for its own profit, and accuse, among these others, isolated forces which will sprout little by little in minds adapted to the search for the law of a new equilibrium. The unequal distribution of wealth, the needs that it develops, and the groupings of interests that it necessarily creates have doubtless been, up to the present, the most vividly active factor of the social insurrections which we observe in history. At the same time, through the aristocracies of culture which it helped to form, it was preparing the ground for the future annulations of the very elements that it separated one from another. It has always been believed that luxury exercised a favorable influence on the development of art. In reality, the relationship which certainly exists between luxury and art has given to wealth the advantage of a rôle that it has never possessed. The intellectual forces of a people are born of the effort from which spring, with these forces, the wealth of individualism, and the power of radiation, and expansion of the collectivity. At the hour when these forces become conscious of themselves, architecture is dead and art, pure dies. If the aristocracies of wealth avoid themselves of the bettering of literature and more especially of painting, it is also they who bring the arts into contempt even as the acquirement of riches destroys the power of a people by raising up around it organs of isolation and defense which end by crushing it. The only wealth of mankind is art.

As a matter of fact, the influence of Italy was arrested when Italy had become the bone of pleasure for Europe, as the influence of Greece had come to an end at the moment when Athens, grown rich, was no longer considered good for anything by those who had just conquered her save to teach them and to amuse them.

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That was enough. To France who was broken by war and whose formulative effort had twisted and dislocated the brain and the backbone of the great opera gave, Italy had indicated a path of regeneration. And along this path France was to gather up powerful instruments with which to emancipate herself. To the Shakespearean cycle she had furnished an inexhaustible treasury of sensations, ideas, and images, a mirror which the breath of the north blurred so that the soul of its poets should not be able to find in it the units of its mystery. She had prepared the way for the all-powerful being of painting who was to appear in Flanders at the beginning of the seventeenth century and was to stir the whole world by opening the gates of the modern epoch. He did so when he passed into the single mode of southern rhythms—the abounding matter of the flat countries where the dust and the rain take on the color of the sun. And although the protest that the reformers made against the moral dissolution of Italy gave to Germany a political insurrection a character of antagonism toward the Renaissance of the south, it was the example of Italy which permitted them, later on, to arouse the individual forces that were needed by their country.

The search for social equilibrium occurs in space—across the face of the earth, as well as in time—throughout the course of history—and the conditions of that search change according to the economic and geographical circumstances which rendered it indispensable. The countries of the north of Europe, in their relations with the countries of the south, had to experience a tension which may fairly be compared with that which the Jewish people had attempted against the influence of the Greek people. The exaltation of the intellectual

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and external qualities of men gave way suddenly before the qualities which had been instilled upon by the Jewish prophets. This is, at least, an outcome of the significance which, in the mind of those thinkers who expressed it, is to be attributed to the movements of which we have been speaking movements which are too complex and too profound for us to be able to gather up these political and social meanings under a single formula. The universal character of primitive Christianity and its demand for an inner discipline imposed on the barbarians of the North and the West of Europe bonds which were necessary for the restraining and utilization of their unoccupied energy. The Reformation, in its turn, or at least the movement that culminated in the Reformation, permitted them to recover their personality which was being compensated in the course of time by the progressive expansion of Latin idealism, and to free their economic activity from the domination of Rome. If the outer form which the religious and political powers of Germany gave to the agitation for reform at first the spiritual powers released by the Renaissance, it was to revive with the great power in the genius of the North which had been freed and enabled to pour its fervid ardor into the soul of the men of the future.

Whatever the mutations of the influence of man committed by Catholicism and the Protestant sects, we must accept them as necessary social agencies from which, during centuries, the man of the South and the man of the North have derived what they needed for the establishment of a balance with the natural and moral surroundings in which their life was passed. The individualism, in matters of passion of the southern peoples imposed upon them the need for a social frame-

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work of a powerfully hierarchic character in this, all their unrest and all their inner conflicts could find an exact solution and in case of need, appeal for the support of an immutable form from without. The natural or moral character of the peoples of the north where the human struggle for existence and the more continuous effort render man necessary to man at every moment, called for a lever from within which should stir the moral nature. In the century when the French genius and the Italian genius exhibited in a supreme burst of energy we shall see the painters who represent the two countries considering form from almost opposite points of view. On the one hand there are frenzies on the walls made to be seen by all. On the other hand, we find isolated works belonging to brotherhoods or ordered by devotees. On the one hand, we find artists more powerfully individualists, because the multitude abhors them a scourge and passionate, and they unite the spirit which is scattered through the crowd by raising up an ideal generalizing a hierarchic image of nature. On the other hand artists who are greatly liberated from the collective instinct of the Middle Ages divide up the common spirit by particularizing all the aspects of nature which they see confused and in detail and all on the same plane. Rubens, the man of the north and a Catholic will bring about a momentary harmony between the soul of Michael Angelo and the soul of [Mire]

But the world will have to wait for him for a hundred years. Until we reach him and despite the incessant borrowing from Italy of the peoples of the north, despite the fact that Italy brought from the colorists of Flanders advice the evidence of which is less easy to discover than was, between the spirit of the north and

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the spirit of the south, a kind of antagonism which was necessary to the effort of the world and which, doubtless, will not disappear until the day when, the unity of Europe having been effected more numerous and widely separated groups will confront their desires. The thin landscapes of the south, their transparency, the other and greater ones which arrest them in the intelligence and which engender in us clear ideas and essential relationships permitted the great Italians to create an intellectual interpretation of nature which, from the sculptures of Egypt to Michael Angelo and from Phidias to Titian has changed only in appearance and tends to summarize all material life in the human form as perfect as the mind itself from the accidental surroundings which limit and imperfections which encumbrance it. The landscapes of the north engulfed in mists and buried under leaves are marked by a confusion which disturbs us with vague sensations of a tangie of images, power less to organize themselves into ideas. And this was the force that opened to the artists of the northern countries the gates of a mystery in which the forms float and seek one another and make it impossible for sentiment to circulate and to choose. The men of one group, by reducing nature to an arbitrary settled harmony raised man up to be a god; the other group mingled man with life in general by considering nature as a grand symphony in which whatsoever is lost in the wheel of sounds, forms, and colors. Hence the spiritual elevation of those who, the better to serve the higher destiny of man, forgot his misery and their own suffering and saw him forever surviving; hence the humanity of those who, each time that they turned toward man, saw him crushed by the fraternal wave of matter of ideas, and of movements. The anthropo-

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morphism of the one group and the pantheism of the other have given to our mind the two poles of its power, between which it is perhaps destined to move eternally and from which it derives desire and doubt, but also the will to action.

And what does doubt matter and what does it matter that the desire is never quenched? What does it matter if we feel escaping from us at every moment, that monstrous truth which we think to grasp at every instant and which necessarily flows out of us and beyond us, because it is us and as we are and because we create it every day and condemn it to death by the mere fact that we have wrested it from ourselves? What does it matter that there should be, from age to age, broken voices which tell us that we shall never know everything? That is our glory. Each time that we set to work, we know everything here or at the moment of creation there lies within us all the living forces of the world which we invoke and epitomise for the glorification of our spirit and the guidance of our hand. If our love for the Renaissance is so intoxicating, it is that our love compelled to suffer in order to bring forth from the night those moving truths whose exhaustless power of creation we are barely beginning to perceive to-day, and thus again is because they are inseparable from all the truths that ever were and all that are still to come. We shall not forget those invincible men who, when all the powers seagued together to bar their way, when their books were burned and their crucibles were smashed, when the ax and the sword were raised against them and the fagots were prepared for them around the stake, did not recede from the task of discovering facts and ideas which each day broke down the equilibrium of soul that they

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acquired so painfully, and who kept alive in themselves the effort necessary for other conquests. We shall not forget that when humanity, exhausted by the crisis of love through which it had just lived, uttered a cry of anguish, they hastened to lift up and console that love. We shall not forget that at the same hour, when a finger, which had until then pressed upon invisible lips was lifted at some place, Keppler and Copernicus, with a single gesture, pushed back the sky beyond the very limits of the dream and of intuition. Columbus and Magellan opened up the great routes of the earth in order that it might be placed within our hands like a weapon of combat. Vesal and Michael Servetus seized upon the initial movements of life within our entrails. Shakespeare freed from theological uses the boundless poem that we bear within our hearts. Rabelais, Erasmus, and Montaigne affirmed that force is eternal and that doubt is necessary. Cervantes wrested the life of our idealism from all the evil paths of disappointments and mirages, and Italian art was slowly dying from the effort it had had to make in order to introduce order into the mind, and through order freedom.

RENAISSANCE ART

*Withdraw and pray, while that I do
engage upon this unequal and perilous combat.*

CERVANTES





FLORENCE

Chapter I. FLORENCE

I



ISA was vanquished—Pisa where the first architects and the first sculptors of Italy had arisen—Siena was reduced to a semi-voluntary silence, and the Florentine Republic was strongly defined in the face of the rival cities. And now Italian factionalism, which has been but slightly characterized during the chaos of the Middle Ages and which, moreover, has been restrained by a group of beliefs held in common and by the spiritual ascendancy of the Papacy—Italian factionalism is becoming more pronounced. On this burning soul, full of illustrious memories, the municipal spirit tends toward a political idea calculated to forthily still further the passionate indi-

vidualism which was to transform Europe. France is exhausting herself through the effort that she has put forth. The cathedral weakens and trembles on its too slender supports. It is not upon its soil rendered sterile by an interminable war, and in the heart of an unhappy people that the elements of the shattered

energy of Europe will be reborn.

This rôle will belong to Flanders and to Italy.

But these elements will not attain again their cohesion in Italy any more than in Flanders. Italian individualism does not understand bowing to the requirements of unity. When the arts in

their association were expressing the multitude they seemed to issue from one mind. They appeared divided and hostile when they expressed a single individual. Every Italian artist willingly took the title of architect



JACOPO DELLA QUERCIA. Allegorical figure. Museum of Siena.

sculptor, and painter. But rarely did he speak with equal power the three languages to which he laid claim. Even after the mediæval spirit had everywhere dragged down the strength which had erected the monument representative of faith and of the city, Italy did not wholly cease producing architects. War was still agitating the republican cities, and over the flagstones

of the streets there was ever the necessity for those hard rectangular piazzas, high and bare, that Brunelleschi erected to face the lacework of the churches, to assert, in defiance of the invading soul of the north, the survival of the Latin. She formed fewer sculptors. She saw the birth of so many painters that she seemed to have invented painting, and the memory of the deeds she wrought at this time has not yet ceased affecting us.

From the thirteenth century onward, painting expressed Italian individualism. The Sienese Gothic and Giotto and Cimabue were already making altar pictures or painting their decorations directly on the walls at a time



JACOPO DELLA QUERCIA. *Charity.*
(Palazzo Communale, Siena.)

when Frenchmen and Flemings had no other knowledge than that of stained glass or the illuminating of manuscripts. When the Italian painters, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, asked the Flemish painters for the secrets of their technique, they did so because they felt that the language of painting was the one that had always been meant for form. As their natural genius forbade them borrowing from the Flemings anything but the external processes, and as nothing was known about the painting of antiquity, they were from the first as painters, themselves, and nothing but themselves. If they were influenced by the sculptors and the humanists, it was by way of so many copybooks taken and new temperaments that the influence reached them, so that it gave only a more marked character to their work.

The sculptors, on the contrary, claimed that their inspiration was drawn from the ancient works. Niccolò Pizzolo had a collection of oil sarcophagi. His son, Giacomo, Francesco, Niccolò, Niccolò da Venezia, Donatello, and Ghiberti were nourished at the warmest hearths of life that the world has ever known, and yet not one of them, whatever the freedom of his inspiration or the fresh vigor of his language, not one of them forgot that on this soil, a thousand years before, had arisen, cities of marble. When still a boy, thin and poor, Donatello followed Brunelleschi to Rome. There they lived like brigands, their hands hardened by the pick-ax and the spade, the wild vines and the fig trees were the ladders by which they scaled the walls in order to measure their opening and thickness; they passed whole days in the subterranean darkness of the old buried temples, and went mad when they had unearthed a column, a statue, or a cluster of four or five old stones.



JACOPO DELLA QUERCIA. Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise.
(Cathedral of Bologna.)

. Upon their return they understood better the reasons for their pride.

And so it was not the weight of the memories of antiquity that hampered the growth of sculpture in Italy. She felt too keenly a need of abdicating her inner glory to consent to make the present statue a slave anything more than a mental discipline whose chief effect was to accentuate her own passive power even while it attempted to overcome her. If indeed sculpture was never the chosen language of her artists it was because it is difficult to isolate sculpture from the architecture that gives it birth because in itself it is an architecture since it always reminds us of the moral and recognizable life of a whole people in action, summarizing the general aspirations of that people when its liberties are threatened. It has not the power to discipline nor to educate it is in space that it must live its own potential life defined in every side. It fails when it tries to hide forms from our eyes in order to impose other forms upon us and to pass from one set of forms to another by those unperceptible gradations, in the use of which painting excels. Too intense to return quite to the master of himself, too subtle to go straight to his object, the Italian never spoke as the French or the Greeks did, that relentless language which forbids the imagination to go beyond the limits of singular planes and well-defined volumes.

Like his Roman ancestor who, when the sculptors brought Greek forms due to Rome, preserved the Latin spirit there only when he hollowed out his sarcophagi or the walls of his arches of Triumph, the Italian artist did not really know how to work stone save when he approached the decorative bas-relief where light and shadow cast upon the form to bend it to the needs of

the sculptors. Sculpture and painting have always followed step by step, the outbursts and the escapes of the spirit of individualism. The most individualistic people of the ancient world, the Egyptians, treated painting itself as *en plein*, seeing it only as problem projected like flat shadows upon the walls. The most haggard and individualized people of the modern world, the Italians, treated sculpture as painters, Jacopo della Quercia being the possible exception. The Alexandrian bas-relief affirmed ancient tradition in as the Italian bas-relief was to indicate to the artist the means of getting away from the sentiment held by the mass of the people, in order to found a new intellectual order. Whenever impersonal art becomes weak, sculpture passes into painting by the intermediary of the image carved on the walls.

Painting is the language of the uncertainties, the outbursts and the retreats of the heart. It is no longer the rebellious material whose wounds, once they are inflicted, are never to be suppressed, and which obeys only him who can accept a great collective idea, whose soul moves with security in the closed circle of a social organism that seems unshakable. Man dominates the mind, it is more ancient than the mind. Man has brought painting under the direction of the mind. It follows his beatitudes and his meanderings and his progressions, it bounds or contracts or even itself with him. It is the language of intellectual passion. It defines the individual.

Therefore, it is by painting especially that Italy has spoken to us. But even in this art she could not have more than a personal conception of the painted surface. The function of a superior mind is to tear the crowd away from its customary while in order to impose on it

those idols which the ardor of his meditations gives to this mind the right and assigns the duty to pursue until death. The walls of the churches and of the municipal palaces alone are sufficiently in view and vast enough to appease the fever of the artist, the eagerness for sentiment of the spectator, and the pride of the



JACOPO DELLA QUERCIA. Monument of Maria del Caretto. detail.
(Cathedral of Lucca.)

priest and the city. Fresco, which, moreover, was counseled by reason of the transparency of the Florentine atmosphere, the clearness of tones and contours, the bareness of Roman walls that had neither windows nor stained glass—fresco became the natural language of all the Tuscan painters. The old masters of the Middle Ages, Cimabue, Giotto, Duccio, Simone Martini, the Gadda, the Lorenzettis, and Orcagna, scarcely knew any other. Cennino Cennini wrote an ingenious and touching book about it. When the new awakening

comes. Angelo takes possession of it. Masaccio gives it an accent that no one after him can recover and Michael Angelo makes of it a terrible instrument which causes the whole instrument to quiver. It seems as if Andrea del Castagno, Filippo Lippi, Uccello, Ghiberti, da Vinci are ready themselves over through it and thanks to L. Antonio Pollaiuolo and Botticelli, above all observe themselves in it become proud and grave and unique as soon as they employ it and recall, by the depth and purity of their accent the character of life surprised like a shadow on the wall by the old Florentine decorators. Fresco was born of a close collaboration between the artist and the mason. How many researches in common were needed how many discouraging setbacks who braved enthusiasm there were before the painter was acquainted with the qualities of his material. Before he knew how to prepare it, to wait for it, and to seize the instant when it should demand that he deliver to it the final flower of his soul, which he had long been culturing in his drawings and cartoons! They left their beds in the last hours of the night in order to paint before the sun should dry the walls, all day long they lived in feverish expectation of those admirable moments when they continued with the stone for the sake of the eternity of the spirit. The life of their passions was no more than the superior and tyrannical preparation for the passion to which they felt themselves called. They made of fresco a profound instrument from which they knew how to draw such dramatic accents that the flame of their hearts seems even now to set the walls on fire. There are neither hesitations nor alterations. In order for the damp mortar in its gradual hardening, to be able to seize the color and crystallize it, to take a little of its splendor,

and to give it the earthy and dali beauty of the water and the stone with which I was incorporated. There was needed that sweeping rapidity of the Italian soul, which never retraces its steps, where is forever furious and gaudied because it cannot outstrip itself. The especial character of fresco is its ability to fix the moment of passion in a substance as solid as meditation.

Now in fresco the moment of passion was prolonged even as the vibration of a string which continues after



Luca Signorelli—Gate of the Baptistery of Florence, detail.

the fingers have ceased to touch it, and recommences at a new touch just when the vibration is about to die away. From her long Christian education Florence had to liberate the desire that she felt within herself as she beheld the statues that had been unearthed as she read

the ancient poets and philosophers, as she lifted her wild eyes to the rim of the mountains. The problem was to find the passage between the sombre ideal vanquished by the Italy of the Middle Ages and the intellectual ideal toward which the Renaissance was tending. And that was the glory and the pain of the parting of the ways.

For Lucretius' great century began with an indecision that lasted unto the end. Of the strong and healthy joy of *Canticus*, crackling at his great no-lating lire the half-a-century over which all of medieval society lived nothing much remained. In the cloister, to be sure away from the world, the belief in them persisted, but it took on the appearance of an illness voluntarily accepted. The monk Angelico, a vigorous baner indeed and who tramped to the great clausura in according to the devotions and the weaknesses of the just spirit within and the beatitudes of the precursors of Raphael—the grand structural type of Canto, the monk, Angelico, never dreamed that he was celebrating Christianity somewhat as one whom hates a legend in the margin of an old book. This legend softened him, with out doubt, and even assisted him. The most terrible stories unrolled like a child's tale and it was nearly always the gentlest of them that he selected. As he believed in hell and in hell rummaged at the gates of his cloister his inexhaustive imagination knew full well how to mingle and oppose dramatic crowds, how to cloud the heavens with arrows and lances, how to crush the feet and hands of the sinner on the great cross around which suppliant forms were prostrated. But he was far more attracted by the visions of Paradise, with its lyres, violins and trumpets of gold, by the angels winged with multicolored plumes in the pur-

striated landscapes of black cypress trees. His was a charming nature, happy in loving, happy in living, happy that there were flowers in the fields so that he might spread them under the feet of the young saints. Even the blood of the martyrs made white daisies grow in the reddened grass. He never failed to associate



MASOLINO DA PANICALE. St. Peter. detail of the fresco.
(Church of the Commune, Florence.)

with his enchantment the springtime and the summertime of the Florentine countryside. He was too candid to perceive that he was enjoying painting for its own sake and that he loved the mother of Jesus with a love so delightful only because she had the exquisite countenance of a timid little virgin, because she wore a beautiful dress all of white and had an aureole of gold. He was not the first, certainly, to recount the Annunciation. The Sienese returned to it at every oppor-



MASACCIO. The Baptism, fresco. (Church of the Carmine, Florence.)

tunity. On y, among those greatest mystics, inclosed within a decaying religion, the marvelous story seemed

to come from a dead world, it had the odor of a withering flower and of the last breath of the incense. With Fra Angelico, on the contrary, a fresh and chaste humanity was entering into it gently. He was immersed to the shoulders in his century but he saw hardly anything of it for his two eyes were turned away from its violent visions and saw little else but flowering meadows, blond hair enbraided robes, and the heavens resplendent with stars, he heard scarcely anything of his century, for he knew how to close his ears against its tumult in order to listen to the harps and the pretty voices of the singers. It was a most delicate bride whose hand he took to lead her to the new world. As she awaited the burning embrace of the heroes who were approaching, it was from



MASACCIO. Adam and Eve
expelled from Paradise.
(Church of the Carmines,
Florence.)

him that she recovered the innocence so necessary to her. Italy had been struggling for two centuries to wash her clean of the original sin. The purifiers of the world had

been outraging her for so long that at the hour when he overthrew in men's hearts those among them who were to recreate woman for the future turned to her with their terrible adoration. For two thousand years she had been forgotten or besmirched. They asked pardon of her with frenzied voices on their knees, lifting their hands toward her and not daring to lift their eyes. At this site Dante remained faithful to a dead woman. As his wife Petrarch knew a living woman whom he loved no deus to possess. Dante spoke of women with so much tenderness that it is in the arms in the hands and in the bended knees of the mothers and wives that he depicted the parting of all the minute curves which attached the form to the center of the human drama. When the monk had opened the door of his cloister to observe women as they passed, the crystal voice of the Florentine bells entered with the breath of the roses, and both the monk and the women were purified. Truly their love was an innocent one. They wondered at everything at themselves, at the things that were told them, at the pink and white houses, at the tiered hills, and at the idea that there could be tears and tragedies when nature was so delightful and when the infinite proclaimed was so simple and so touching. The poets of the Middle Ages had effaced from their hearts the memory of the ancient strife, and as both of them were ignorant of love, they did not know that they were to suffer again. And yet now a few steps away from the Bruto Angelico life's experience was beginning again. While in the light and the silence of which his pale harmonies were, on to speak, the perfume he was painting the lawn full of flowers and the little nymphs who always kept their hands crossed on their bosoms. Masaccio was working in a dark church.

to cover an almost invisible wall with the drama of conscience which defines in advance the activity of the entire centuries opened by the Florentines.

To be exact, Masaccio was not the first of his line. It was in Siena, the mystic land, the focus of the most pro-



Filo Angelico. Ecstasy of St. Francis. (Museum of Berlin.)

nounced discord between the evolution of the world and the traditions of faith that the sculptor Jacopo della Quercia had uttered the cry of alarm which Masaccio himself certainly heard. The work seems of a singular maturity when one knows it to be the very first, before that of Angelico, before that of Masaccio, before that of Donatello, and before that of Masolino da Panicale, the painter who so disturbs us by the pictures he left in Masaccio's chapel some years before the time of the

latter artist. Jacopo's work is about contemporaneous with the extraordinary effort of Ghiberti in decorating the bronze doors of the Baptistry of Florence. It is even broader and were it not for its august suggestiveness one would think that it had come a hundred years after Angelico. Thanks to Giovanni Pisano, sculpture had taken a great lead and could express in drama more forcible than the painters who were still encumbered with imagery and with Byzantine, and who were incapable of rising above arched fortresses and traditional perspectives, as Giotto had done. One might think this work a powerful sketch for the tragedy of the Purification and the Tomb of the Master. Whether Jacopo was designing the fountain on the Piazza del Nunziatello, whether he was carving on the facade of San Petronio at Bologna the figure of Adam digging in the ground or Eve driven from Paradise after the innocent and formidable drama of the first love we already get violent figures with frowning brows, heads borne by necks as a weapon is borne by an arm, contracted and muscular hands clasping an indomitable ch. d. and the spirited movement of torso and flanks and breasts created to shock and to maul as the joys and all the ills of the world. The cry of an angry prophet. The highest human symbolism was uniting the soul with the form. The eternal subject, the one that the Jewish poets wreathed from the narrative to install it until the end of time in the very mechanism of our minds, the awakening story of man as he opens his eyes to life, as he tries to interrogate life, as he is wounded by life and condemned to interrogate it more deeply so as to draw that wound over while he collects others on himself, the eternal subject blossomed from the stone. The spirit of the artist and the spirit of the stone itself



The Crucifixion. The Annunciation Chapel
(San Marco, Florence.)

fused in the flush of the great lyric intuition through which the motionless laws of universal harmony accord with the most ingenuous and the most egoistic sentiment of our sorrows, of our cares, and of our daily work.



FRA ANGELICO. *The Coronation*. detail. (Museum of San Marco, Florence.)

Jacopo della Quercia did not dream that the monotonous tragedy, which we are led to accept as a cruel need when we question it continuously and deeply, could cause silly tears to flow and draw forth moralizing protests against the implacable destiny that we bear in our hearts from the day of our birth. He accepted the human drama, and the human drama accepted brought

him his recompence. A terrible fire dwelt in his sculptured stones, the profound sentiment of primitive man expressed itself by the full form that the world assumes in its periods of expansion, thus increasing its majestic grandeur. He was already master of his great soul. His expressive surfaces uttered the long silence between Donatello's sermons contracted with pain and Michael Angelo consumed by fury and disgust. When he is a ruined person on the slab of a funerary statue, he knows how to bring to the forehead the appearance of positive pain, and the work takes on tragic grandeur because one feels that passion has been arrested by the planes of the marble at every leap of the heart and of the hand. And without he had already leaped over the gate of hell, had left all hope behind. He outstripped his whole century to arrive, with a single bound, at the conclusion of Michael Angelo, and no one understood him.

Mantegna, on the contrary immersed in a sadness more alive and more terrible ever being held from the first, of that trial painting by which Italian genius best expresses itself and dying a mystery at twenty-seven, was destined by his very limitations to act much more directly upon the mind of his time. That which he defended, that which he revered, that which he wanted to believe, all attached him to the Middle Ages. But through the emotion and the disquietude and the new faith that rose in him despite himself he was already driving the new century in its most grievous conflict. On the old wall of Santa Maria del Carmine he had already painted Man and Woman driven forth by the angels from Eden, but he took their hands to guide them, beyond their misfortune, to the Paradise within their reach. He gave birth to the

Renaissance, and it was because he lived that it sought, by its earnest study of form, to renew the lost rhythms of life.

He invented painting. It was in the dark chapel decorated by Masaccio that Raphael, da Vinci, Signorelli, and Michael Angelo came to seek their initiation.



FRA ANGELICO. *Martyrdom of Saints Cosmo and Damian.*
detail. (Louvre.)

As we are to-day, so they were seized by those crowds that are reborn in the shadows, emerging slowly but irresistibly from their uniform atmosphere, like great larvae of the renewed spirit and heart of men coming forth from the confused energy of primitive matter. Masaccio, at the age of twenty-five, knew what the greatest discovered only at the approach of old age—

that painting is the passage the modeling sought for, the shadow that turns around the forms, enveloping them with silence, uniting them with the forms that are near them and behind them, and sculpturing the picture into its receding planes, as a sculptor hollows out the marble to its depths. He had discovered that what nature reveals to us is the continuity of its



ANDREA MANTEGNA. *The Crucifixion.* (Uffizi.)

aspects. Not more than five or six men, if as many after him, have possessed completely that sense which has given them the power to imprint the unity and the movement of life on the world issuing from their hearts. Florence understood him well, but it was not able to follow him, and even da Vinci failed at the task.

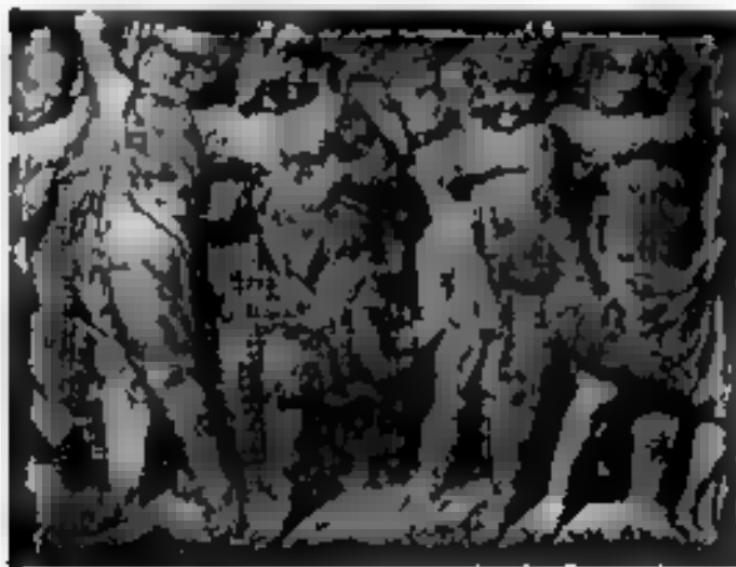
This conquest of unity by an intelligence marked the end of the Middle Ages. In France, it had achieved its unity of instinct socially, each brain and each hand bringing a stone to the edifice without knowing how

and why the edifice should be living. In Italy Giotto had realized in himself the moral unity of his race, but the world was not mature enough to allow him at the same time to take possession of the plastic language wherein the shaded surfaces reach a vanishing point in depth and whereby the individual is defined in his being completely. When Masaccio in his "Baptism," saw those great bare forms emerging from the crowd in which dramatic figures detach from the russet shadow like dense masses in a fiery mist he must have felt descending upon his mind that sadness of the evenings to which the presentiment of the expected daylight gives the added anguish of hope. A sublime soul! It was not necessary for him to express the imperishable tragedy of man exiled from happiness for having failed to be man, of man reviled by God and cooling the burn of his remorse in the water of absolution—it was within him that the imperishable tragedy dwelt. When he indicated to the world that the living form which it commanded him to study would offer it a refuge, he closed its path to new symbols until it should have learned to know nature again—he threw it back upon anxiety—that is to say, upon sadness.

III

The whole great century of Florence, which no longer believed, suffered because it did not know whether the faith it had abandoned was still vouchsafed to it or whether it must seek the elements of another faith in the knowledge of the old world and of living nature toward which its instinct drew it. Hungering and thirsting for knowledge, it saw great flashes of joy against a background of despair. It was violent, but few of pity, encounal, but aethec anaerobic but creative.

It sought in vain, between its new sense of life and the vacillating reason which the death of the mediæval spirit had liberated in it, a harmony only half conceived among certain men but which was to perfect itself later, outside of itself, and away from the places



Donatello. Bas-relief of the Tribuna, detail. Museum of Santa Maria del Fiore (Florence).

that had seen the struggle between its memories and its presentiments.

And this was not all. When tragedy broke forth in the depth of the soul, its echoes were heard in the answering voices of sensibility and action. Why should one not taste life to its full, when life is so quickly spent, when poison and the knife are in wait for it at every turn, when meditation is in danger at every moment of being cut short by the ax and the sword of the executioner, when all may well ask themselves in the morning

whether they will be there in the evening. The whole history of the birth and the death of the Italian republics explains the terrible work in which Florence evoked them. Man is always in a state of defense; each individual stands alone, facing the other. The time overruled since its currency its petulant energy to each one of the dramatic moments in which every mind was part of the living succession. It was in that fire, in which Italy enveloped herself, that she tempered the modern soul. Everything that we know emanates from this as straight as the sunbeam that brings us warmth. We have maintained ourselves by the fire for a long time, the Jews in particular. There is nothing great but has its source in sorrow and strife.

The whole drama is so real in the work of Donatello that one would think he had no precursor and no successor in Florence. When one has meditated before his tense figures one forgets that the war-godsmith Colleoni had already chased the dust of the Baptistry into elegant groups wherein the overdeveloped sentiment of form and of decorative life seems to open a beautiful book of images above the heavily powdered to captivate the eye of the hard children who pass by and to turn them from their path. But close at hand Donatello is working. The warfare of the streets rumbles under his mallet, its clamor pierces his flesh, and his will to be ruler lifts the marble and the bronze into portentous attitudes in which the steel springs of his mind are stretched to the breaking point. The hand burns in its ardor. The fury of the city beats in the ston heart of this son of an agitator exiled from Florence after the riot of the Ciompi. The metal obeys him just as clay does. He twists it, stretches it, and drapes it according to the direction of the fierce



DONATELLO. David (Museo Nazionale, Firenze.)

impulses of his logical mind, impulses which he still manages to keep within the inflexible lines of a harmonious as sure and as sharp as the edge of his chisel. The more one feels his dignity and simplicity, the more his firm spirit seems bent upon forgetting the halteres and temptations of life, and the more the storm of life, working from within outward, carries his imperishable figures. They do not make a posture then so stiff as to move but the inner being revealed by the stiff legs, the exasperated hands and the faces marked by pain, bursts forth with immeasurable energy. The wrinkled figures of the prophets whose brows hang over the city, the half naked old men whose skin and arms are withered and hard as the ground of the desert, are not the only ones who bear the weight of his anger. These timid women, silent in hand, whose feet are tense in the wood they have spurned, are consumed with his passion. He roars at the face of men, warlike, darkens mountains whose savage appetites have tightened their muscles, twisted their mouths, deepened their eye-pockets, hardened their paws, and forced the plates of the bones to sustain the pressure of their soul, as the crust of the earth yields to the fire of its center. He strikes his young men in their steel armor, they are rigid thus, and of a terrible pride. He looks heavily upon those children whose form wear their fixed expression of anguish or who save garlands of flowers as they dash their round. From the cradle turned about on the roads of exile to the tomb hollowed out by the stone, everywhere the conflict of the new feelings and the ancient constitutions attains its most tragic moment. We see the trace of it in those great equestrian statues in which military honor stands

down and responds on the pavement, in those fierce visages which he hewed out to the very heart in all their texture of flame and of nerves and in the clearly seen bone structures and the convulsive masks. The sculptor knows too much or not enough.



Donatello. *Amazons*. *Bronze*. *Detail*.
Accademia (near Florence).

It is in this respect, far more than through the subtleties of the craft or the formulas of the studio, that all his pupils resemble Donatello. A harp of iron seems to be playing of itself somewhere in space, and all listen to it with their eyes closed and their fists clenched so that they may convey to the bronze or the marble the throb

of the rhythms by which it makes their pulses beat. The whole of the Donatelian cycle is strung with anguish. That taut energy and that hard stare do not come from the master—they were there before his work was begun, they surround him and survive him like the detouring city in which the frenzy of life burns through the generations. This is surely the work of Florence. Luca is not far away and yet its sculptor,

Matteo Civitali—who certainly knew the work of Donatello, since he was the contemporary of his youngest pupils—reveals the unknown Roman who sculptured the Great Vestal, by his plenitude his calm, his robust and settled aspect. Nowhere else had such a dramatic conception of maternity been seen: these clutching hands, this furious tempestuousness of the mothers, the savagery, the brutality, and the violence of the children. One sees clearly that an idea is struggling with the wild love of the womb, as the fruit of its brain. All the della Robbia, Donatello da Serrigiano, Mino da Fiesole, Michelozzo, Antonio Rossellino, and Benedetto da Majano are consumed by the desire to express more than they are able and never prominently to affirm truths realizable which are not yet quite materialized in them. With Desiderio's living fire, the children themselves suffer; are grave, interrogate, de- and ask themselves why they were born. With the gentle Mino da Fiesole their very laugh is forced. When Luca della Robbia makes them dance, sing or play music, they dance, sing or play with a kind of sadness. The rhythmic beating of their feet and their hands seems to have a nervous jerkiness. Andrea della Robbia paints them up over the door of a hospital, with their little arms stretched stiffly and their little fists clasped, calling for the protection of the power by. And both artists find that bronze and marble do not suffice to transmute their unbridled medium. And so we get raw greens, loud blues and reds, and varnished terra-cottas of atrocious and repulsive taste. A people of diseased thinkers of marbles and marlites.

The unity of life, as one of the strong beliefs of the Middle Ages, had weakened. It had not yet penetrated the hopes of the new times. The path which Masaccio

had traced was arduous and dangerous. Italy hesitates to leave form for itself not knowing whether in it she would again find the spirit. Although Francis of Assisi, a century before had told her with so much eloquence that she would. Whether should she turn to appear her fever? Religion and philosophy are a pretext for expending our energy. Life asks only a compass in which to expand at its ease. Where shall it be found? The condition here was somewhat similar to that which arose twelve or fifteen hundred years earlier at the moment when the pagan world and the Christian world met in conflict at Alexandria. Only the evolution took the opposite course. Donatello, because he felt the atmosphere gnawing him and kept midway between the lost equilibrium and the equilibrium foreseen. Lived over again the ardent fanaticism and disdained humanity of that time. In painted statues he described the frightful martyrs who left the cities, bearing their disrobed bodies under their matted hair and seeming to live only in their eyes that flamed with fever. A pure symbol and, without doubt unconscious. Yet in these images he expressed the deeper aspect of the Florentine soul, more closely even than Verrocchio, who set up his harsh condottiere of iron on a high pedestal or modeled with nerveless fingers his lean David, the boy who runs wild through the strength of his soul and who is sad at having conquered.

It is in the great violent work of Donatello that the sharp intellectualism of Florentine art is affirmed for the first time. By means of the mind he will try to adapt men to the reasoning world that was taking the ascendant. His is to be the tragic destiny of dying before his work is concluded, but by his death he will



Dionysius. Statue of Grottaferrata, detail. Period I

pave the way for a victorious conclusion. How did it come about that he did not reach his goal sooner amid the intense life that presented itself to his sight? One must seek the answer in the civic upheaval that incessantly broke and dispersed the movement which he created, one must see it in the debilitating influence of the upper classes who were too rapidly and too artificially cultivated, and again it derives from the meticulous character of the work in which his art originated, the trades of the goldsmith and the



Donatello. St. Sebastian, bronze plaque.
(Musée Jacquemart André)

carver, and beyond this in the special aspects of the locality that saw his birth and youth.

IV

When one has crossed the Apennines to descend from the planes of the Po onto Tuscany, the impressing of Bolognese grandiloquence and of Venetian sensuality is suddenly effaced like an interrupted dream. One enters those narrow rings of breasted hills, striped by the horizontal lines of the houses and terraces that seem to have been drawn with the point of a steel blade, while

vertical lines are drawn by the clear-cut trunks of the cypresses and the pines that dominate the rows of white arcades. Against the pallor of the olive trees the cypresses and pines cut an almost black silhouette. The foliage of the oaks has a metallic look; the laurels have leaves of iron; and against the sky the cypresses take on the castum of spears. The whole has a stiff and aggressive grace which the sharp north winds from the mountains playing on the nerves of the inhabitants, make crisper still.

Where the plain is open, the sun colors the mist and the dust that envelope the distance. Facing the valley, the hills rise to the gates of the city and close the horizon. When one reaches the highest terrace, the further reaches of the landscape are suddenly clearer than the first ridge beneath which the sun has already sunk. Whether one considers the town of Cremona's piazzas or Brux's which is the mauve-colored houses with the green shutters, the river as blue as a knife or the cool violet of the bright days, or the green mother-of-pearl of the sky, there is nothing so transparent as the daylight of that country, there is nothing so hard as its evening. One sees clear-cut lines, lights, and shadows outlined with a fine thin edge and none of those curves that gently lead the eye from one form to another. The harmonies are simple and another and dissimilar appear to be interposed in great numbers between the eye and the landscape. Plastic greatest ratios do not fall within one's vision and however keen and subtle the artist may be, he is in danger of limiting himself to expressive or psychological use at the expense of that broad co-ordinated ensemble which, in other countries, will assure to the work of art the movement, the materiality, and the inner force of life.

A passionate draftman, living—so to speak—in that expressive line which he drove like a weapon into the intentions of the masses to carve them out under the skin, master of a dry orchestration in his severe fresco wherein the planes are merged no more than those he sees around him, using the hard colours which his graded hand so clearly outlined against the sky, the Florentine never acquired the sense of volume and of the passage in depth that gives birth to the sculptor-peoples and leads the painter, little by little, in express form and space as in a globe. From Manetti, who had passed his childhood in a part of Tuscany where the setting sun pictures the mountains with planes of shadow, he inherited only the dramatic sentiment of a world which had reached life halfway between dying ideas and ideas not yet fully matured.

It was that passion for line which prevented him from extricating himself completely even when he had arrived from a sort of intellectual primitivism which for a moment he nearly escaped with Ghiberti and more especially with Chiarandino, hot into which he was thrown back by the influence of the Platonic and by the morbid genius of Andrea Mantegna. To oppose his need for demonstrating and for abstracting, he would have had to abandon himself to the incarnation of his thoughts to have built upon the very reason which was the basis of his nature in order naturally to work out the plastic idealism that is foretold in the work of Manetti. But he was devoured by such a passion for knowing, for discovering and comprehending that his mind outstripped his senses, and he wore himself out in too often seeking the secret of life outside of the madly intense feeling that he had for it.

The real life of Florence, dramatic and decorative,



PAOLO UCCLEO. The Profanation of the Host, detail
Ducal Palace, Urbino.)

■ RENAISSANCE ART

might have been an inexhaustible source of emotion for the artists if they had turned directly toward that life. The dissipation was barely noticeable in the popular sentiment whose need for passion was fed by brawls and spectacles. The ideas of the theorists did not touch on the painters even if all down to the rudest and simplest received the burning imprint of the city and of its anguish. The majority of them began by hard work in the goldsmiths' shops of the Ponte Vecchio and in the workshops of the manufacturers of altar pictures where gold dust was always flying in the air. They carried their workmen's roughness with them into the orbit of the Platitudes and it was their salvation. There was nothing of the utterances about the master Andrea del Castagno, a man with a mind as sharp as an ax who painted his Christ upon the walls as a butcher hangs a piece of meat, who in the portraits of the soldiers and the priests of Florence painted forms as true as his heart, as genuine as his pride, as gigantic as his energy, his muscles, his sword, and his black laurel offer us a world of iron, and an implacable hymn of asceticism, vengeance, and love. There was nothing of the prodigy about Paolo Uccello who, with his pure intensity, painted the great red pictures of the tournaments, where companies of knights, their peasants, braying amid the lances, buried themselves together with a clang of armor and the clash of cavalry. With all the disciplined tumult, the heavy and regular surge of the squadrons, the parallel sets of the lances, the great peace of the dark forests in which a hunt is shown, the galloping, the neighing, and the clamor whether of war or of the chase, the image was a theorem notwithstanding through its massive rhythm and its dark, dull barrocity. One of the workmen of art, and a very

learned one, he spent his days and nights in resolving problems of perspective, and a geometrical order still characterized his pictures even when he bowed his head to observe chivalry (never loved more fervently than in Florence) and which he gravely considered. The tragedy of sentiment would not yield to expression



PAOLO UCCELLO. The Profanation of the Host, detail of the fresco. (Ducal Palace, Urbino.)

otherwise than by the rigorous play of the lines that dominate the form in movement. He paints haunting pictures, apparitions of living shadows against backgrounds that are almost abstract, where the severity of the straight lines—a mechanism that sends the drama back into space or spreads it out—intensifies its nervous force and its pathetic beauty. The powerful dynamics of Uccello will animate the noble age of Italy, through Piero della Francesca and Signorelli first of all, and will continue until the end of Michael Angelo's career.

The universal character of the art of Florence prevented him, doubtless, from expanding fully. If he had followed his instinct to the end, he would probably have come nearer upon the creative emotion, divested of all preoccupation as to the technique to be employed, because the emotion would have absorbed, digested, assimilated that technique by giving it a function in the Intellect and the heart. But because of this pressing research, the following century gained a force and a grandeur that were to influence all of Europe. The rigorous discipline that the Florentine mind imposed upon itself postposed a realization which in truth it knew it could not hope to achieve by itself. And this discipline excited the curiosity, revealed innumerable energies and formulated as to their own value means which did not know in the chaotic state of knowledge where the instrument of liberation was to be found. Leon Battista Alberti was at once architect, painter, geometer, engineer, dramatist, poet, Latinist and theologian. Brunelleschi, determining the all-powerful action of his immediate disciples, Donatello, Masaccio, and Uccello, really created "central perspective," which permitted his successors to infuse into among the geometric planes the illusion of life unfolding in depth. Cennini, Cennini, L. B. Alberti, Ghilberti, Paolo Uccello, Piero della Francesca, Leonardo da Vinci, Cellini, and Vasari had written, were writing, or were to write didactic treatises on architecture, perspective, sculpture, painting, the golden mean, art, or even the exact or natural sciences, geometry, hydraulics, anatomy and geology. The artist opened cadavers to become acquainted with the mechanism of matter in movement. Before permitting itself, with Raphael, with Titian, with Michael Angelo, to demand of form its



PAOLO UCCELLO. The Profanation of the Host, detail.
(Ducal Palace, Urbino.)

dynamism, to cause it to move in every direction by means of the necessity for expression, and ever in obedience to its law of continuity, the Italian intelligence had to fix the architectural form, had to try to inscribe its images in the triangle and the circle, and to establish its harmonies with receding space and the succession of the planes. It was from the triple effort of the geometers Leon Battista Alberti, Francesco Mantegna, and da Vinci, of the literary painters, Filippo Lippi, Pollaiuolo, and Botticelli, and of the prophets, della Quercia, Masaccio, and Donatello, that Italian art came forth.

The picturesque element, which served only as a pretext, came from Venice and from the nomadic painters, who followed the roads on foot or on horse-back, were present at the battles that occurred each day in every mountain pass where the condottieri led their bands, stopped in the cities to decorate a baptistery and started off again to seek their bread. These were the best ones. Their names were Gaddo, Taddeo Gaddi, Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli, Paolo Uccello, Puccio Lippi, Gentile da Fabriano, Piero della Francesca, Luca Signorelli, and Bernardino Pinturicchio. They went from Florence to Pisa, from Pisa to Siena, from Siena to San Gimignano, from San Gimignano to Urbino, from Urbino to Arezzo, from Arezzo to San Sepolcro, from San Sepolcro to Perugia, to Assisi, to Orvieto, to Spoleto, and from Spoleto to Rome. They were workmen; they worked together, transmitting their secrets from one to another; each one painted his wall, another taking up the work of him who was called by death. The palaces, the temples, the municipal buildings, the cathedrals, and the cemeteries were covered with paintings, the very facades were decorated, a wonderful hope made all the cities blossom.



Portrait of
The Emperor of Ethiopia - Head of the House
of Menelik

In Lombardy in Venetia, and especially in Tuscany and Umbria there are frescoes everywhere. City villages have a church or a chapel with paintings, the workers left the art where they got their training to stay a few months and then remained until their death at the place whether they had gone. At other times, when they got better pay by going to some other place, they did not finish their work. As they believed in their selves, as they had an amazing strength, they were not afraid to leave a little of their work at every stone on the road, the leisure for future work was their aim. They were almost all jealous of one another but it was not because of the money. Each one believed that he had within him the most beautiful work of all and from effort to effort rose to conquer. What an opening on life, in those times when life was always a misfare, they found in this continual p^r of the trade, these rivalries of the intelligence and also in these adventures of the road unknown to the inhabitants of cities and to painters with fixed positions! Every day they had to yield to or fear the fate of the landscape through which they were passing, the brooks which they would never cross, the property traps they would meet at the crossroads, and the bad *l^e*, great men whom a look, a laugh, a gesture of the two arms, or a twist of the lips contained more of eternity than all the systems of philosophy that clash in the mind of the intellectual.

Benedeo Ferrer was able to escape the influence of the writers and the patrons only because he was accustomed to lead that life. When he worked at Pisa or at San Gimignano, he was almost as far from Florence as his master Angelico, isolated behind the four walls of a cloister, where he strewed with flowers the azure paths of the dream through which the divine white birds w^o

to pass. His mind flowered like a meadow. He gave peacock wings to the angels mounted on his red clouds or those that gather blood-red roses in his black gardens, and it was not to express their celestial nature, but to render them more beautiful. He admired. He stretched out shining cavalcades across the Florentine countryside, and in it he placed biblical stories, which told how the vintage was made, how war, and what were the feasts and the working days in the time of Cosimo or Lorenzo de' Medici. In his delight he roamed the plains covered with vineyards and bathed by winding rivers that disappear amid the sharp hills, he followed the ribbon of the roads that are bordered by red houses under clusters of overhanging pines and yew trees, the country is somber and grows like a mirror of green bronze, through which trails the purple of the skies. And when he flooded the fresco with shining colors in which the gold, the green, and the black punctuated the bow of the carmine, it was because he held in his hand an open pomegranate and because, in the morning, to



LUCA DELLA ROBBIA. The Singers,
bas-relief. Museum of Santa
Maria del Fiore, Florence.)

climb to a group of cypresses from which one saw afar off the blue line of the mountains, he had crossed one of those Tuscan fields of scarlet clover amid which the poppies seem pale. Whether he was under the shade of the trellises where the big, densely clustering grapes overflowed the cane baskets, or whether on the terraces of the villas, he followed the thin shadow of the



LUCA DELLA ROBBIA. Bas-relief detail.
(Museo Nazionale, Florence.)

lemon trees that border the marble balustrade where the peacocks spread their tails, or whether he placed bread and wine and fruit on a white tablecloth, the world never seemed to him completely to respond to the symphonies whose splendor filled his enchanted eyes. He was a rich spirit, indeed, tenderly ironical in his wonder at legends and at the sight of labor—but he was, first of all, a painter. Not only was he the

colorist of Florence, but perhaps also the first, among all the modern painters of Europe, to venture upon a radical transposition of the colors of nature. The lyrical note in painting results when a logical universe is created from imaginary elements whose intricate relationships lead the eye back to the intuitive laws that have dictated our idea of harmony.

Had Cimabue been acquainted with Persian illumination, one might believe that he had enlarged them to the dimensions of the walls, adding to them a sense of distance and saturating them with the essence of the growing birds that threw upon the earth those same greenish shadows which the sun leaves as it sinks. Whereas Giotto, in his rapid discovery of the great school of decorative painting, included the essential squares in a few linear strokes so simple that they became part of the scheme of the architecture. Tuscan art, from the time of Fra Angelico, returned to the painting of the ideal, a thing related to manhood owing to the character of the saintly ape and to the character of the Tuscan need for aspiration. Everything that is poetical and pell-mell in the practice of this craft now appears in the radiance that shone from the heart and the eyes of an Angelico or a Gaddi. But among those men whom Florence held in her power men who could not flee her or master her, the double current of miniature painting and of literature infused their native passion. Armed always with the piety of birds of the Orient bearing long staves where are shown against backgrounds strewn with flowers, they walk with jerky nervous, and hasty steps toward the complicated Paradiese of the Florentine aesthetes. The fashionable painters cut short their investigation and resort to primitive formulas imperfectly assimilated,



Detail — The — Penance —
— door, detail. (Church of St.
— Dominic and the Augustinian
— Friars)

you will find that you may more quickly follow the ideas of the

The word affected even those who enter most reluctantly into the popular movement of Florence. Who can know the story of Benvenuto? How much is astonishing, for it seems built up from those elements of life that we may accept unquestioningly. He was one of those surprising and unpredictable characters whom their time pardoned for everything having to do with the progress of thought and of art; and its own instinct. They knew no law except their own desire. A hundred years later, Benvenuto, in a dozen of instances, will not hesitate at murder. Herein is the glory and the danger of the

Italian soul. It goes its full length at a bound. One might say that it has no resting place between crime and heroism. The anarchy of sentiment that weighed so heavily on a Masaccio and a Donatello drove Filippo Lippi to devour life in every direction. He who remained a monk after having seduced the nun. For him love was a kind of fury. Between two fiery adventures he worked in a state of exaltation—the violent inciting and the red accents of his painting caused the sacred story to burst forth from out the darkness of the chapels and to be introduced into Florentine society tormented and quivering with the drama that was decomposing it. Around the fest-vans and the banquets in the palaces, whose floors of mingled marble are paved with squares of white and black, there glide strange blood-laden women in so probing the age of淫慾 that in the midst of the magnificence whereon the senses and thought were gathered together, Filippo Lippi marks perhaps the most anxious moment in the life of Florence. Although the patients still search the Scriptures for almost every pretext for manifesting their passion, Humanism, whose work is progressing, has penetrated them. The conflict shifts to another field. It is no longer between their ancient heads and the rise of that instinct which urges them on to sensitize the forms in order to extract the spirit. It is between that living instinct itself and the premaxillary influence of philosophic and literary erudition which pretends to have recovered from the thought of antiquity the food for the new needs that Italy is discovering in herself. With Filippo Lippi, Florentine life becomes enervated, exaggerates its curves, and begins to distort bearing and gesture, the inclination of the head and the twist of the neck on the shoulders, the folds of garments, and



BENOZZO GOZZOLI. The Drunkenness of Noah, detail.
(Cappella Santa, Pisa.)

even the form of *Botticelli*. All his pupils and even the sculptors, Agostino di Duccio among others, will follow him in this respect. The Platonic spirit which the élite claims to follow comes too soon. The Greek soul, with Plato, sustains its generalizations on three hundred years of life that had been lived, felt and loved for itself that had developed harmoniously notwithstanding an arduous life and without turning back to reach the climax of its natural ascent in the living Medium of the century of Pericles. Florence bites into a fruit that is too green and that sets her teeth on edge.

And yet it was better for Florence and for Italy to explore the literary ground presented by the Platonists, who were prepared to retrace their steps, than to efface themselves before the works of the past that were offered to them as models. The life of the senses and the passions was it too true too strong in them for them to submit to this effacement. In reality there is nothing in Florentine form that recalls the form of the antique, and there is no more resemblance between Florentine art and that of the sculptors of Athens or of Capri than there was between the religion and the moral rhythm of the Florence of the fifteenth century and Greco-Latin paganism. In the antique the form is as clear and full as Florentine form is sharp and dry and strained. Even when it tries to resemble the art of the dead races, perhaps especially at that moment, Italian art remains lucid. Whatever the influence of Petrarch and of Humanism, a beneficent influence since it aroused curiosity, the restlessness of the artist, and a need for analysis which was essential in those times. Italian painting owed nothing to ancient art save the desire to find itself. We must not forget that Italy was still Italy that although twelve centuries had



Bernardo Gaddi. — *Paradiso*. — *Treccia.*
Palazzo Rucellai, Firenze.

implanted in men a more fervent sensibility; neither its landscapes, nor the products of its soil, nor its climate, had changed and that it was the genius of their times which the Italians were obeying when they asked of the ancient world the testimony and the support of a form of intelligence which they felt to be related to their own. Before Petrarch, Dante knew Virgil, for he had taken Virgil to accompany him to the Inferno, and he was on the point of writing his poem in Latin. But life bore him away.

In Italy life conquered everywhere. Italy wrote her poems in a language that responded to her desire. It, after a hundred years of torture, she preserved a form which on its surface recalled the ancient form; it was because the ancient form had been, as the painting of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was, itself a necessary expression of the Greco-Latin peoples.

For a moment even, in the full tide of Humanism, when Lorenzo de' Medici was organizing and singing his "Triumph," when the pagan processions were setting before the Loggia dei Lanzi amid clamor and trouble, and when Poliziano was writing his "Stanzas." The Florentine soul seemed to be on the point of arresting in real life transfigured by a great painter, the evolution that was carrying the Italian genius toward the plastic medium reserved by the artists in the following century. While Botticelli was accentuating what there was of artificiality in the work of Filippo Lippi to the most extreme literary development, Ghirlandajo was singling out from it that part which was most direct and most health. We have no image of Florentine life more faithful than that which he left us. And despite his violent drawing, his somewhat confused but powerful orchestration, despite the accent of his portraits, his

narrow bodies, and the bony legs of the thin figures in which concentrated passion produces a grave and rather haggard character one cannot set so much for Philipp Lipp. All his life he hesitated and was never able to choose between what he had learned through the work of his father and the opposing influences of Ghiblandus and of Butcherus. As for the rude Verrocchio, the only one of the great contemporaries of these three painters who like them fell under the dominating influence of Donatello and of Philipp Lipp, the problems of perspective and anatomical structure exercised almost his entire time. When he worked at sculpture he attached more importance to the manner of treating the material and of casting the bronze of his statues than he did to the statuary themselves their pride their passion, their overwhelming beauty. When he worked at painting he set himself to paint a statue as hard as metal upon calling into contact with the undulating forms of the surrounding landscape.

Ghiblandus was the only one to love painting for itself. He alone had that joy of painting which made the glory of Venice and of the Flemings. He regretted that he had not the excuse of the walls of Florence to cover with painting.¹ With Foucault who had arrived thirty years earlier though he departed a little later among all the Flemings, he alone could see the landscapes receding among the hills. He alone knew how to give distance to the great houses with their square flagged pavements to the terraces, and to the sky against which one sees the clearest profile of the campaniles and the towers. If on the Massacre he does not seem to have understood the essential rôle of the lights and the shadows, he was the only one who

¹ *Venice*.

tried to unite the former with the latter through atmosphere, through the balancing of groups, through exact values and the planes that give an appearance of the real to the most daring transpositions of plastic art.



MINO DA FIESOLE. Tomb of Tornabuoni, detail.
(S. Maria sopra Minerva, Roma.)

Only he, after Masaccio and until da Vinci—and more than da Vinci perhaps—only he tried to emerge from that intellectual primitivism which constituted the originality and the weakness of Florence. He gained and lost thereby. Of the Italians of his period, he is the one who, by his language, is the nearest to the

great periods. He is the one, perhaps, who is furthest from them in lyricism and in royalty.

He felt no remorse about transporting Christian mythology into the everyday life of the rich citizens

of his country. Sober during a time when the painters were accumulating their figures without order, harmonizing their tones confusedly, and overloading their compositions with flowers and rich stuffs, he yet knew how to paint the beautiful processions as they passed; how to orchestrate with magn' licence their oranges and dull reds, and the violets and the greens, and to set, in his white spaces, furniture, the ledge of open windows, baskets of fruits, bouquets, sonorous glasses, and

ANTONIO POLLAIUOLO. Bust.
(Museo Nazionale, Florence.)

peacocks spreading into a fan the precious gems of their tails. He understood the young women of Florence whom Filippo Lippi had loved too furiously for him to look upon them in a wholesome way. They walk in their silver-embroidered dresses, their beautiful hands clasped at the waist. They turn toward him their long fine faces, a little sickly, without beauty, but with a



charm so unforeseen, and so grave, with their sad mouth and eyes, the too-slender neck under the weight of the blond tresses which give them the appearance of a flower too heavy for its stem and withering before it has reached full bloom. They chat among themselves, offer their breasts or arms to new-born children, carry linen or baskets, or superintend the affairs of an elegant household. Sometimes they go out upon terraces from which one can see a sober sky, and precise landscape running back to the horizon, a Tuscan landscape, encumbered with hills down with pine trees and tiled fields under a silver sky through which sail the great birds.

There is perhaps no other "intimist" in this passionate Italy whose especial glory is that of having translated the human drama with the universal drama, this general passion which were transposed into painting. Take all the Italians, to be sure Gherlandago is a decorator. His style is too tense for him to tell the story of evening peace and the needs in the home. He is restless, drama is about. The man who was most in love with silence and the hearth does not escape the genius of his race. From a people that lives in the street or that leans out of the windows when it hears the noise of brooks, of songs, of talk and festivals, that frequently regards the spectacle of acts of violence or of love, from an expressive and living crowd whose mimicry is another language, that understands everything and causes everything to be understood instantaneously, that is aroused and roused to passion simultaneously or successively by the speeches of the orators and the tradesmen of the streets, from such one must not ask that the sources of its emotion and its means of activity be sought in the discreet calm of family life.

Passion reveals truth and heroism along paths that are sometimes more painful to follow, but which are as sure as those of meditation.

Be that as it may, Ghirlandajo earned the nervous line of Filippo Lippi back into Florentine life, and almost reached the point of incorporating it with the volumes in his paintings and with space. It is an astonishing effort for that moment, when Botticelli, on the contrary, was trying to extricate that line from living matter so as to give a fictitious animation to the literary abstractions of Florentine intellectualism. We know that Ghirlandajo had nine children, of whom



MATTEO CIVITALI: The Madonna and Child. (Santa Trinità, Lucera.)

several were painters and his pupils, that he worked ceaselessly, and Vasari tells us that he possessed "an invincible courage." When one compares this life with the perpetual restlessness, the painful incoherence, and the agitation of Botticelli's life, which was lived "each day for itself," one understands the contrast better.

Vasari.

On the one hand, a great workman, a certain bourgeois heaviness, not much lyricism but a great deal of strength and of knowledge; on the other hand, a brain fascinated in the alchemy of an alchemist, a mad desire continually shattered by life, to surpass and to forget life. With Botticelli is the quivering urge of Donatello and of Lapp. Follows only the complicated abstract and inanity, thoroughly obscure creation of a sensibility that feeds on rotting food. It intensifies its curves and its angles, with each new work it exaggerates the twist of limbs and of heads and seems to seek in the bare bodies of the young men and young women of Florence the marks of a desire that is eating the energy of the city. Antonie Perugia, do at about the same hour with the same intellectual perversity and the same nervous acuteness, but with less imagination, was making strange researches into color, mixing pigments and rare tones to give an effect like that of the molting of stag hunt waters. Italian passion was whirling out of its orbit. Humanism gathering from the work of Plato the almost withered flower of the soul of art, quiry had destroyed its perfume. The Florentine intellects, because he had desired to begin at the place where Greece left off, found himself obliged to transport himself to an artificial sphere from which the vibrant and living element furnished by our inexhaustible world was banished. The natural symbolism of the poets of the Middle Ages lived again as a hothouse plant unknown and miserable and doomed to die at its first contact with the burning atmosphere from out-of-doors.

There is not an artist who expresses this intellectual tragedy with more distress than does Sandro Botticelli, though he does not know it himself—he was a votary



Verrocchio. David, bronze. (Museo Nazionale, Florence.)

tuous imagination, but an unhealthy one also, and it tortured itself until the end because it did not find itself in accord with the living universe, which it desired without knowing how to do so. He discovered the mystery of the woods and the meadows, the fecundity of the sea, and the wildness of the wind. His desire for naked beauty was so feverish that even before looking at it, he twisted and burned it in the flames of his desire. He loved flowers so much that he caused them to rain from the sky when he found none on the earth. But they exhaled the mortuary odor of dead flowers. It was in vain that he wove them into crowns and garlands, that he loaded roses

and pinks, hyacinths, and bluebells upon the black trees, upon the lawns, the breezes, the gauzy dresses, and the flying hair of the slender antrogyne by means of which he attempted to bring back to his canvases the springtime of the past, the forsaken Venuses, all the goddesses of forests and springs in



GARLANDAIO. The Visitation. Fresco — Santa Maria Novella,
Florence.

whom he no longer believed, the fruits, the flowers, and the accumulation of made forms only accentuated his impotence to restore to life its blending force. An artificial work, undressed, painful, and abortive, the saddest in the history of painting.

And yet one of the most noble. The intense restlessness that one feels in it does no more than accentuate the aspiration toward an intellectual harmony which a less literary and more plastic culture would have permitted him to achieve. If the man's mind is poisoned by it, his instinct is ever pure and grave, and

and this culture the artist seems crushed by his continued vain effort to wrench his ever living faith from the complications ever ready to usurp his unbalanced intelligence. The work and the daze—the passing phenomena, the urge toward love and our love of childhood and that transforms the fairest impulses of the heart into grot or all of that prevails nevertheless a spiritual magnet in his work, which the strongest boisterous and the most bizarre composition are not sufficient to mask. Botticelli is the victim of the aesthetic of his time and of our time, too. The former perverted him. The latter misunderstood him. His destiny remains tragic. His posthumous glory waits it so, as did his art itself and his life and his death.

This great imaginative spirit, who lacked nothing of the great than save simple humankind, ended his life, sick and corrupted more than others. This is the usual fate of men whose sensitivity is too acute for them to submit to the discipline of their weak intelligence. He was among the first and earliest of the Renaissance painters to single Aphrodite and Venus the pagan gods, to whom he believed once through slavery dedicated, with the Christian gods to whom he returned in a spirit of discouraged inveteracy and he suffered for doing so. Even in this he found no rest. He illustrated the Inferno of Dante with convulsive drawings that make one think of a dozen of madmen in the nave of a cathedral. In desperation he followed Savonarola who was arousing Florence against the spirit of moral degeneration and of elegant corruption brought about by the reign of tyranny and the reign of savagery of which his work had clearly been the manifestation. Standing beside the terrible monk he must, doubtless, have burned the



GHIRLANDAJO. Birth of St. John the Baptist, (fresco, detail).
(Santa Maria Novella, Florence.)

books, slashed the pictures, and have brought certain of his own works to be thrown into the flames. Savonarola, who insisted that the painters return to the aesthetics of Fra Angelico, surely did not dream that the work of the good friar was one of the sources of the necessary evil which he swore to extirpate. He knew well that the form is conquered by the spirit whenever



BENEDICTUS DE MAZZARO. Palazzo Strozzi, Florence.

they conflict, but he had no idea that the spirit is conquered by the form when it demands that form express it. He knew that divine truth resides nowhere else but in the equilibrium between the form and the spirit, the equilibrium always aimed at, always approximated, always destroyed, and always hoped for when it is destroyed again. His love for Angelico was again, as ever, that idolatry through which, three centuries earlier, Francis of Assisi had delivered Italy.

VI

It was doubtless too late or too soon for Florence to reach conclusions. The Republic, distracted by civil war, rendered anemic by tyranny, enervated by intellectualism, by murder and love, had been passing through unexpected crises from a spirited ardour to a febrile mysticism, with merely an almost exhausted energy to offer to the Italian soul. At the end of her history Florence still retained her primitive language, and that primitive language was already dull because it had been used to express too many sensations and worn out, because it had served too many tried genres. The last of her great patroons vainly fled the harsh city to his attempt to break the diamond matrix in which she imprisoned all hearts. Although he was ahead of his time, although he was, by the extent and penetration of his analysis, the first of modern moulds, he remains a primitive at base, an odd primitive very learned and disenchanted something like a germ of life already savoring of the endever.

The Florentine line that abstract and almost arbitrary line which da Vinci now contrives to unite with volume until as it merges into contour it is confused with the diminution of the light and the beginning of shadow—that line is always felt to be present, pressing like a ring of metal upon skulls, faces, shoulders, arms, and hands, forcing the form to bend under its embrace so as to describe it in depth. One feels that, unlike Masaccio, who looked on life in the mass and who sculptured it on his canvas with the force of his lights and shadows, Leonardo took a section of life, followed it in its accidents, its relations with surrounding life, and its course through space, and never lost sight of



BOTTICELLI. Spring, detail. (Galleria Antico e Moderno,
Florence.)

the line that described the projections, the hollows, and the undulations which were born of his pursuit of that line. One feels—and this is why he remains a primitive despite his incalculable power—one feels that it is through knowledge that he succeeds in surrounding his sculptured masses with air and in sending back to a distance, in plane after plane, the blue backgrounds of shattered rocks, of mountains, of anxious roads, and slender trees that live with an artificial life, like a theorem clinging to an emotion. Gozzoli and Ghirlandajo, intuitively, through their sense of exact values, sent their landscapes back to the horizon with more success than da Vinci did, immersed as he was in perspective and mathematics. It is in his mind that the relationships of the world live, even more so than in his senses, and much more than in his heart.

With this astounding man who founded or foresaw all the future sciences together, to whom the arts of sculpture and painting seem to be no more than human applications of the abstract ideas which he had drawn from the study of geometry, perspective, mechanics,



Filippino Lippi. Portrait of the Artist, detail. (Church of the Carmine, Florence.)



BOTTICELLI. The Dance. Fresco, detail. [Villa Galdini, near Florence.]

alchemy, geology, hydraulics, anatomy, and botany, experimentation was of equal importance with the intuition that he possessed to the highest degree, his intuition was of the kind that creates life, the intuition that is inherent in every great artist, is sovereign to such a degree that it first instigates and then hails the infinite number of conscious or unconscious researches that pre-



BOTTICELLI. Sacrifice of the Leper. (Sistine Chapel.)

pared its explosion. He is perhaps the only man in whom science and art were merged through their means of expressing thought, since they tend to unite, in their common need, to establish the continuity of the laws of nature in the domain of the mind.

Look at his drawings of machines, his anatomical drawings, his drawings of muscles and of flowers. They are the exact and minute representation of the machine, of the muscles, of the flowers. They have also that

mysterious tension that reflect and reveal expression which one sees in his strange clustering of hard faces that may mean so many things under the mass of the hair that curl to the bare shoulders and to the bare breasts where the artist's line, with each succeeding stroke, draws forth from beneath the skin the silent movement of the inner life. The Italian artists of the fifteenth century had done well to explore the nature of the muscles, to study the course of the tendons, the projections of the bones, the黛aths of the nerves, the veins and the arteries. Even at the cost of a certain disillusion, even at the cost of certain conflicts between enthusiasm which creates and observation which diminishes, it was necessary for humanity little by little to draw from anatomy the exactitudes of unity. It had to learn how to discover that the flame which glows in the depths of human eyes sleeps in the heart of all forms; that it awes the trees to tremble to the tips of their leaves, that it is in the wings of the birds, the elixir of the apes, in the living muscles and in the dead bones, that it passes from the vibrations of the atmosphere into the murmuring of the brooks and even into the air of spaces. On the day when Cellini uttered his artist's ambition for the vertebrae and the bones of the pelvis he spoke in the name of two centuries which lived to demonstrate to us that all the forms of knowledge may show us how to master and to surpass the growth of our mind. "The more one knows," said Leonardo, "the sparer one lives."

He knew. In his eyes the form was no more than the symbol of a higher intellectual reality whose fleeting direction and infinite character were translated by the smile on a face or the gesture of a hand. It is a conception which, in order to remain plastic, needs to be



LEONARDO DA VINCI. Mona Lisa, drawing. (*Musée de Chantilly*.)

supported upon a formidable, narrow, and implacable objective knowledge of the material of which life is made. It seems as if he had understood everything. His "Bacchus" is the father of his "Saint John the Baptist." The old dogmas and the new sentiments were, with him, no longer in conflict.



LEONARDO DA VINCI. Study
(Academy, Venice.)

He accepted the world. He divined great things. In the "Leda," where the wing of the swan followed with its embrace the line like that of a lyre, which starts from the living arm, from the warm, round breast to descend to the bare feet, there is, in the grass, a broken egg from which children have just come forth and are picking flowers.

He perceived the common source and the eternal circle of things. He descended to the profoundest depths of nature, with only his senses as the intermediary between the outer universe regarding which they gradually reported to him and the inner universe which controlled their agitation. And when he raised his eyes to corroborate, from the faces and attitudes of men, the results of his own meditation,

he observed that their faces and their attitudes were a result of the contact of their living mind with the living mind of the things that surrounded them.

That is the reason why in his great picture of the "Last Supper," where the inner drama creates its wave of



LEONARDO DA VINCI. The Adoration of the Magi. (Uffizi.)

life and twists and sculptures the forms like trees in a hurricane, we find the loftiest work of active psychology in the history of painting. He had the power to penetrate under every surface, to the depths of every human skull, of living through its intimate tragedy, of infusing the tragedy into the gestures which it dictated, and of

uniting all the movements of serenity and of revolt, of swift advance and of recoil, of repose and of abandon into a single movement of the mind. With him it is a psychology or arabesque that we get transcribed by the form.

He's eyes could seize the same smile in the eyes and on the lips of all the beings that come forth from his mind and measure the movement of their fingers, outstretched toward the same invisible point as if to estimate to the future the doubt which he felt within him. His painting which is without mystery is the mystery of painting—*eye* of the human mysteries. In him, all the mystery planned by the century flows into poetry and his entire was composed of all the poetry which his pen never has drawn about them. In an epoch when Platonic idealism which he vigorously combated had gained influence, he had the sense of real life which alone leads to the greatest abstractions. He had the gentleness of wisdom and had acquired it at a time when the life of impulse was buried upon the world. Skeptical and disenchanted at a time when ardent susceptive of discontent were rushing back to the beliefs of the old days, he attained, through his lofty reason, to the threshold of that confused entanglement in which new religions are born, when humanity has reverted on the dogmas on which its entire repose. And he who claimed that there is no man so wise that which may be translated into mathematical symbols, is the man who translates what he knows into sweet inimitable plastic forms in which perhaps in spite of himself intuition guides his hand.

There is nothing in the world more vivifying and more disengaged than his arabesques and more intelligent, more defined and more delicate than his work. It



LEONARDO DA VINCI. Saint Anne and the Virgin, drawing.
(Burlington House, London.)

in the whole of Florence from Masaccio to Bellini; in its very essence its heart and breath, in the penetrating to the heart and digesting the brain, it is every thing that she suffered, everything that she hoped to give to us, and the whole of it concentrates in that moment and instant, which never comes to us complete. [It] was not his end, but in both the torment of Florence and he to his regret am poor I am she did tell us everything that he had learned therefrom.

It was apart from Italy, apart from the Florentines which he himself had abandoned and at the hour of his death, that the Renaissance ought to have its clearest expression. The history of Italy of the [the six republics if we except Venice] was finished. It was ended by their internal struggles and by the unbroken negligence of the freedom of their peoples that one reached the end of their capacity for effort. Their nobles having having extirpated the official, delivered them over to Tyranny. They had lost the spirit and the pride that took the place of moral bonds among them. They had lost the idea of the dignity of existence and the sense of living righteousness. Already the peers of the sun-shiners, they appeared now to speak only to France, who themselves having achieved unity profited by it to force themselves on Italy whose people no longer believed in the beginning of her destiny.

And yet the confused movement which had guided the Renaissance demanded rehabilitation. If it had lost its early sweep, it retained the speed that it had acquired. As it sought was fermenting ground for its gathering. At Rome the Papacy offered a rather precarious shelter, but the main one that remained in the storm except Venice where Italy struggled with the threat to suffer a magnificent lode into the men who



LEONARDO DA VINCI. Bacchus, detail. (*Louvre*.)

had grown up in the wake of her triumphal movement. Florence, where Leonardo had passed no more than his youth, obeyed until the end the singular destiny which renders her such an incomparable focus of intellectual mutation, but where the mind seems to be prohibited—perhaps because of the too-numerous excitements and problems that besiege it—from achieving its accord with the elements of feeling and sense which could bring about a definitive harmony.

It was merely to light his flame that Raphael came there, Michael Angelo, who was trained there, returns only during times of crisis—once to defend the city, once to sculpture some tombs. Those who remain Florentines, Albertinelli, Piero di Cosimo, Lorenzo di Credi himself, so tender, so discreet, and so unusual, still belong in the line of the primitives



BENVENUTO CELLINI. *Perseus*, wax.
(Museo Nazionale, Florence.)

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FILIPPO PALADINI The Sister of Mercy detail Hospital of
(Prato.)

who had been intellectualized too quickly. And those among her last painters who, after Leonardo and thanks to him attain a larger conception of form, who see it free of its early fetters full and surrounded by space—the gentle Fra Bartolommeo or the pure Andrea del Sarto—are precisely the men who have lost that restless ardor which characterized Tuscan art. With them and after them intelligence still remains the weapon of Florence, but it is an intelligence that has mistaken its rôle through allowing sentiment to be effaced. It is an intelligence that takes the means for the end and exhausts itself in seeking the form outside of the inner drama that determines its function. The formulas reached by the two masters of Rome have such a massive power of seduction that Tuscan art must needs attempt to employ them as the frame for its weakening sentiment. The violence of Benvenuto, which he too often expended in outward acts, the proud and sensual elegance of Giovanni da Bolgheri, and the severity of Boticino are not the right qualities for their hands, which now handle tools with excessive ease. Florence, subjected and fallen, can do no more than brood over her melancholy pastime in the bitter gardens where the shadow of the roses makes the water of the fountains tremble at the foot of San Miniato.



Rome

Chapter II. ROME AND THE SCHOOL

I



HEN the popes, at the end of the fourteenth century, returned from Avignon, Rome was a dead city. Some thousands of miserable people camped amid the circuses that had been invaded by briars and nettles, amid the shattered aqueducts and the gutted baths. Life round about was at work in the free cities. But here, nothing lived. Certain popes, touched by the spirit of Humanism, tried to create a center of attraction through which a few wandering artists, not one of whom becomes the founder of a line, will consent to pass. It is Florence and Umbria that furnish the court of Rome with the architects and painters whom it calls in to build and

decorate its churches—Gentile da Fabriano, Bernardino Rucellino, Piero della Francesca, Bronzino (Crespi), Melozzo da Forlì, and Bramante. The urban activity of Rome will never be sufficient to supply her needs. When artists are born in Rome we shall find that they are men of diffuse and empty mind, such as are demanded by the societies to assume them in their lobbies and to flatter their vanity.

But it is the only shelter open to the Italian now, as it is about to open. At the moment when Florence succumbs, when Charles VIII descends as the champion of order, descends into Italy, da Vinci fertilizes Milan and is about to return to France the already exploded profanity of Tuscan passion. Giorgione, in a form that has attained almost its complete expansion, abhors in the whole of Venice where Italian is appearing. The red sand of Urbino is being whitened away and is looking toward Rome. The Italian artist is seeking to free himself from formulas and to spread his liberty about him. When Julius II, the warrior and artist pope, addresses himself to the architect Bramante, who is soon to supersede his young relative Raphael, and calls Michael Angelo from Florence less than two years afterward it is the spirit of the period that inspires him. Amid the general anarchy which delivers the Italian communes over to the foreigner, and contrasted by Nature's policy of protection, Rome is indeed the only place where Italy can sum up her desires.

Rome has such strength through the sadness of her horizon, her isolation at the center of a desert of reeds and grasses, her vast ruins, and the weight of her history that she did not permit the masters who had spent their youth in distant places to bring Italy to her



GENTILE DA FABRIANO. The Adoration of the Magi, detail.
(Galleria Antica e Moderna, Florence.)

without first compelling them to accept that claim, having
of the earth means of which she could, after so many
storms, still dominate the world. She obliged Her-
mane to recognise this force, she infused it into the
fugitive Raphael, she made it the habitual food of
Michael Angelo. Like Brunelleschi, a hundred years
earlier Bramante had in the mind's workshop in hand
It was there that he vented the fury of Roman
architectural art, if all architecture, the subordination
of the organic to the function, which is the despotic and
fantastic note of Michael Angelo. When he himself
succumbed to the direction of the building of Saint
Peter's could not apply to the pediments of con-
struction, but which in the turbulent and vigorous
maturity of his powerful intellect, he found again
when he came to design the facade and the court of the
Papal Palace a theatre of stone in which the tragic
spirit of the world appears to Italy for the last time.
Raphael and Michael Angelo could only the mutilated
statues which were daily torn from the earth by the
earthquakes, and the presentment of which was contested
by the Pope and the Roman patricians. This hour's con-
tact with the House of art, yet it could not fail to react
upon sensibilities which, like these, summarised the
centuries of trailing and thinking.

But neither could it perfect them. They came from
the heart, of the race with too great an cultured and
through too great a necessity for them to deviate from
the path that it laid out for them. The intellectual
idealism of Platonic the sentimentalism of the Flo-
rence painters and the severity of Veronee which
Borghese dei Paolini brought to Rome were spe-
cifically amalgamated with the will of the masters
and the statue makers of the Empire who built the

aqueducts, the thermæ, and the circuses, and who carved upon the arches of triumph the rude bas-reliefs upon which the Roman genius had stamped its imprint. For a moment, the whole Italian soul found its realization. Never had a passion equal to this one, wherein



PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA. The Finding of the Holy Cross.
Fresco, detail. (San Francesco, Arezzo.)

violence and gentleness, voluptuousness and asceticism, science and enthusiasm, clashed and merged in turn, accepted a similar frame without being crushed by so severe a discipline.

The Renaissance brought back form, full, sculptural, and athletic—not at all the Greek form, but rather the Roman in the predominance given to the projections of the muscles as a means of expression—but a form lifted up by such ardor that it remained wholly Italian while opening up new epochs. Never had so much

matter and spirit been welded together to recreate life in its highest unity.

When we go as far back as the currents which lead to Raphael, it is only to his reputation in Rome that we can attribute the fire in him of that force of which he would probably have remained ignorant had he not left Urbino or had he continued to live at Perugia or even in Florence. For in that tender and almost feminine nature which his apostolists have exalted in a way that brings despair to the hearts of those who love him best, there was a magnetic power which doubtless helped to arouse Michael Angelo, and which unfolded with the ease, the authority and the amplitude of things that mature naturally. Never did any man unite so many scattered and almost antagonistic elements, assimilating them with his inherent substance and giving them forth again in his work living and spreading out freely and high above its sources while retaining all their freshness.

Beginning with the end of the fourteenth century, Umbria, from which we must consider that he came for his earliest years was probably not yet passed when he entered the studio of Perugino—Umbria had grafted upon the old Tuscan stock a very living branch, even though it is apt to escape our attention because of the splendor shed by the great fire of Florence. With its back to the mountains, but descending with all its cities toward the gentle plain, Umbria had a soul whose purity is the greater because the proximity of Naples so frequently exposed it to savagery. It was in the heart of Umbria, in sight of Perugia, that Fra' Angelico was born—it was Umbria that first followed him. In an attenuated form, the light of that spirit still floated over its valleys.

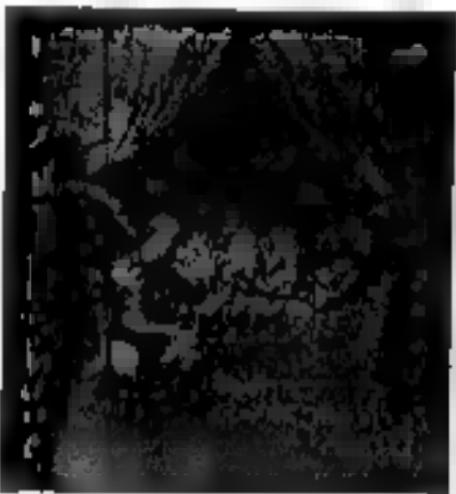


PINO DELLA FRANCESCA. The Queen of Sheba, fountain, detail. (San Francisco, shown.)

Florence, and even Verona, were sufficient to themselves. Perugia was too distant from the great centers of the civilization and of the influence of Italian artistry to retain the artists that expressed it. It was toward Rome that almost all of them gravitated, bringing with them something of Verona, which had first instructed them, something of Florence whatever in general they went to be instructed, and by way of L'Aquila, Bologna, and Ferrara, bringing with them a little of Parma and Venice. Painters in the Venetian school after having received in Florence the lessons of Andrea del Castagno, and labored in Rome with Gentile da Fabriano, the Lombard, whose art had been formed by the frescoes of the Byzantine masters and their blind force with the wanting eyes, but in Rome and more especially in Venice he had seen the passing of the processions made splendid by the brilliance of the costumes. Of an abounding imagination, he had more currency than the masters of Verona, and, with a sense of movement and a love of the picturesque which they in their gravity could not have endured, he possessed the expansive party of Umbria, so different from their jealous mysticism. Benvenuto Crozio. When he worked at Rome, as he had worked previously in every part of Italy suddenly became acquainted with this work and grieved from it, in part, his taste for the exotic and his Oriental perfume.

In Rome he doubtless saw also the work of Piero della Francesca. That great painter a homely artist, like all those who came to Rome at that period, was but little older than himself. His schematic landscapes certainly lived up in the memory of Crozio, when he covered the walls of the Campo Santo of Pisa with the

red paintings in which the delicate countrysides, traversed by the Florentines, sink into its horizons. But the nature of Gozzoli is as fantastic as that of Piero is severe and homogeneous. Moreover, though he came from a region which borders on Umbria, one more mountainous and wild, it is true, his contrast with the masters of that province is one of the astounding things which characterize Italy from Dante and Giotto to Michael Angelo and Raphael, and which contrast Machiavelli with Francis of Assisi. Piero painted sharp profiles that seem hollowed out in copper, robes embroidered with flowers as pointed as thorns, and great austere figures isolated by a pure line. Horizontal clouds were gathered in a sky where the divine dove stretched out rigid wings. A terrible majesty lifted the children of his mind above the brows of other men. His angelic musicians seemed like caryatids made to uphold the sonorous vault that invisibly extended over the gloomy highway. The deep tones of their violins were carried over into his harmonies. When he painted war, he was as hard as war; when he painted the night, one saw nothing of it save a cuirass, the point of a



PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA. *The Dream of Constantine.* drawing.
(British Museum.)



PUBBLICITA' PALAZZESCA. Battista Sforza, Duchess of Urbino.

lance, and the faces of the sleepers. His mind was such as would be formed by the methodical and tenacious study of all the exact sciences then known. He wrote treatises on perspective. He tried to subordinate nature to the geometrical principles that had formed his mind. Thus the fusion of the living element which our sensibility reveals to us, and of the mathematical element into which our intelligence leads us, came about in his work—the strongest expression of the fierce insistence with which the Italians sought the absolute agreement between science and art, with him, the manner of seeking this accord is stricter than with Paolo Uccello, less factitious than with da Vinci.

The figures in his frescoes are built one above the other like houses, with an architecture so powerful that the torsos and the shoulders, the arms, and the heads dominating the necks seem to be determined by exact calculation. Cylindrical torsos, broad shoulders, round arms, necks like columns, and spherical heads whose eyes look straight before them. One thinks of his personages almost as statues walking or kneeling, and the energy that erects them pours into their full form with the



PINTURICCHIO. Malatesta.
detail (cathedral of Rimini.)

weight of hours. It is as pure and strong as the antique. Not one among the noble Italians, not Cimino, nor della Quercia, nor Masaccio, nor Michael Angelo expresses what is present in our unique adventure of



Masaccio: *The Virgin Praying*. Church of the Holy Apostles, Rome.

life with greater fervor than that of Piero. He is perhaps the greatest among those reverent men who, through all the stories, oppressed by parents, resorting to murder if necessary, and accepting life as an everyday drama, went onward, their eyes fixed on something higher and more tragic than lay eternally ahead of them, something which they felt in their regulate and dan-

perate bursts. He goes through the world in company with the heroes of his frescoes, pictures, pure as fire, and insuperable to imagination. The trunk of the tree is bare, the leaves are motionless, but something is rising and diffusing itself everywhere a burning central sap that keeps them erect and makes them hard. The sooty earth itself seems to be formed of curves which the subterranean fire has fitted one into the other as if to obey some rational power which co-ordinates its efforts. There is no more sublime work in Italy. And it is a decisive moment. Rustic and Foscany meet in Pietro della Francesca, and his two principal pupils, Luca Signorelli and Melozzo da Forlì, announce, one, the approach of Michael Angelo, the other that of Raphael.

The Umbrian current which will touch Raphael is accelerated with Melozzo, born like himself in that other trans-Appennine Umbria from which Cremona also came and which the Bolognese Francis was to connect with Venice. Florentine intellectualism is too d'finito of approach for simple souls, and the mystic reaction to which it gave birth is too severe to enable them to find in it the easy party that satisfies them and that cannot frighten the court of Rome which has no love for mystery. With Melozzo da Forlì one seems to hear the passing of the slightest breeze, the fingers of great hood angels touch their celestial harps and draw from them an undefined and distant music which is not to be confused with the sturm of the trumpets of the Last Judgment. With Perugino, pious Umbria will be merely bigoted Latona. The strong capital is mis-understood by its painters, and the square palaces, the broad streets, and the whole heap of cubes and towers inspire Bouguile alone with those stone landscapes in

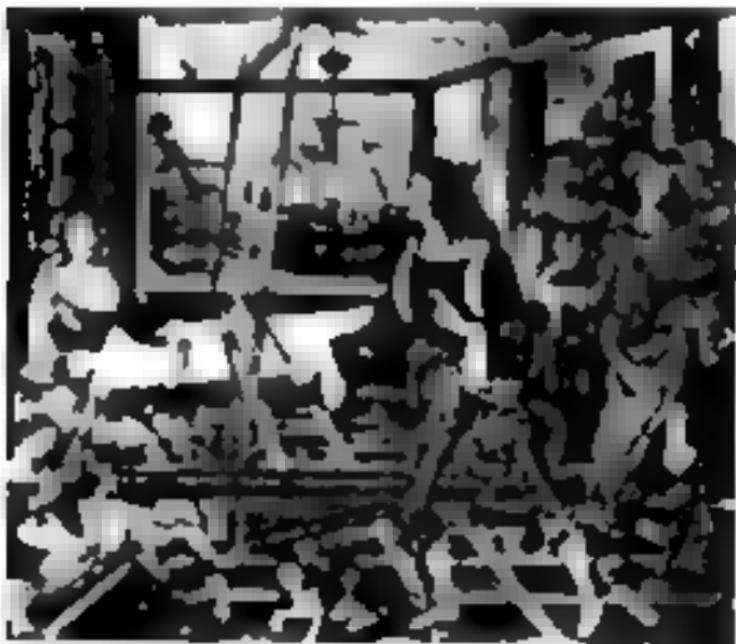
which repeat his doubtful Virgin and his too elegant Angels. He who translates its needs is a man who believes in nothing who drinks and smokes and takes up religious work in order to get rich. Such is the revenge of art when fugitives attempt to take possession of it.

Petrugue was the first to manufacture pictures of a morally sentimental nature. It was not that he was without grace, a measured grace which gives a somewhat retarding quality to his pretty Umbrian faces. Indeed if I put it after fresh where the name of Leonardo, now become tragic and a triflingly given a start to the flowerlike age. Into the art of painting he introduced asymmetry which is the opposite of equilibrium and he banished movement from space by the hardness of his indicated lines, greenish and red. When he sets down red and with strokes more than a Raphaeline arabesque. His rounded signs have no round but robust elegance; his sharp precision in the drawing of back grounds, slender trees and the undulating lines of the valleys and the hills; the energy of his straight figures in which a musical sense rhythm gives a twist to the legs, places the foot on the earth and gives to all the attitudes a strange appearance of dancing; all this explosive gaiety; nevertheless, the influence that he exercised on Raphael who, after his departure from Urbino, spent his most impressionable years in Petrugue's workshop. He felt the vigor of the rhythmic process, very personal, very complete and conceived almost like a mechanical ballet which Petrugue stamped upon his forms in movement. It was extremely difficult for him to free himself from his master and he died too soon ever to forget him entirely. At the end of his short and marvellous journey he still retained,



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from the painter of Perugia, the countenance of the Umbrian Virgin, which we shall scarcely find again to tell the truth save in his pictures of the earlier, and which represent so much a part of the man. The countenance almost disappears from his last frescoes,



PERUGINO.—*The Story of Moses*
(National Gallery, London).

retaining as only a faint memory in his portraits of women, they are pictures as pure as water, as opaque and clear as a heated mirror.

When he left Urbino he passed through Narni, where, for a time, he was given work by Bernardino Pinturicchio, who like himself had come from the workshop of Perugia and who was returning from Rome, where he had painted the apartments of the Borgias. At Narni

he met Andrea, his elder by a few years, who was staying in the holy city. Haunted as he was by deities, becoming Venus and faunus, besides in the school of Luca Signorelli whose recent frescoes of Monte Oliveto he had inspected. He was a singular being, a poor falter who was believed to have painted the most admirable scenes, but whose art nevertheless reveals the ingenuousness of a young girl taken from the cool peaks of Ossa, put into a vat, fermenting with knowledge and with pleasure. He is a kind of reverend Manzoni, not having perceived like the Florentine born, his original part, in his terrible thirst for knowledge indeed he accepts the contrary of Manzoni, as he bitterly seeks to recover a lost part through the satisfaction of that very lust. And yet he resembles Manzoni in being destined to open a new path upon which he himself will have more than set foot. As is often one can see both Michael Angelo and Raphael in him. At such times he possesses a strength and a grace which are both better and the touch of corruption and of savagery which he mingles with them serves only to render more touching his tortuous passion and the magnificence of the human through which we feel his anguish. It is in this way that the most profound Platitudes of Florence might have painted at the most unusual moment of the Venetian maturity. The "Wedding of Alessandro and Roxana" is in this sense, a work that is unique in the world through the sublime aspect of its theme and disenchanted poetry which makes clear to us, under the transparency of the veil and in the soft primitives, the sweet life and fatal voluptuousness. The nude figures male and female have an indecipherable character that partakes at once of Eden and of Greece and that Christianity

would have animated with an ecstasy of tenderness, rest less love. *Urbino* is a strange spirit full of youthful strength through which the artistic perfume of the old masters of his country breathes to the sensitive faces. The forms hesitate in their affirmation of an essence and their all-pervading power grows noble in a delicate body under which cannot yet reveal itself. He is interested in the career of his dreams, still wants and the losses of youth in which he sees a species of life. His wayward spirit feels the needs of men and he hesitates. All his life he hesitates. Later on at *Riviera* he had refused to efface his decorations. He had well observed *Madonna*'s haughty grace and the courage of a conqueror exalted by an incurable audacity. He remembered it forever, perhaps he took from it the strongest elements of that magnificence handwriting by means of which he was to express all his pride of youth and his gratitude to nature for having made him what he was.

Even the sharp and charming *Urbino* who could not stand the impatience with which he cast himself upon naique form that bows to the nude body which was rising everywhere, breaking the rule of *Florence* bursting forth at this very hour in *Bologna* in the mature work of *Carracci*. Before seeing still more in the barren work of *Gargiulo* and of *Tiziano* and which was to take on, with the ease of Michael Angelo, the tragic power of a new creation. He was very far to be sure, from *Pietrasanta*, the notorious technician whose bad taste, perverse and free, led to the spreading out of so much metal and so many transparent stones on the frescoes which he worked in relief. Nevertheless, in his rapid excursion through the bizarre evolution of that singular artist, he noted the cold, delicate landscapes engraved as if on a pane of glass by means of a



Puccioni. Saint Elizabeth, detail, French.
(Borgia apartments, Peters.)

diamond and the slender grace of the silhouettes that shift the bodies around with gestures like those of dervishes. But turned to developed in central Italy that spirit of the courage and of far away adventure that fairy fables which *L'entier de l'atelier* had diffused on the peninsula, with which *Francesco* had crossed a little Florence and which Carpaccio among the Venetians, was at that moment running to its most enchanting limits of fantasy and exuberance. The doors opened up to the distance the stars raised upon the earth the poetry of imagined worlds charmed those pretentious children who knew too much and who profited by the new sensations flitting in upon them from every side to repeat in them their infantile wonder and amazement. It was from Mantuanus, perhaps, and from the spirit of central Italy brought to him by Perugino that Raphael learned the enchantment of penetrating between the intermediate zones and the subject imposed he learned something of it even from Francesco whose vigorous but direct and dry painting must once have touched him. After that he had only to trek to Florence, to the work of da Vinci and of Fra Bartolommeo and especially in that of Masaccio, the sense of modeling and the need for architecture in a canvas later on, he had only to watch his friend Sebastiano del Piombo painting in Rome and perceiving the parental desire of Venus to sleep into a serpent becoming more complex as he grew older and the confused voices in which for a century the enthusiasm the pain, the fever, and the end of Italy had been mounting.

II

He summarized, as Crotto did an imperishable instant. It is he who was that equilibrium for which

Italy had been seeking with so much anguish and which the passionate rush of novelty and originality presented the crowd from trampling. One cannot help placing these two groups alongside of each other. No doubtably Rapisardi, with Gatti, the only one in



Rapisardi. *The Combat of Love and Chastity*. Events.

the history of painting who invades all our fancies of reason and feeling with that prolonged gentleness. To tell the truth it is his manner that dominates; he has not the direct force that gives to the decorator of Padua and of Assisi a more visible tone. A more robust painter, a more peaceful faith in that which he presents upon the walls. But one does not know where one looks at the objects or the features of the National, whether it is heroes or saints that one has before one's eyes, martyrs or philosophers, Virgins or Venuses, Jewish gods or

passes gods one feels that the forms harmonize with and penetrate one another. That exists not and cannot one another as oscillations of harmonies that seems to have no beginning and no ending runs through one without meeting the least resistance and leaves one out the strength to hearken to the prolongation in oneself of the other organs in their moments.

What does he speak, and where has he seen such a world of everything that is matter and everything that is thought, ever living that is feminine tenderness and ever living that is male strength, everything that is the centrale of the trees which have felt much and that is the towering birth of the creatures which desire knowledge? He studied matter always perhaps what had been done before him and what was being done around him. he seemed scarcely to look at the individual profound and much pre-posed of movements, colors, and forms he gave out to the sounds about him and breathed in the perfume of flowers and of woods with that no effort force that belongs only to a being who was happiness springing from his very footsteps and love approaching him without his having comprehended it all of it as he waited in himself as in a submarine center without too closely investigating its source, and the whole of it after having waited unceasingly at the heart of his continent came forth from him as waves as full, as calm and as difficult to read as the mystery our rhythm that governs the beating of hearts that causes the seasons to be born, to die and to be reborn that causes the sun to travel both and walk each morning and each evening. Long after the death of Raphael, Michael Angelo, even though he had not loved him, was perhaps thinking of the younger man more than of himself when he said "Beautiful painting is religion"



Simoncelli. *The Promulgation of the Law.* Statue (Chapter)

in itself, for the soul is lifted up by the effort that it has to make to attain perfection and to struggle with God; beautiful painting is an effect of that divine perfection, a shadow from the beams of God. It is a most interesting very lofti intelligence above our group of

Raphael is one of the most distinguished men in history and acknowledged by those who have been longest in these places. The method of youth that comes from him has been learned to the fact that he does young but it is perpetuated in one work after another and if he had lived to be very old I would not have regard to before itself because it had existed before him and was to pure as him even as the spring-times and the autumn which continue to produce despite the winters heaped up upon them. The exactness with which he works upon a thousand objects is there and scattered facts of life of nature of history of art will be told and himself provide for the purpose of organizing their life temporal stages where nothing of the objects and of the way may act as barriers save the left repetition which they caused both which has given rise to the charge of an almost shadowing propensity to imitate and to imitate his work. And because one must follow his work step by step and make an effort special in order to appreciate the meaning of the effort which he had to expend in order to raise Perugian petty pictures to the level of the general palaces of the Vatican and the Farnesina people here wonderd in a dull way at his skill. Copper traps have been laid over the hundred figures that are often so ugly and for the most part unattractive that most (from him) do so that one almost forgets the twenty portraits which make him, with Titian, the greatest Italian painter of character and which count

us to feel, rising from the senses to the mind of this all-powerful youth a force of contraction in depth which would have made him an Italian Rembrandt had he lived thirty years longer.

There was in this painter, molded in his very flesh which yet never ceased its adoration, a little of the bronze of the armor which the fighters of that time left off to don the habits of the court. He sculptured the long bony hands with the golden bands of their rings and the pure dense planes of the faces with the polished skeleton covered by their muscles.

"Julius II," "Bindo Altoviti," "Inghirami," "Leo X" and "Maddalena Doni" are of those absolute forms which dwell within the memory, as if throughout their entire surface, they reach the inner walls of the skull. Their mind is made of the same metal as themselves, it escapes neither through the eyes nor through the ges-



LUCA SIGNORELLI. Drawing. *Lame*.

were, but is enclosed within the block they make, calm in the depth of the dull magnificence which the movement of the robes gives to the bare background. To the arm chairs, to the carpets, to the robes, to the air itself and



SCHOOL OF FONTAINEBLEAU.—*The Beach of Moors*. (Detail.) French.
Musée du Louvre.

to the reflections on the clean-shaven faces. The blacks are so pure that they seem to light up the red shadow. He has tones that are opaque, blacks and reds, and these stand almost alone, abandoned to themselves, like a mineral which has become quite soulfied at the bottom of a stone crucible. And yet these tones penetrate one another, they have their profound harmonies, and are full and compact like the forms which they create. There is no power in art that surpasses the power of these portraits, red cardinals on white mules harnessed

with red, great bodies dressed in green or in black which keep gravely figures of authority or of violence, figures of youth also of power, of enthusiasm isolated in their strength or hunting both here and there in the vast compartments like wide opened flutters on the surface of water that rolls and flows.

This endless ebb and flow which Godto had understood, and which proceeds from the psalmists of the temples of Greece and Asia to the paintings of Raphael by way of the court nations of Italy of the Arab dominators is the whole Mediterranean ideal. It has had been seeking it ever since Masaccio because it was he who wrote into the surface of his frescoes the intelligence of the world, that sense of continuity which the succession of planes imposes on our instinct, but which does not suffice to reveal its nature to our mind, eager for clearly stated reasons and for exact demonstration. It is the arabesque, the rational expression of the living form that the straight line which is death could not translate and from which the too metaphysical absolute of the circular line would exclude all possibility of renewal and of movement—only curved lines, undulating and continuous can describe the living form in its flux and reflux, its flights and its downfalls, its repose and its effort, of leaving to each of the elements that I unite in a common life its personality and its function. It was through the arabesque that Raphael defined and rendered the intellectual and sensual ideal which the Renaissance demanded when the means for the social ideal which the Middle Ages had established in their life was exhausted. With Raphael the passage from form to form is as subtle as it is from color to color, in the case of the Venetians or even Velasquez. Consider, in the "Hectorus," the huddled group of terrified



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Commissioned by Studio Art. Painting

mothers, their children in their arms. Consider, in the "Parnassus," the concatenation of the musical rhythm, the intertwining groups of the women, the union, as if in a marriage, their graces which blend, their gentle heads inclined toward each other as they look over the rounded shoulders from which their bare arms issue with a single movement. Consider above all, the reason of the "Ninots" or that of the "Jurisprudencia," where the forms are so well adapted to the surfaces to be decorated that they seem to give birth to those surfaces through their volumes and their directions. Consider how one gesture explains another and compels a reply, how creases, heads, arms, and shoulders align, in the effortless combination of the curves of their attitudes, that there is in nature not a single inert or living form that is not bound up with all the others, consider how the mind is led without a halt from one end of life to the other. With Raphael, the line of the Florentines, which was born and kept alive with so much difficulty, finds itself and defines on the surface and reaches in depth the succession of the planes and the continuity of the modeling—and, in a harmony where the grays and the reds, the greens, the blacks, the clays, and the silver-whites yield themselves to the humble substance of the walls which fixes them forever, the unity of expression of line, mass, and color is afforded for the first time.

It is in this that we seek the reason for the power which Raphael has exercised over all the painters of modern Europe, even when they had seen him only through copies or engravings, even when they did not love him. I pose the mind of men, for whom the world of forms is the revealer of the world of ideas, he impresses a mark stupendous and precise whence significance

one must know if one is to follow it without peril. If he had brought into painting no more than an attempt to return to the ideal of the antique, as in the pagan figures of the Farnese, where the beautiful nude divinities, framed by heavy garlands of foliage, of fruits, and pot-herbs, recall the abundant strength of the senators of Pompei, which in turn offset such a wealth of other human beauty, he would not be Baptista. He would be, with Michael Angelo and before Veronese, only the most brilliant initiator of that plastic rhetoric which ruined Italy and from which all of Europe was to suffer. But his glory was to affirm that individualism could not live in the desert, that, for the greater harmony of the spirit, it must find some way of determining the need that men have to define the relationship among the various forms when the conditions of their existence have not permitted them to find that relation in the social bond itself. The arbiter is the translation into plastic of the highest individualism.

The crowds of the north have no need of it—the Gothic men scarcely suspected its existence. To understand this one must have tasted of the spectacle of the worshippers in a cathedral of the north and in an Italian basilica. The northern crowd is moved by a single instrument—whether it is severe or factitious is of no importance. It stands up and down, and kneels at the same moments and with the same gestures, the men on one side the drooping on the other. All the heads are on the same level; all the faces look toward the same point. The hand is invisible, but present. Feeling is what makes these people respond ad alii once to the antisemitical appeal which comes from the priest, from the staging, or from the organ. In Italy the men and the



SODOMA. The Marriage of Alexander and Roxana, detail.
(Farnesina.)

women mingle. Some remain standing, others are seated, some look at the altar, others turn their backs to it, groups form and melt away again; people walk about the church, and conversations arise or are interrupted.



RAPHAEL. *The Marriage of the Virgin*, detail.
(Brera, Milan.)

Each one is there for himself, each one is hearkening only to the passion that brought him here, the mystic exaltation, the sorrow, the hatred, the love, the curiosity, or the admiration, and it is that alone which determines his gesture, makes him sit down or arise, walk about or remain motionless, which carries him to his knees, with a child erect in his arms, or makes him prostrate himself upon the pavement, against which he strikes his forehead. There is no people in Europe less Christian than this one, which is why the Church had to be organized here in order to maintain an

appearance of solidarity, as opposed to the individual. Italian Catholicism is a social arabesque.

That is the reason, also, why the plastic arabesque was born of the meditation of the painters of this country. Since our nature requires a harmony so powerful that in order to satisfy it we are willing to pass through sorrow, and since we did not find the desired harmony in the sentiment of the multitudes, it was indeed necessary for us to unite the separate beings—erect, kneeling, or laid low by the wind of warring passions—in a single line, sinuous, firm, and uninterrupted, a line that should not permit a single one among them to escape from the living harmony which was divined by the senses of the artists and which was created by their will.

Moreover, when one surveys Italy, as one comes out from the Tuscan hills, from the Roman circus, from the Lombard plains, and as one goes from one height to another, one sees that the whole country undulates



RAPHAEL. Tommaso Inghirami.
(Pitti Palace.)

like the sea. Whether seen from above and from afar, when one forgets the convulsions of the earth and the tempests of passing in the souls of men, everything in Italy shows the necessity for her returning to herself, the outlines of the mountains, the raw parts of the high hills which lead the cities built upon them down to the plains by the winding roads. The cities themselves tell the same tale with their steeply sloping streets that separate like a river pass under the cradle of the old vaults, and sweep to cover the walls with the chipping of their bare pavements. And we see this character of Italy again in its language, a golden liquid flowing over the sand, and we see it in the history of the country, in the even sight that emanates from it although it has passed, almost without transition, during thirty centuries, from the profound suns into the moist barren depths. And there is something of all of this in the genius of Raphael, native of Urbino.

And yet something is lacking. The decorative compositions do not always respond to the central principle of art, which is to bear witness to life regardless of the protest for it and of the fate which is reserved for it. Raphael does not seem to suffer from having all his acts prescribed for him and from depending on the caprice of an old man who may die any day. And whatever the liberty given him to express himself as he thinks best, one sees a little too clearly that he is not his own master, and that he is not guided by the fact. It is the art of a man who is too happy. We feel a certain lack of emotion in ourselves when we are before his frescoes. The work of those who have suffered is a stronger wine for us. His arabesque is often apart from himself and, despite the plenitude of the form, its direction is not always determined by the sentiment that animates it.



RAPHAEL. *Perseus*, detail, fresco. (Vatican.)

and a decorative mask covers the human face. It is only just to say that he died at the age when the majority of superior men begin to catch a glimpse of the idea that the beauty of gesture always responds to the requirements of the ultimate movements which it represents. There are in some of his last paintings, the "Notre Dame" and the "Madonna," especially complete envelopments of arms and of breasts, and a drama of lives closely interwoven, which show an immense and continuous expansion of his heart. In the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes" and in the "Fire in the Borgo," the strength and the splendor of the gestures which can put us to view the human beings as statues come to life attest his discovery of the nobility of his mind; a nobility which the Harmonie attests, thanks to the fidelity of his pupils, with an august, vital and majestic splendor. For a decisive resolution, he would have needed ten or fifteen years more and a greater amount of will power to resist his tendency to squander himself through his partner of life. Doubtless, Michael Angelo would not have ceased to hate him, since, even in Raphael's last works, in which he renders homage to the power of his rival by yielding to his influence, Michael Angelo found a pretext for despising him. But the unflinching esteem, in which man (through his mortal ascendancy beside those who are strong) would probably have given him, in his youth, an opportunity to wring from Raphael even greater pride and vanity, is what to complete his subjugation. As the state of Raphael developed and turned from the primitive as increasing number of elements, to be organized into increasingly complex composition, Michael Angelo continued to project his dynamism further and further into the forms of movement, which the formid-

able weight of Italian thought was precipitating into his spirit from the depths of four centuries.

III

If his life was simply one long drama, it was because he separated himself from men too much to commune with them, and because he had too high an opinion of mankind to accept their inferiority and admit their baseness. But we compel other men to forget their ills when we force our own into silence and open the gates of the world to those intellectual harmonies which alone go beyond sorrow. "Italian painting," he said, "will never cause a tear to be shed." He led those who know how to suffer to the threshold of heroic happiness.

He came from Florence. Born amid its last storms, he had in him the fire of the passion through which she had lived. He had appeared there twenty years after da Vinci, at the moment when Florence was reaching the most feverish point in her history. He had read Plato. He was never without his Dante. A pupil of Ghur-



RAPHAEL. A Child, detail of a fresco
(Accademia di San Luca, Rome.)

Isaia, the most direct of the painters of the period, he sought the intimacy of the works of Giotto, of Masaccio, of della Quercia, of Donatello, and Piero della Francesca. He knew Savonarola and followed him. At twenty-six years of age he had torn from the marble the gigantic David which summarizes the suffering youth and the tense energy of the city.

He was, or wanted to be, everything that she had been—a constructor, a painter, a sculptor and a poet. In order to become acquainted with the human body, he shut himself up with cadavers until the odor drove him out of doors. If the whole of the divine and all the essence of the spiritual city were to accord in the work of da Vinci, they never ceased to struggle with each other in him. His great soul was like the spirit of a wave which rose and fell with the surges of energy and with the crises resulting from the cowardice of the unhappy city of his birth. Out of despair he left it. When he returned it was to try to save it. Perhaps, alone in fawn that his heart bore the weight of her penitence. "It is sweet for me to sleep—it is sweeter for me to be of stone as long as misfortune and shame endure. To see nothing, to feel nothing, therein lies my greatest happiness. Do not, I beg, awaken me! speak low! . . ."

On his way from Florence to Rome, at Orvieto, he saw the newly painted frescoes of Luca Signorelli who had already covered the walls of the Convent of Monte Oliveto with powerful decorations in which the discipline of Piero della Francesca refined the tormented soul of the old masters of Florence. Here he saw Heraclean forms, twisted under their garments, strive to burst their bonds in their explosion of strength and fury. In again, the human body stretched like a



RAPHAEL. *Heliodorus Expelled from the Temple.* (Vatican.)

bundle of cords, had become a thing of mechanical expression where the nerves, almost bare, hurled passion into the limbs, in short, repeated jets of flame. These frescoes were imprinted in the memory of the young man as if made by the gauges of a sword. They

were the first anatomical nudes. The Italian science of the human body was unveiled in them with uncompromising precision. Save a few archangels clad in iron who guard the gates of heaven, all the figures were nudes. There were skinned corpses, painted directly, reanimated, and cast back into the current of life with incredible violence. The foreshortening was vio-



RAPHAEL. The Congregation of the Borgo, detail, fresco. (Foligno.)

lent bones cracked, jaws contracted, tendons were hard as metal cables, men and women howled, there was a ferocious welter of bodies martyred by demons whose membranous wings stretch into sinister veins as in a heaven devoid of hope. A great work. Passion, knowledge, everything, indeed, moved toward a common goal. When his son dies Signorelli, suppressing his sorrow, undresses him and paints him, without a tear. His great virile drawing strikes and strikes again

like a steel bangle. Savonarola had just hurled his anathema at the town and been burned alive on the Piazza della Signoria. A breath of fear forced repellant Italy to bow down, and although Signorelli's more breathy than Botticelli's, when the voice of the prophet casting into the Christian belt that which was thought of at that time as pagan form—*as if a form could live otherwise than through its relationship with the whole of society, its atmosphere, its history—* as if it ever returned to the earth in the same shape in which it had appeared before.

Above with these great memories, Michael Angelo lived at Rome. There he saw the popes die, never yielding to their menaces nor obeying their orders, save to revenge himself for his slavery through the freedom of his art. He needed that freedom in order to exalt his dream and to make it bear witness to the justice within him, a power through which he could cope with the most overwhelming problems. His surroundings were sufficiently materialistic and demoralized for him to decide to strip himself of science and to develop in him that formidable sense of shame that impelled him to strip the gods naked in order to crush the cocoon of egotism under the weight of primitive heresies.

His entire life is a conflict between the powers that dragged him on toward the admirable appearances of material Nature and the *wu*, for purification which his pride imposed upon him. With such a love for what exists, for what moves, for what is defined by a volume in space one must suffer through one's inability to be all-inclusive. And he who in such a state of absolute dominion, power, feels that the encounter between the soul and the flesh would relax that suffering, such a man



REMBRANDT. *Portrait of Budo*, detail. (Doria Gallery, Rome.)

is assured, but he may become a hero if he refuses to exhaust his desire and reserves his own power of exaltation to exalt the men who are to rule and for the glory of his spirit. Resistance to love is not an ideal to all men—to propose it would be the ruin of the world.

But for those who are haunted and pursued most keenly by love, resistance to love by causing the repressed forces of tenderness and desire to flow back upon themselves, may bring about other government of their being and the sovereign domain over the forms of the universe.

What incomparable power is promised to him who gathers up the absolute energy which those who came before him seem to have prepared for his use, who builds in such fashion that his work shall resist the daily assault of the temptations accumulated by two centuries of intense material and moral corruption, and who appears at the culminating point of the thought of a people the weight of whose fall he converts into his own ascent! It is by searching her heart and by examining thoroughly into her soul and her body, by demanding of the dead humanity the secret of life, and the secret of death from living humanity had forged the language of her passion in blood and in fever. What was she now to say with it? Was there then no direction to give to the life of our feelings? Must we like Raphael, unite all its currents into an indifferent harmony wherein we would be able to find repose only at the moment when we yielded ourselves to it? Beyond the natural rhythm, which a great spirit, free from despondence, could find in a world in which the hour was sounding for it to satisfy the desire which had dictated its effort, were there no other rhythms which could console the despair of men when they came to feel that



RAPHAEL. *Venus and Cupid*, fresco. *Farnesina*

the equal brum attained for a moment was escaping them." After Mozart, Beethoven. The greatness of Michael Angelo is that he understand and said that pain or happiness is not agreeable to us; that humanity seeks repose so that it may escape further suffering and in order that it may not die plunges back into suffering as soon as it has found respite. The master idea of Florence turns unwillingly between its need for defining form and its wild spirituality; is losts of its own uncertainty. Michael Angelo is when this uncertainty is prolonged comes upon restitude but expresses the very peak where our existence is ending. The central composition of the ceiling of the Sistine is the center of his thought. The serpent whom evil tempts; the marten tree is at the same time the temptation which befalls over man and woman, and the angel that drives them both from Paradise. There is no possibility of choice. If we will not taste of knowledge we shall not taste of pleasure. As soon as we have knowledge we begin to suffer. Michael Angelo reveals to men that they can hope for nothing beyond an equilibrium which does not satisfy them and reflected at the idea of his unpopularity, he disdainfully presents the equal brum to them.

Suspirations and the greater part of his sculptures show it he succumbs. And then he is seized with truth. It is in vain that he passes his days and even his nights, the lamp at his forebend locked up in his studio with the marble which he attacks from all sides

be small and tried and though he makes it quiver with every chip that flies, the material dominates him. Donatello and above all don Quirico were sculptors more than he was. There are more better pieces, the somber "Night," and the pregnant "Dawn," with her



MICHAEL ANGELO. Decorative Figure, fresco.
(Sistine Chapel.)

arms and her legs as full in form as the boughs of a tree, and her countenance where despair rises with her awakening—there is but 'Torso,' with its knotted arms, its cracking knees, its twist, its terrible folds. Not an ensemble survives. The slave may twist his chains, the knees of the Virgin may support the weight of a



MICHAEL ANGELO. *Night.* (Medici Tomb, Florence.)

god, the child may turn to bite at the mother's breast, and the dusk and sleep may pour darkness upon the brows and blot out the eyes. The drama are elsewhere. Our emotion is like a revolt, a disquietude with which we are vexed when we know that we have been touched by it. It comes from his exhausting struggle against a rebellious materia, whose violent caprices he cannot control.

The error of the last schools of Greece had not, however, escaped him. He was repelled by the play of light and shade on carved stone. He knew that the

expression of volume in space was the extreme limit of plastic effort, Line being really no more than a conventional sign and color having only an uncertain and variable existence, determined by the hour, the season, the lighting, and the most fleeting shades of our sensa-



MICHAEL ANGELO. Dawn. (Medici Tomb, Florence.)

bility. He rejected polychromy itself and demanded that the marble be as naked as the idea. He has said all of this in terms so clear that one gets into the way of seeing in them only the danger which they conceal, the danger into which the doctrinaires of the following century will fall, and in whose toils David will be caught. "Painting is beautiful in the measure that it approaches sculpture, sculpture is bad the more it approaches painting."

How was it that he did not perceive that he himself was much nearer sculpture when he covered the walls with frescoes than when he attacked the material of the wall? Each time that he takes up the chisel, he is the victim of an practically absolute science of muscular anatomy. The tempest that thunders with a hiss forms is dispersed at the barrier of their muscles. It does not radiate in infinite waves like the spirit which issues from Egyptian statuary, in balanced waves like the spirit that issues from the marbles of Olympia, or in penetrating waves like the spirit that issues from the old French sculptures. He composed movement into its material elements. He knew too well how the muscles were made. It was in vain that he kneaded and twisted them in all directions; he permitted himself only on the rarest occasions, to gather them all into synthetic masses which render his thought with a vigor proportionate to the degree in which they define the architecture of the bodies of which they form a part. If in general he had a wrong idea of the great expressive surfaces, it was because he knew the mechanism of expression too well.

But painting liberates him. At first, he does not want to paint the *Nature*. Then, through weakness, he yields, learned by himself an art which he did not know before, and remains shut in for four years in the chapel alone with God. His brushes obey the fury of a mind for which marble, a material too hard to work, had ever been sluggish in its response. When he had produced half of a colossus, he had already passed beyond it other torments, other varieties, and other defects demanded their turn. It was almost never that he finished his statues, and never his monumental assemblies. He will finish the *Nature*, the most spacious

decorative ensemble in the world. He is a great painter in spite of himself and in spite of himself it is in painting that he is himself.

In this art his essence serves him. He can cause to stand out from the wall the volumes that he wants, he can send others back into it, he can dazzle us by the audacity and the violence of his foreshortenings and pour forth darkness and light at will. He can subject his tempestuous dreams to the voice of his terrible will. When the scaffolding fall, there are a hundred living columns on the immeasurable vault, in groups or solitary, a hundred Herculean bodies that cause the temple to tremble and seem to create the tempest that rules in the structure; their clamor merges with the flight of the clouds and the macrostomia of the suns.

If one has not been there, if one has not seen that work, one cannot imagine it. One must bear it. I have spoken, one hears it. It is the drama of Genesis, but more exalted. The symbolum of the formidable biblical mind multiplies its force upon contact with reason. One sees nothing but man confronted with his destiny. One knows surrounding life no more. One is at the edge of the primitive abyss. The burned-out blues, the silver grays, and the dull reds combine into something like a pale powdered gold like that which rules in the wake of comets and with which the May they fill the spaces of the heavens. God wanders in his solitude. The stars are born. The lightning passes from the finger of God to the finger of man. Our ancestress, young and naked, comes forth from sleep, showing her breasts and her flanks which shall not be exhausted. The first sorrow comes forth from the first hope. The deluge crushes life and draws the figures



MICHAEL ANGELO. The Libyan Sibyl, fresco, devil
(Sistine Chapel).

into an embrace in order to rend asunder more readily the links that knot themselves with other links like vines. Powerful maternities are divided in the shadows, the prophets thunder, the scrolls open and close the book of fate. At the bottom of the decoration in the last days, primitive bestiary puts up boughs like bunches of grapes in fortuitous embrace, the temple crumbles, the Cross itself is uprooted by the storm. The world which arose in the beginning blows until the end. The figures of beauty, of fecundity, and of youth are whirled up in the leaves.

Doubtless, he is the only one who has dared to see upon painting in order to express the moral tragedy and has remained unrepentant. When the passions form to such a degree when it pours out of one with the leaps of the muscles, the tortures of the flesh, and the horror of mad furies upon forgetfulness and death, one has the right to use it like a weapon and to exonerate himself from the guilt. It was as if a man who had been swept away by a river had had the power to turn suddenly to stop it with his two hands and breast and to force it back onto its course. On the eve of her long sleep, Italy found over there the last words of Dante. Greece had discovered her son in form. Israel had attempted to impose her son upon form without dreaming of the living grandeur that words, which are form also, gave to her. There came a man who had at once the means of an artist and the heart of a prophet and who caused his poems to leap forth from the stock of passion and of knowledge. As the forces which the phanomēnū oppose to one another he possessed in the highest degree of realization, each one demanding its rights uncompromisingly but has the dominated them all and harmonized them. Pain and suffering, he lived



love. He lived alone because he knew that there were in him such veins of tenderness that a terrible modesty prevented him from opening them. Chaste also, never tasting the flesh, he exhibited in flesh as the substance of his interpretation. His virginity made beautiful the dead beauty of Italy.

Never was there a man less mortal nor more religious than that one. He knew too much to submit himself to the thousand infatuations of the world; he kept his course of regeneration not to be regressed. His work is the epic of the interior Passions. Whatever the suffering that overtakes him, he always goes forward, taking the feeling that runs ahead of it and thus compelled to descend to hell to conquer hell. Because all his possessions of body and spirit will be given to nothingness to permit it to descend also. From that time on freed from all the present torments of living stone, Christ-like, which is almost death and regeneration which can not be resisted and becomes which used to know nothing over the sand. Michael Angelo is fated to face with the divine idea the gravities with the eternal infinitum. When he touches the supramortal model, when he feels himself upon the brink of the final plenitude, when he approaches God, he is armed with terror at the size of his solitude; he makes a desperate effort and reaching to a flesh the highest exaltation, he returns from him who the road of which he has just caught a glimpse.

Works of the statue are made for the distant future. Their shadow is fate. It stirs everything that grows around them. It no longer has the strength and the faith which would have been necessary to endure the



MICHAEL ANGELO. *Creation of Man*, detail. Sistine Chapel.

to the fate offered her by the last of the Italians. Had she contemplated the meaning of the words of the Master and consented still to suffer in order to understand, she would have soon failed; nor the less she had experienced too much pain in the struggle and its consequence was exhaustion. Never had any world, in coming to its maturity, known the despair which abhors in the form of Michael Angelo, not the kind of despair to exist in which one often feels among us that of Raphael. For four centuries, one the same as the other, has to create innumerable victims, all those who could not extract from the signs of a growing temper a sufficient effort to strive to renew their formal youthfulness. When we know too many things we can no longer discern anything. The School, indeed, begins to be regenaret during the lifetime of Michelangelo with his pupils and those of Raphael, G. da Romano, Giovanni da Udine, and Giulio da Volterra. The Accademia di San Luca is founded less than ten years after his death. Italy was to teach them again to understand that in order to create masterpieces it was necessary to exclude fancies of creation in the "composition" of a castle.

It was Italy to be sure who received "composition" to the world and who first through Guido, then through the masters of Rome and Tivoli used it with the greatest ease, power and a beauty. Without her we should have had neither Rubens nor Rembrandt nor Poussin who are great composers. Composition is the introduction of intellectual order into the chaos of sensations. Composition is beauty. But composition is personal. It belongs only to that artist who is rapt her, through his own power of discovering a nature a few essential differences which reveal to him the law of



MICHAEL ARAM. The Deluge (from, detail) - Sistine Chapel,

her general movement. If composition does not express a living unity of forms of colors, and of sentiments, it is a worn-out garment that covers nothing. A fruit is given, any bit of life, or anything. Two bodies set beside each other harmonious take on an eternal value in contrast with the well-composed static picture which expresses no, at most, between two who conceived it and the also inexhaustible world of sensations and of ideas.

The School does not kill life, for it appears only during the death struggle of the races. But it acts as a brake on the effort of those who go toward life. It crushes their soul struggles or compromises the first results that occur at the dawn of new varieties. It soon runs round about it by counteracting men to forget the heroic hours when they lived in innocence. Outside of its incessant attacks on sensibility—which I should call negligence if in the beating out of a single anatomy stood such mortises—its loss would not react upon us. The others outside the question of the men whom the School has led astray, its greatest crime is, that for three centuries it interposed between our love and the influence of the primitives and permitted the vandalism of academic aesthetes to trample upon so many flowers. The primitives were not acquainted with anatomy and did not know how to compose. Their form was empty of muscles, but it was full of life. An irresistible sentiment impressed its rhythm upon their characters, a profound statuosity which leaves our emotion free spontaneously to establish the missing connections through an automatic operation of the nerves. Later on, through reaction, it was only the primitives who were loved and in the name of the primitives men condemned, not the School, but those from whom the School sprung.



MICHAEL ANGLO. Judith and Holofernes, detail of frame.
(Sistine Chapel.)

And that is not the least of its effects. When the power of primitive feeling which is almost always obscure and unlettered among many men, is concentrated in a single one and is dissolved by contact with a supreme intelligence, the great mystery is fulfilled. We reach one of the summits of those waves of happiness which are traced in the memory of generations by the energy of living men.

Venice although she has felt through Titianetta, the influence of Michael Angelo, possessed no spark personal force that for more than half a century she still matched the master. But outside of her all Italy which had exulted in Rome had to submit to the power of Rome. Basso Bandinelli, Benvenuto, Vasari, and Giovanni da Bologna introduced to Florence Michael Angelo, him in whom she recognized too much of herself not to abandon herself to him. Her natural violence was less reconcilable with his style from whence the later Roman School derived. Bolognesi soon following My and Angelo also. As to da Vinci, who had left but a few rare works there, she had no memory of him. The influence of that strange man had spread more especially in northern Italy where it combined for a time with that of the Roman masters, through whom much of it was very quickly destroyed. The Milanese school which it served remained almost a lone man festation and practically died with the death throes of Bernardino Luini, who treated the form, inherited from his master with more abandon, and transported it into the bold and gentle atmosphere of Burghause and the Lachard painters. If Ghib兰dalo had known how to attach a sense of depth in the construction of his form, it is with that accent that he would have spoken of the form at and intimate life of

the Italians. And if da Vinci had been attracted by that life he would have told its story no more vividly than did Lautré. That painter's maintenance and expenses, with the greatest amount of force and subtlety—an aspect of the Italian soul and the most unexpected one. It is an Italy without affectation, apparently knowing no anguish; a bold country engraving in its work like a land of the North. But it is peopled with young girls who would do the work of men. No one has loved Italian adolescence with greater pride: its easy and charming gestures, the vast crowds on whose faces the same smile subsists, as if the spirit of da Vinci were at lightning up the mouths that have grown more sensuous and the eyes that have softened. In such landscapes beside brooks and springs, plump young girls come to sit, with beatific neck and shoulders their massive arms and legs nevertheless elegant pouting lips, and made as if they were composed of packed snow. It is strange to see the women take off their stockings and fill their baskets. The men took the rest, both are simple Lombard presents, but the subtle spirit of the so is a singular between, and a proud and lively debonair intervene to enoble the whole art. There is nothing gentle or tame mysterious. An undulating grace, a subtle charm, something robed out, without pretensions, floats through the work. It is like strong writing which we set and difficult to grasp, the exquisite soul of the artist seems to hover around it, his voice correctly intonating the charmingly pouting form of his people beatifying between irony and tenderness, and never quite coming to a decision. Home could not touch this land who rarely left his province and who, born the same year as Michael Angelo, died a third of a century before him.

Moreover, research work in formal architecture was more attractive to those solid Italians of the north—soldiers and bushelmen—than the dramatic dynamism that was the constant demand of the Romans.

Da Vinci, with his insistence on construction, meant more to them. The static art of Italy has adjourning



MICHAEL ANGELO. Court of the Farnese Palace, Rome.

power and the bold ceilings which Correggio painted in the abbey and in the cathedral of Parma are perhaps of more importance for their structural science, that recurs in all his other pictures, than for their inner movement. The spirit of da Vinci had impressed him all the more forcefully that he found in it an encouragement to accentuate the ambiguous character of a work through which the art program of the Jesuits was to define itself; that program foretold fifty years earlier

by the last painters of Tintoretto who so splendidly completed the perversion of Italian genius. A voluptuous painter hovering about the beautiful, moist bays within the groves drenched by blue mists where intangible boughs stretch out in their insolence. He yields to the influence of Michael Angelo only in so far as it leads him to overlap form in the insinuating curves of a Venetian atmosphere thicker and more moist than that which Titian had seen. With his masses of white foam he even turns and his sponge but yet has flesh over which he would draw a veil as though he were ashamed of his desire and repented of having saved the flesh so wet. and in the ambiguous quality in his work is perpetuated and everlasting unbecoming beauty about his figures. He is perverse in his melancholy in his desire for a charity which he cannot attain a great art gone astray and lying to himself. His luminous modeling melts into a warm and transparent shadow and it has no little frankness that its passages become subtle to the point of disappearance. With Carracci who dares to treat and who does treat at times with vigor against the invasion of affectation and insipidity the shadows however on the contrary perfectly opaque and objects start out from them in a robust relief which obtains the desired effect but under which scarcely anything remains that has quality or measured strength to posture is everywhere. With the hirsute painting of Bernardo, the soul of Michael Angelo Buonarroti descended to the work of the confessional.

Padua, the paraded city of the leaning towers, the city of megalomania and of meacments a bark, situated midway between Florence and Venice seemed to stand condemned to disgrace under its pretentious elo-

MICHAEL ANTONO Night, detail (Medici Tomb, Florence)



queness, the grace of both places. Bologna tried to arrest the flow. It was hampered by reducing painting to inferior processes in which the formulae of Titian, of Michael Angelo, of Raphael, and of Correggio were constantly continued. But a long time the learned city had refused to this rule. Bologna had tried to soften the sharp edge of the painters of Ferrara, which Cesare Tura, Ercole Roberti, and Francesco Gonzaga had forged under the double influence of the Urbinate and the Paduan masters, and which Lorenzo Costa had brought to Bologna, turning now in the direction of Venice, now in the direction of Tuscany.

The spectacle that we now witness is the contrast of the one presented by the decadence of Ferrara. In no such measure of life could be opened up here and there such contrasts between the original organism, having developed more slowly and more universally, broken up with less regularity, but in Italy there was no arresting the descent. The second step by step becomes a more factor. Its principal founder at Bologna, Annibale Carracci, was still almost a great painter at least a man of noble soul, of grave mind and of character. He adopted intelligently the inventions of others, and embellished the great melancholy pieces of the Italian painters who had now lost their independence. In his lesson but severely arranged pictures, the tragic drama often breed under his breath of before. With Diogenes-china, the drama becomes completely external, the gestures break up and disperse the overstrained composition and the memory falls into gathering though scattered over a large area of time and place there vibrates the ethereal soul of Venice. The genuine grace of Abaro is no longer and sophistication that now has difficulty in doing it, velay. The bustle of Guido Reni

and of Giotto is well nigh inflexible. What with its red meat, air and water make the organisation of the picture prescribed by design and conventional drawing the desired that reigns in the art factory of Italy. It becomes more and more mechanised and meager; that gestural vigour character marks in the sixteenth century we culminate in the dislocated and indefinable grandeurance of Bernini.

With the confusions of his station, with the battles and the tumults and shapes of the later Renaissance, with the crisis of painting that we reach with the precognition of Lucrezia and the east and posthumous life of Nepomuk, stricken Italy also merged its troubled waters with the exhausted currents of the north. It contributed at least as much as was necessary to the Jesuit propaganda to renew the tragic and passionate soul of Italy toward that heroic style in which passion turned to anguish and tragic to melancholy. We can not deny that the style was lacking in substance and in beauty. It had too much something of a Hindu exuberance puffed up the buildings and the pictures, and gave to the statue their encrusted appearance. But within there was none of the burning sap of India. Instead, there is a heavy look of vanity that inflates the forms with a desire to look well to please and to astound. Under the dominion of bigoted and corrupt political organisations, the great Italian cities, from the sixteenth century onward, pay homage to their own wealth in extravagant churches, massive and gilded, and in power ostentatious, like the churches, with profuse decorations. Excepting Venice, where the atmosphere over everything the passion for building for displaying and for dazzling gave to certain of the cities, to Genoa, to Bologna, and especially to Rome,



Emaki scene: The Gathering of the Monks

a character of obstinate power which approaches a kind of beauty. Genoa, however, is ancient and Begonia pretentious. Rome, with her ruins overgrown with vermin, her red towers whose reflection turns the fountains to blood, her enormous volumes of water. Rome haunts our memory with a monotonous beauty. Through twenty centuries she has remained what she was, the place where nature, more than anywhere



Renaissance Engraving: The Bath of Neptune. Rome, Italy.

else in the world, has consented, with unswerving indifference, to take on the form of the will. Besides, in the eighteenth century, like Venice, has a moment of semi-wakening and lifts her stone shell to permit the entrance among her ruins of beautiful and princely girls surrounded by parks rich in sentiment. We cannot be sure as to the explanation of this, but it doubtless lies in the philosophic revolt that was taking place everywhere. Piranesi constructs his great staircases and dreams his terrible prisons. It is the last, deep sigh of Michael Angelo, a fantastic gleam in the shadow, the tragic spirit of Italy stilling under the crumpling walls and hidden behind the cellar bars, the violent and

mysterious bound of her great heart which cannot be stylized. Rome is strange. Only when one comes to analyze it, the city preserves in its ensemble an artificial splendor which is garbed in living splendor by the people and the gardens.

In Italy in England and in France, as in the Orient, the garden is the only artistic expression that belongs



THE VILLA D'ESTE.

to the aristocracy. It adapts itself to the most impious needs of those beings who have been robbed of self-possession through idleness and wealth. It throws around them the solitude which they cannot seek within themselves. It is made to surround them with murmurs, with coolness and shade, the possession of which, amid the freedom of the earth, is the recompense of the poor. Even when it is amassed, shaped, and broken in, nature is never ugly. The trees remain the trees, the water remains the water, the flowers remain the flowers, and whatever art安排 arranges them space and light retain the power of softening the contrasts, of organizing the values, and of orchestrating the colors.

The villas of the Roman princes have a tragic beauty. The terraces rise by stages toward the rectangular palaces—the number vegetation which covers them fills the air with bitter perfumes and outlines the low shadows in the basins of water almost black. The



Compasso. Detail of the Vault of the
Convent of St. Paul, fresco.

waters there are almost motionless under the eaves that shoot upward and the marble steps descended from circular balustrades that are green with moss. The silence of the lawns under the umbrella-shaped pines gives a funeral note to the prearranged order of the gardens. One thinks of death, of absolute forgetfulness.

And so the gardens of the rulers surrounding Rome can provide the city with a mortuary crown of boxwood

and laurel. Her decline begins on the day when the duels between the great monarchies are staged. And the moral force which the Papacy lent to her, being no longer the expression of the crowd, survives only as an appearance. In reality, Rome's collapse began when Italy, crying out in her pain, gave birth to what was called the modern spirit, which extends even to the new intuitions which press upon us to-day. For da Vinci, the unknown never ceases to retreat before us, and we shall know nothing of the reality of things. For Michael Angelo, we shall continue to suffer until we have seized a moment of harmony, and when that moment has passed our pain will return. Raphael offers us the example of one of those fugitive and immortal victories. Italy, through these three minds, has freed humanity from dogma, has authorized all the audacities of investigation and thought, has reconciled in a possible unity all the currents of idealism, and has freed from its bonds the form which expresses it.



MICHAEL ANGELO.



A CANAL IN VENICE

Chapter III. VENICE

I



THE foreign wars of the city are almost constant, but at a distance, there are no civil wars, a sheltered position affording protection against invasion by sea or land makes possible a continuous development, ten centuries of independence are acquired by fortunate struggle and by easy and living effort this, even more than the water and the sky, is what gives Venice her original character in the midst of an Italy who becomes herself only in moments of crisis, torn by revolutions and mutilated by conquests. Venice seems to be unaware of the fever and the anguish of her search, she gropes but little in order to find her path, travels along it steadily with the wind or against it, slackens her pace to gather up the magnificent fruits

that are offered her, enjoys their pulp, becomes intoxicated, and falls asleep to the sound of lasses among the falling garlands, the dying flowers, and the lights which the sunlight pales in the depths of the old ruined palaces. It is Greece reborn made once more, grown heavier, worn with golden grapes, and seen against a background of sweeping forests and stormy twilights. One would say that Venice prolonged the effort of antiquity only that she might affirm despite her retreats her necessary reactions, and the apparent contradictions of the world which surrounded her, the continuity of human effort, and to transmit to the modern mind, with the fruits which she holds out to it in ripe, that they open by themselves yes, the seed of constantly recurring harvests.

She herself had found this seed, amid the rotten pulp which was fermenting at the foot of the tree of Byzantium. For five centuries her saints banished Heremited Asia, in order that the mounting life of young Italy might annihilate the ancient spirit of voluptuousness, of magnificence and of death. The roots of Venice go deep into the red shadow of Saint Mark's, under the cupolas of burnt gold where the incense has an odor like that of rolling grain and blood.

This city of merchants mingled, in its lively activity, Italian passion with the corruption of the later empire, the tainted Christianity of the Orient with the barbare Christianity of the Crescent, the spirituality of Islam with the paganism of Greece, and from all this it made, with the sustained sweep of its undefatigable energy, something as personal as its own life hanging between air and water, something as victorious as the warfare which it carried on upon every sea to affirm and maintain its dominion. And so it arrived at its profound,



PALAZZO FOSCARI (16th Century) — The facade, detail.

impersonal, and unchallengeable harmony accumulating without rhyme or reason, subject to the chance of defeat and caprice, all the scattered elements whose cohesion and agreement are, as a rule, necessary for the attainment of harmony. Before it had ripened in the soul of Tuan the harmony of Venus in pouring itself like a natural force had arisen spontaneously in the current of an overwhelming force which unconsciously made use of the vapor of the water and the light to mingle sea and sky thereby attenuating contrasts and sweeping unrelated colors into a single movement.

Only parvenus who succeed in everything who have the fire of audacity and the habit of victory could put up in this leather century and eleven one upon another decorate the gates of a church with nude women, set up a Roman quadriga above the golden cupolas which they brought back from Byzantium, perch diminutive lions upon columns too tall for them, and build palaces where base is on top. Bad taste displayed with such innocence ends by creating a kind of elementary and fatal beauty like a forest in which the roughest and most delicate forms are mingled like a crowd in which the brutality of primitive instincts is blended with the refinement of the spirit and the purest impulses of the heart. Venus tempered her strength and her grace in a kind of taste of intoxicated and unpolished mirth like a world in which, from the womb of tropical nature, there should arise mosques and mosques, Hindu temples, porticoses, and cathedrals.

In this atmosphere of an Oriental tale, amid the sound of festoons of the flapping of the flags, of the review of the ships with the purple sails, and of the tremendous hum of the docks where three thousand



POMEROLLO. Drawing from the Valardi Album. (*Lotto*.)

ships poured the whole of the Orient into the motley crowd; there was born spontaneously an order full of the energy of Venice at the moment when this bold and avaricious burgh abounding the wealth of distant far is, sent it back to its sources across the sea, and spread it over the Crescent. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Europe was torn by the anarchy of Feudalism, by the effort of the communies to retain their ale and by the first attempts at too much unity. Venice alone, at the peak of its development, enjoyed absolute peace & quiet itself; its people were happy under the iron rule of its commonwealth, in which save in political trials they enjoyed them complete liberty and gorged them with the wealth that its fortunate policy of protectionism was accumulating within the city at the risk of stifling it. Venice witnessed the fusion of the ideas which its traders and sailors brought to it and the tumult & the noise of their ships. The Moslem world and the Christian world, the two hostile forces which for three centuries had been contending for the mastery of the Mediterranean, found in Venice the only territory where they could meet without fighting, a strange, forcible and spontaneous harmony in which Moslem form and Gothic form harmonized without effort. As in all other places, the rise of architecture preceded the rise of plastic and of literature. Everywhere else, it was coincident with the great moment of the collective energy of the people who first enshrouded the dreams which, later on, will be supplied by the energy of isolated individuals.

But, as everywhere in Italy, the temple does not respond to the desire of the city. Here it is the power of the merchants which interpret that desire. Wealth did not destroy the expression of popular enthusiasm,



PIRANDELLO. *Mosaico*. (Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.)

because wealth could not be maintained and increased except by unceasingly opposing to the brutality of the peoples a physical and moral force—because all the lower organisms of the isolated, unique city were perpetuated in its achievements—because wealth was coincident with the awakening and the burst of Italian passion. Since the death of the world of antiquity and after the time of the cathedra, our most powerful symphony of stone is there. It unrolls all along the Tiber and anal of the edge of the mighty river where, in the evening, the lanterns pour into the waters of the bay; I their narrow pools of blood. It is in the facades of red and gold and verdigris, whose bays are covered with salt and above which over the top by flight of steps tiers of colonnettes spring out of the open work of the balustrade, to join at the peak of the ogival windows, with the tracery and the embellishments of the bowers above. In these moments of tumultuous vita, by the unity which is inherent in man, dictates in gesture and impels his thoughts, between the mingling of water and sky amid this feverish world in which languages, religions, manners, dress, and blood merge everything is permitted. Instead of suspending the laces of the colonnades to spare old Francesco Buon will compel it to come forth from the pavement and will, without crowning it, understand how to place upon it an enormous cube of pink stone open only in a few places and bristling with thorns. The architectural paroxysm is swept away in the triumphal movement of life and conquest. The fantastic palaces emerge from the shadowy water like an Oriental night in which story tellers on the terraces, evoke the confused piles of milky bulbs and shafts of smoke that sleep in the moonlight. The long serpines which slouch upward reward one of

inhabitants. Here, without impediment, one can load the craggy of Gothic palaces with gold. The domes, which are to come from Rome gaze without astonishment upon the cupolas from the Bosphorus. And the three rows of ancient columns, superbly poised and framing the arched windows, above which are nude statues, substitute without offending the eye, from one facade to another with slender rows of Arab or French colonnettes. As she will do with the painters, Venice drags into the vertigo of her glory and her sensuality all the architects who come to her from the Continent from Verona, from Vicenza, from Ferrara, from Florence herself so different from Venice that the influences of the two cities, seen in their ensemble and from a distance appear antagonistic. Fra Giacomo, the Lombardic Bramante, Peruzzi, and Andrea Palladio are transformed in Venice or even however themselves there and the architecture of the Italian Renaissance finds in the city a favorable ground for the development of the severe force which sometimes redeems its lack of logic and its decorative fantasies. The procession of palaces swings about with the waters, the narrow canals open and close themselves amid the inclined houses which bathe their reflections in the dark pools. Chinese bridges cut the green like that of an sea a bark agitated perspectives of dappled and rippling water of which one gets a temporary glimpse and loses sight the moment after. The harmony is maintained every where it has developed from a single ideal of unrestrained abundance, from a single effort to dominate Oriental sands and seas, from a single history of victories, and from a single resplendent line of radiations and reflections that proceeds from the waves to the clouds after having so penetrated the stones that they

have its own color of seaweed steeped in azure and in fire.

II

It is thanks to the unity of the Venetian symphony in which the stone, the atmosphere, and the water, the life of the people and of the priests, and commerce and history so spontaneously unite their multiple relationships in so narrow a space and in surroundings so dense that great painting appeared in Venice almost mature from the very first, without offering the spectacle of the feverish struggle between imitation and presentiment in which Florence had consumed her genius. Within fifty years it forged one of the most trustworthy weapons to meet the demands of the world in quest of new rhythms. It granted to material nature and our need for pleasure the dignity of immortal elements. Her sensual exultation burst forth with such force that it came quickly to its realization, and died as quickly from its own excesses. Venetian painting had scarcely any primitives.

Or rather, it was outside of Venice that her painters went to seek initiation. If we except the ill-determined but certain contributions of Jacopo d'Avigno and of Altichieri, the old Venetian decorators who were contemporary with the last Gothic artists of Florence, it was Sicily above all, the school of mysticism, who through Gentile da Fabriano kindled the fire on the hearth of Venice, which was nevertheless destined to devour the last vestige of mysticism in Italy. Gentile, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, had worked in Venice as well as in Rome, with Pisanello, the Veronese. The latter derived from Florence where Andrea del Castagno had taught him painting. He



PISANELLO. Portrait of Lionello d'Este. (Accademia Carrara,
Bergamo.)

retained the sharp affirmation of the Tuscans, their spirit of decision, and the accent which is necessary to cut into the metal with a firm line of the modellat. Not since the days of the Syracuseans had there been seen this firmness of casting, this savagery and delicate modeling, this penetrating and vigorous elegance of expression. The innumerable sketches with which he filled his sketch books when the ships at the Piazzetta discharged the exotic animals, the no-tamed birds, the butterflies and the unknown insects, rendered his hand supple for engraving. Almost Japanese in his grasp of the peculiarities of the animals almost German in his sustained power of detail and in the somewhat linear quality of his material, like Mantegna, like da Vinci, who like so many other painters of northern Italy toward which Germany through her merchants and her soldiers, had been descending continuously for ten centuries, he saw Venice with delight, even before the Venetians did. Both artists came from the western slope with minds almost mature. Both of them adored the pheasants, the tracing robes, the gold chains, the hats, the turbans, the furred cloaks, the magnificent costumes of peoples, and the wild movements of the crowds in action. In return it was through them that Italy with Linzburghian and with French, accepted the picturesque elements of the salors and of the Orient and carried the first elements of Renaissance into the Shakespearean cycle.

Jacopo Bellini, the true initiator of Venetian painting had moreover come to know through others beside Pisanello the vigor of the old Tuscans. After Cimabue, before Paolo Uccello and Hippo Lippi, Donatello had spent a long period at Padua, at the gates of Venice, where he had impressed all the local artists. Padua,

celebrated from the beginning of the thirteenth century, was another Florence, almost as rich in activity and in influence, but of a less literary character, more realistic, more scientific, to use the word which would later have been applied. Almost all the young painters of northern Italy—notably those strange Ferrarese, Cosimo Tura,



SCHOOL OF FERRARA. Frame of the Schifanoia Palace. detail.
(Ferrara.)

Ercole Roberti, Francesco Cossa especially, and Mantegna rougher and wilder, as poor and ragged as a wolf—went through, in the middle of the fifteenth century, the atelier of Squarcione of Padua, a great collector of ancient sculptures, who had traveled in Italy and, what was rarer at that time, in Greece. Padua, far more than Florence, submitted to the true influence of antiquity, toward which she was more directly led by the neighboring city of Venice, with its constant rela-

ionship with the Greek world and its merely nominal Christianity.

If the genius of Mantegna was able to meet the dangerous difference of a culture too strong to be accepted as his home, it was because the time burned with an incomparable flame. It was also because he found in the needs of his race the generalizing spirit evolved in the ancient times. He was perhaps the only man in Italy to draw direct and permanent inspiration from the marbles brought from Latium or discovered in the ground. Passionately he studied the collections of a museum, he did exerting himself and wished to go to Rome to see what remained of the crowds of walls and the buried treasures. And it was through him that the men of antiquity participated most substantially in building up the skeleton of a world which the obituary of a week ago the source of an old ideal. But happily his expressive vigor overcame his erudition. The eye does not stop with the folds of the togas, the chasubles, the armatures of the colossuses, the regalia, the palma, the candelabrum, the laurels, the crowns of conular palms and the external attributes of the triumphal processions which his learnings enabled him to reconstruct for Italy and the loss of which she had regretted. Though he was haunted by his care for historical accuracy and for local particularism, though he was pursued by the memory of the Roman bas-reliefs he allowed out in the sculptures, the tense force of his lyrics unites them all things and carries them away. An invincible and power casts the sculptural groups in a metallic mold from which the hard sound of the new universe escapes in spite of him. It is in vain that he restrains, presses down, and disciplines the life that rues within him; it makes the armor crack, it



SCHOOL OF FERRARA. Fresco of the Schifanoia Palace, detail.
(Ferrara.)

swells the breasts, the arms, and the legs of the women, it bursts forth into the light and into the deep blue sky also sown with white clouds. It vibrates in the arrows which the pitiless bowmen shoot at Saint Sebastian. A strange artist, who tried to unmask at every



GENTILE BELLINI. *The Miracle of the Holy Cross.*
(Accademia, Venice.)

dried up spring and who, finding only dead stones there, still knew how to animate them with that kind of intellectual frenzy in which a world eager for knowledge could console itself for its loss of feeling. This Latin sap, this noble Greek idealism which all his life he thought he owed to the works he studied so long and so closely, was already tormenting his race in the military statues and the meditative children of Donatello. He loved, without having been taught, the nude youth, the women who dance in a round with an animal



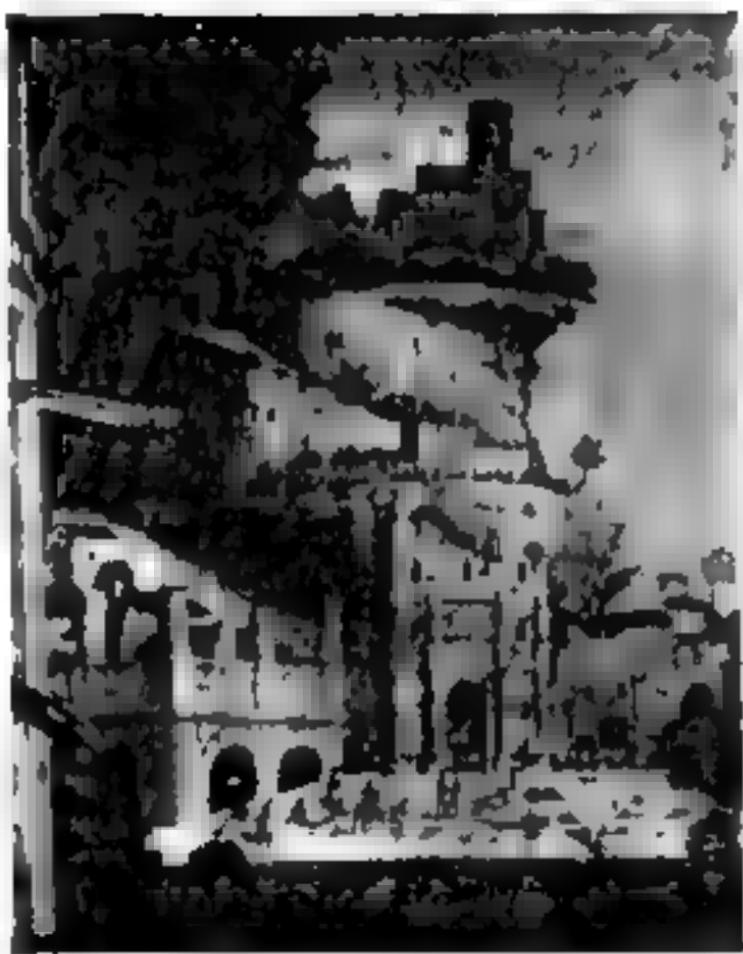
MONTREUX. Calvary, detail. (*Louvre.*)

grace, the thick garlands of verdure stifling the fruits, the great precious landscapes that seem to be engraved with the edge of a diamond, the lofty architectures, the old Italian cities chiseled on the hills from which thin trees arise, the roads, and the carefully tilled farms seen through the transparency of the morning. That reserve so difficult of approach, that vigorous elegance, that great virile drawing of a man accustomed to attacking the copper plate, that geometrical order in the scattered groups, those gestures whose sureness made them solemn and hieratic, almost funereal, like a farewell to days—all that belongs to him. In it Piero della Francesca alone might have pointed out the indelible



THE MADONNA AND CHILD.
Louvre?

trace of his own thought, and Italy's impetuous spring toward her tragic possession of the definitive form beyond which Michael Angelo was to find a gaping abyss of nothingness. Andrea Mantegna is so sure of approaching absolute realities by means of his hard



Martirio de San Sebastián. Detalle. (Leyme.)

roads that, to give rhythm to his stride, he plays upon a harp of iron.

A mind of such vigor necessarily exerts upon the leading men who are beginning to be tortured by the soul of Venice an influence all the more lively that his mind differs from theirs. Mantegna was the bone structure which the gorgeous city covered with flesh and skin upon, over which she spread the splendor of her jewelry and the glory of her sky. The painting of Mantegna, who was also imbued by Giorgione and painting now thereof as dead trees, possesses really nothing which could lead one to suspect the approach of that revolution of his life master in which Giorgione, thirty years later, will see the birth of a new world. But Jacopo Bellini, who loved Mantegna enough to give him his daughter, has already seen the Venetian purple trembling in the dark boudoir where the smoke of the candles cuts like a tape of blood. The leading influence of his master Gentile da Fabriano and of his son-in-law Mantegna was affirm itself in his two sons through attacking in the following generation, a harmony at the moment of maturity.

Giovanni Bellini started out from Mantegna to cover the distance that leads to Giorgione. He lived ninety years and, in the course of even his life witnessed the great dramatic movement which was to permit the painters of Venice to reject Platonic rationalism and to recover at the end of their longing the Dionysian spirit of the ancient world, chilled by a thousand years of repressed desires, weighed down by the deep voluptuousness and by the optimism resulting from sensualism which it had voluntarily accepted. The dryness and the severity of the master of Mantua were to be absorbed little by little into his maturing sensibility as

the century advanced. He was the permanent witness and the principal actor in the decisive effort in which Venice discovered herself. While the Florentines were searching frantically for expressive line and for anatomical modeling, he had already discovered the secret of

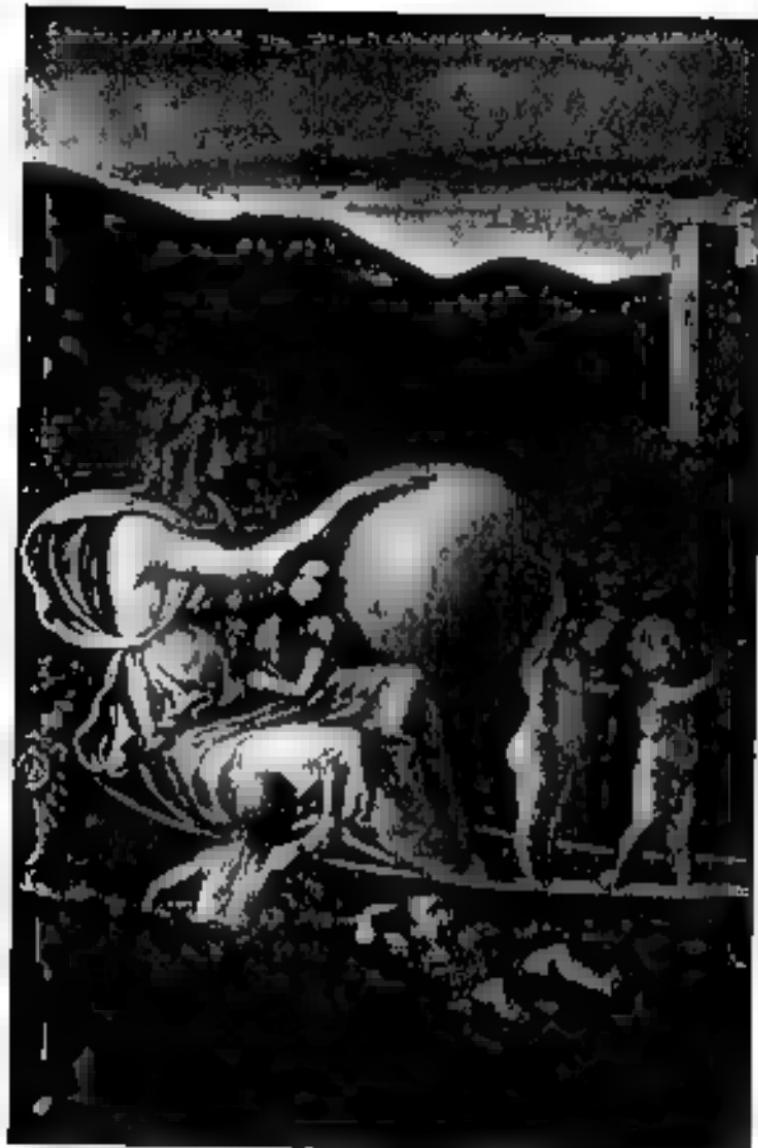


MANTEGNA. *The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian*, detail.
(Louvre.)

living modeling, and of the great simplified surfaces which give to bodies their fullness, their posture, and their weight. To be sure, they did not yet quiver under those waves of blood which cause their flesh to beat when they stretch out in the shade of the trees before Giorgione or Titian. Certain traces of primitive asceticism reveal their skeleton, dry up their skin, and tighten their faces from which suffering has not quite departed. But all of them, especially the Madonna and Child, are arrayed in those reds and those blues envel-

oped in gold which will be remembered by the painters to come; a tranquility of soul causes them to forget the outraged mothers, the time of misery and massacres, and the dignity which obtains when we freely accept the functions of nature and attend to their performance without compunction. Toward the end of his life, the true light and the sky of Venice and sometimes the great forests which Titian will love enter into his pictures, and the somewhat cut up landscapes of his earlier period begin to have mellower lines, to grow gentler and to breathe deeper. He gets a glimpse of the sea. He perceives the vibration of the world. He has almost completely shifted the scene of the drama and given over to space the forms which until then had been a usurper of the bodily sentiment. He is the first to define the thing which was the very foundation of the nature of Venice—its universal sensualism.

It rested moreover with the two sons of Jacopo to supply the great Venetians with the elements of the poem. Giamboni sought the expansion of the form in the currents that orgnate at its center and that carry it outward. Gentile himself brought to Venice the whole exterior of the earth, the sky, the foreigners, the flavor of which he had caught a glimpse and had felt deeper during a triumphal journey to Constantinople. While the Vikings of Murano, hard and virile painters of the military age, were already watching the silkens banners floating over the magnificent processions, Gentile was observing Venice from nearer by its painted facades, its pink and green houses, its heavy canals, the carpets hung from the balconies, San Marco resplendent with gold and the silent processions where the pure blacks were luminous alongside of the brilliant reds. There was scarcely any atmosphere as yet, but



GIOVANNI BELLINI. *Venice, the Mistress of the World.*
(Accademia, Venice.)

casted an almost uniform ashy bloddness. Lazzaro Melchiori will not introduce his traits and golden harmonies until a little later. It is as if a crowd were already neatly bedecked, but motionless and symmetrical, and as if waiting for some one to give it life. It was impetuous that the most puissant imagination in the history of painting—perhaps with that of Ginevra—summarizes the work which ranges step by step from Gentile da Fabriano to Gentile Bellini in order to give its scope to that romantic Orientalism in which Shakespeare will gather up the inexhaustible impetuous, and moving materials that blow with the torrent of his drama. When Vittore Carpaccio had traversed the world, there was in the cradle of Venetian thought something else besides flesh, space and color, death, love, voluptuousness and the extraordinary vivacity of a dream has suddenly risen up with the legend and with life. A fairy vision floated in the flags—the sound of pearls and of gold, of hope and of victory. Painting was free to transmute all the victories over death and misery into their absolute harmonies.

When one confronts the work of Carpaccio with that of the two Bellini one seems to see a rough drawing of the powerful trinity through whom the glory of Venice has stretched across time. Giovanni, Gentile, and Carpaccio are Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto—a Titian less fully developed, less in harmony with all the elements of life which he encompasses sympathetically—a more timid Veronese who distributes with far less luxuriance all the fabulous treasures of the seas—surrounded by four or five creatures of commerce and victory—a Tintoretto less stormy, less tragic but one who is quite as impassioned and as free in his rapture, as abundant and fresh that, beside him, the soul of the great dramatist

of painting seems troubled and as dangerous as a poisoned river.

Like the good primitive that he still was, Carpaccio told all that he knew in each one of his canvases. It is true that he knew much. One may love him for his



GIOVANNI BELLINI. *Jesus Receives the Chalice.*
(National Gallery.)

anecdotes, for he is a wonderful story-teller. But the anecdote, always transfigured and magnified, always a motive for painted decorations and transpositions, is lost in the poetic sentiment which lifts up and frees everything. The sea is covered with boats and with ships. The city is as exact and new as that which Bellini paints, but more somber harmonies announce its maturity. Through their high arcades, the palaces permit us to see masts with pennants flying from them, the multicolored pavements of the great docks where merchants and promenaders come and go before the vessels at anchor. We see also leprous houses, dirty

clothes hung from one facade to the other across the plague-ridden canals, and the incredible swarm of beggars, boatmen, jugglers, and ruffians. There are people everywhere in the streets, on the staircases, on the bridges, and on the terraces. Lords and ladies file by, people are chatting, people are parading, people bend



GIOVANNI BELLINI. Portraits. (Berlin Museum.)

the knee before princes who receive in the open air
Palm trees grow in solitary squares, an unexpected
camel is seen outlined at the corner of a dock, and the
monk of Saint Jerome actually treads the pavement of
the Piazzetta dragged along by a black lion-tamer
around whom the street boys dance gayly Carpaccio
mingles with the crowd, he jests, he gossips, he is out
of doors all day long. The violins and the brass instru-
ments of the showmen creak and snore, the show-
man's nasal patter excites jest and laughter. The good,

painter is in the very first rank. Everything amuses him, but if one keeps one's eye upon him one sees why his face becomes serious at times. In some corner he has seen a strange isolated figure which holds his attention—a sick man, an old woman, a sorcerer, a monkey dressed up, or a buffoon, and at once the problem of destiny is before him, with the ugliness or the evil, or the sneering of the devil at the turn of the flowery road. . . . He becomes pensive and turns aside; the sound of the music dies away. The women whose faces are too heavily painted, with heavy mops of dyed hair, signal to him from a balcony. He goes up. And here he is in the company of filthy little dogs, obscene monkeys, and cooing doves, and is confused by the thick perfumes and the shining eyes. He yields, he is sick at heart, he is sad, he wanders aimlessly from the streets he peers to the recesses of solitary rooms. And here he finds peace. When he sees the girls sleeping in their little bed, he visits them with the fairies and goes away on tiptoe after having placed a pretty bouquet on the table. He has already resumed his



CARVELLI. Coronation of the Virgin.
(Brera, Milan.)

place in the processions and the fest vals, amid the bugle-drawn in red and gold. He knows that the blasts of the trumpet will bring forth people from the houses, and spectators to leave from the windows, and he knows that the spectacle is as for him. Then he is with the ships. To all the far corners of the earth he follows the good Christian knights who go forth to fight the dragon. History legend still heavy with troubled Gothic poetry has a kindly office between the dreams which are sometimes of blood; all these things clash together in thoughts, pictures, armed details of gentle life carries along with it a lyrical and dramatic sentiment into a stream of color from which the soul of Venice takes forth with such singular grace that neither France nor England nor Germany will be any the less sensible of it when they come to express it with their greater means. A charm of spirit, very Italian, very Oriental, a tribe perhaps, a tribe road, who feels running through him a breath of freedom that brings with it a hundred thousand scattered images the marvellous echo of the great voyages which are beginning the presentiment of the islands of perfume, the forests filled with golden boughs, the unknown tribes and the new coastal cities. The blues, almost black, of the dead water, the forest of red banners, the reds and the greens which are worked by a glaze of gold, the fanfare of the ships, the seas, the bottoms, the great lace robes, the blues, the greens, the blacks with their deep and sustained accompaniment of the reds burst forth in all monotonous tones which seem to echo in the trumpets of the heralds.

III

The last of the Bellini was finishing his long labor of technical preparation and of the maturing of the

senses, and Carpaccio was collecting, in a burst of intense rapture, all the decorative and picturesque elements upon which the great painters will draw for almost a century at the moment when Venetian power was shaken by the fall of Constantinople, which caused the Orient to her, and by the maritime discoveries which gave to the world a new center of commerce. The city then reclosed upon herself to reach her depths through the soul of her artists. Venice was like a being overflowing with strength and health whose need to organize life against the incessant assaults of difficult surroundings and of semi-barbarous peoples had left no time to indulge in pleasure. Once the city had tasted of pleasure, she yielded herself without restraint; she gave herself over to the desire and the energy of which her senses had accumulated on such a store. She died of it, like those animals so bursting with life that they die in the act of reproduction. Her death transmitted to the future, in inner wealth, the outward opulence which she had amassed for six centuries.

Carpaccio, Palma, Lorenzo Lotto, Bonifazio Bembo, Pordenone, Sebastiano del Piombo, and Tintoretto all pupils or disciples of Giovanni arrived together to pluck the fruits which were bending down the branches, and at the same time to celebrate in a frenzy of painting never attained before, the rebirth taken of material nature, to which man is invariably forced to return when he has been wandering for too long a time in the beautiful desert of the pure idea, to celebrate also the death struggle and apothecies of that sensuality of which the ancient world had bequeathed the legend from that time on, like products of the earth, overflowing pelmets, from baskets filled to overflowing, and spreading over the roads to the rhythm of the step of

those who carry them, the pictures and frescoes are scattered in the palaces, on the walls, in the churches quite as much and even more than in other places—telling the story of the festivals, fêtes, dances, concerts

in great miraculous settings, the depths of the skies, the forests, the springs, the nude flesh quivering with warmth as it awaits the passage of love.

The unity of sentiment, of action, of surroundings, and of life was such that one among the painters of this time may define almost all of them. Titian contains the whole of Venice, from the Bellinis to Veronese and even to Tiepolo. But Titian is more than sketched in Giorgione, born the



CARPACCIO. Courtship on a Balcony
(Museo Civico, Venice)

same year with him and dying two thirds of a century before him, and if the proud and gentle and discreet Lorenzo Lotto, who, before Veronese, saw the fine ash of Venice raining upon his color, has gathered up only certain surface reflections from the greatest painters, Palma and Sebastiano del Piombo, Bassano and Bonifazio himself, and even the severe

Pordenone who was officially his rival, all resemble Titian. They all have, in a less ample and less personal way, the larger part of his profound quality. Moreover, they had no hesitation about borrowing ideas and images. They lived by continuous exchanging, like the



CARRACCI. Death of St. Jerome, detail. (San Giorgio degli Schiavoni, Venice)

population and the atmosphere of their city. It is in times of national exuberance that the artists resort to economies. When life has this exuberance, it takes no note of its borrowing. The creeping vines of tropical forests do not prevent the trees about whose branches they entangle themselves from growing tall and wide. Among all the contemporaries of Titian, we find the same abundance, the same compelling and peaceful power of transposing the elements of the universe into

a new order generating and lyrical and of bathing life and the space in which it moves in the golden amber of the background from which there arises a red vapor.

The "Concert Chambrette" marks the decisive moment of the great painting—it is the point of departure for Titian. The symphony is born and we lie up suddenly, its waves seek and penetrate one another, all the heat of desire is concentrated in a single heart, a warm heart, regular and calm, which sends forth afar with the active value power of him who is master of himself. A world which is to die for the first time and with all its means affirms the immortality of desire of beauty and of the imagination by associating them with unchanging nature which offers itself up for their justification. The powers of fecundation retire into themselves and wait in the depths for the moment of full maturity. With Giorgione, the autumn of Venice begins, always splendor, the consciousness of the seasons when the fruits seem to concentrate the flame and heat of the sun, when their translucent purple barely arrests the light, when the evening is copper-colored, when the women glowing under their fine careers and heavy in their first maternity, adorn their flesh with great necklaces of amber. Their skin is golden and alighted amber as if the blood that bathes it has received through it a luce from each one of the burning oaks which have dethroned more the works learned the meaning of pleasure. And yet, in the heart of the deep landscape where they are, the blue landscape uptake in the distance, their bodies take on a royal splendor like a living sun which spreads over the russet cottages and over the noble groups of trees a glow so warm and so red that it seems to forbid the winter from returning and the night from falling again. We stately know Giorgione, we cannot



Catharico. Death of St. Jerome. (See Chapter Eighth, Behavior, France.)

affirm the authenticity of more than three or four of his works, but we cannot imagine them otherwise than bathed in the atmosphere of a late summer afternoon, when the maturing light is attenuated in the stifling shadow, when one would imagine that the wind rose only to make us perceive perfumes which were then had been in material form. Perhaps it was well that he died young thus giving time to the more severe and patient genius of Titian to gain possession of itself. The painting is as interesting as an overbearing wine.

It has been said of the painting of Titian's above all of that of Veronese and of all the painters of Venice with the exception perhaps of Tintoretto, that it is altogether objective, that it never reveals the opinion of the artist respecting the meaning and the morality of the world. It is a question of words. There is no one among those for whom form is but a means of transmitting pure ideas, whether he is called Cimabue, or da Vinci or Michael Angelo, who is not gifted in the highest degree with the sense of living reality and who does not incorporate it with his own substance after having experienced it personally. There is no one among those for whom form is an end, whether he is called Titian, Rubens, or even Velasquez, who does not dissociate his object from the moment that he is finished seen being the elements of his work in order to disengage them all into an imaginary reality which will define his mind. All the language that we speak, painting as well as the others, atomise our thought, and whether it accepts or does not accept the world, the world which it expresses will be a living world of our thought as living our thought will live if the world which expresses it has been perpetuated by that thought. Michael Angelo and Titian, though, without doubt,

they started from different horizons, meet halfway along their journey.

Titian, in this group of great Venetians at the beginning of the heroic period, is, moreover through his great compositions, his nudes, his landscapes, and his



Carpaccio — Saint Trophime, detail — (See Giorgio degli Schiavoni, Venice)

portraits, the one among them all who most frequently returns to Nature in order to concentrate her in the narrow space of a canvas, after having co-ordinated in his will and his desire all the elements of form, color, light, and sentiment, through which she imposes love. Palma Vecchio, who is so magnificent with his big, blond-haired women, abandons himself to the intoxication of painting the colors of flesh and of stuffs, he has not that rhythm, as vast as sensibility and as tense as reason, by means of which Titian presents his thought

to us. Sebastiano del Piombo, who lived for more than thirty years at Rome, is captivated there by the masters of its school. Superb painter he is, with a somber splendor that glows about his dark women with their peaceful eyes, with their large, full bodies, almost animal in character, wherein something of the immense



CIMA DA CONEGLIANO. The Madonna and Child, detail.
(National Gallery.)

circulation of life that Venice will discover in nature penetrates the thick muscles, the breasts, the backs, the arms, and the legs, as if the sense of volume which Rome gave were too muted to maintain this life and had allowed it to overflow on the nudes. But he is dominated by Raphael to whom, in return he reveals as much of Venice as Raphael needed in order to make his work a synthesis of Italy, and he is dominated even more by Michael Angelo, whom he will imitate too frequently. Giorgione is dead. Lorenzo Lotto effaces

himself in his discreet melancholy, Pordenone, Bassano, and Bonifacio remain artists of the second rank. Titian is to fill an entire century, summarize the whole extent and duration of Venice, reveal Tintoretto and Veronese to themselves, dominate Europe through the works which he sends forth behind the armies of Charles the Fifth, define forever the language of painting, project upon the future the schools of Rubens, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Poussin, Watteau, Delacroix, and the modern landscapists, and justify, by his last works, the audacities of the artists of our time.

IV

Titian has painted universal life. When he listens to its voices, one would say that he was indifferent. They all enter into him with equal rights, the bodies of children, the flesh of women, virile faces, gorgeous or sober costumes, architectures, the earth with its trees and its flowers, the sea, the sky and all the wandering atoms which make it impossible for the sea and the sky to cease combining their forces. Creative enthusiasm raises him to such a height that his serenity does not desert him even when this entire world agitated and re-created in a new order, issues from him in waves continually increasing in length and breadth. He organizes his world into symphonies in which everything that is human rebounds in uninterrupted echoes through everything that lives with an instinctive and obscure life, where everything that is material penetrates the human forms and fuses with them for eternity.

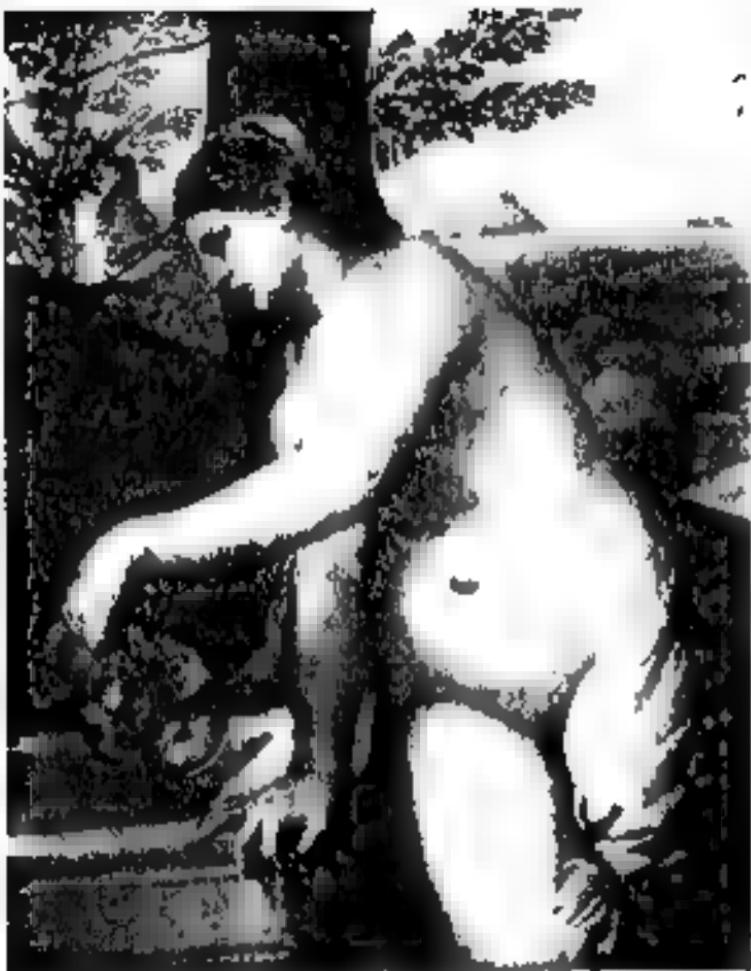
In Venice one no longer finds detached edges in the diamond of the atmosphere, there are no more of those impervious lines cutting out the hills and the graded terraces against the sky. There is nothing but the

space in which objects tremble, combine, and become dissociated, a world of reflections, modified, inverted, suppressed, or renewed repeatedly by the hours of the day and by the seasons, it is an animated opal in which the iridescence of the light, seen through watery vapor, forbids the defining of colors and lights and causes the



Giandomenico (?). The Flagellation. (Church of San Rocco,
Venice.)

very forms to appear like transitory objects which are continually coming forth from matter in movement only to return into it and be merged with it before issuing forth again. On the palaces, red-brown or purple, or covered with a crust of musty gold, all the colors of the prism are awakened and effaced, come to light again, and prolong themselves as if drawn out in thick strokes, to render obscure the quivering contours



Giotto. "The "Concert Champêtre," detail. (Louvre.)

of stones in the dull water in which the fermentation of organic matter caused phosphorescences to roll. The mirror of the sea casts its reflections into the vapors that arise from it under the downpour of light, and when these vapors pass in clouds over the glistening canals, the sky throws back thick shadows upon them and reflects the airy phantom of the waters in which the choppiness of the waves mingles the turquoise and the terracotta, the greens, the golden yellows, the reds, and the oranges of the facades decorated with flags and of the processions of gondolas.

All the painting of Mantegna is here, and after it all the painting of Venice, and after the painting of Venice all the painting that has life, which sees colors penetrating one another, reflections passing upon surfaces, transparent shadows taking in color, painting in which no tone is ever repeated in the same manner, but changes by constantly removing one of itself, thereby awakening in the eye the vibration of neighbouring hues, the luminous life of the world, creating a spontaneous symphony not one beat of which can be born of matter without our being able to discover the cause of it and to seek its effect in the whole of its extent. Doubtless, the discipline gained from the work of Mantegna, later on the influence of Raphae, and above all the sensuality which led them necessarily to discover form, the form full and circular which we invariably discover at the conclusion of an investigation into plastics, caused the Venetian painters to see everything gravitating around the volumes which alone are capable of giving us a durable and vivid image of the world of our senses. But the Venetians never attained sculptural expression, and Sansovino, their sculptor, who came, however, from Florence, even developed among them a concep-



GIGANTES (?) The Judgment of Solomon. (Uffizi.)

tion of form which, in its shading, vagueness, and grandeur approached that of their painting. Titian always stops at the instant when, at the edges of the mass that turns before him to vanish in the distant plains, he observes the quivering carelessness of the atmosphere which, by the gradation of its values, unifies the mass.



SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO. *The Death of Adonis.* (Uffizi,

with the volumes of the forests, the clouds, the mountains perceived in the distance. Line has disappeared. The spots of color graded down evoke form sufficiently for it to participate in the life of all space. So the continuity which gives life to the work is no longer found in that inner instinct for social solidarity which for the artists of the Middle Ages, held things together by invisible bonds, neither is it found in the intellectual arabesque which defined this unity for the mind rather than for the senses; it is in the mutual dependence of all the elements of the world, the forms, the lines, the



TITIAN. *The Three Graces*, detail. (Galleria Borghese, Rome.)

colors, and the air that unites them, and if among the Venetians, the moral sentiment seems to efface itself from life it is to allow the rise in an tremendous explosion, of the sensual sentiment of the whole body of nature which Christianity had forgotten. Titian not only prevented the original sin of breaking through the symbolic frontier in art which Michael Angelo had achieved it once more but by bringing about a more perfectly in the infinite complexity of all the relationships whose logical interweaving makes a harmonious and living universe he finished the work of Manzoni, completed that of Heile, consecrated that of Giorgione and before Heile as before Shakespeare before Hudson, before Vermeer and Rembrandt and long before the German romanticists, he anticipated the modern spirit. He created the emblem. He is the father of painting.

The austere nature inherited from his noble ancestry had been tempered by the elementary force of the country where he was born at the foot of the Tyrenean Alps among the lakes and the beech forests where over the rampart of the pink Dolomite peaks Cima da Conegliano had built before his eyes the same mountain castles, the same transparent sky and the blue waters in which sleep the silhouettes of the fortressed castles, and when he painted the delicate altar pictures whose clearly defined figures recall his master Giovanni Bellini less than they do Mantegna he supplied from his own mind scarcely more than the subtle frame, aerial and poetic which he purposed to give them. Titian, who was less than twenty years younger certainly knew him and studied him, and sought in his work the confirmation of his own presentiments. Later on, whenever he left Venice and he departed frequently, especially after the descent of

Charles the Fifth upon Italy—he carried with him his sense of space trembling from molecular vibration, and when, on his travels, he found himself among lakes



TITIAN. *Salome.* Prado.

woods, and plains sown with low cottages and clusters of green oaks, he felt the confused poetry of the earth as it had never been felt before.

Thenceforward, space enveloped with its waves the pagan poems with which he was overflowing, they expanded in great dazzling shapes of coppery flame in fruits that rolled from baskets amid the clang of timbournines and cymbals during the stormy afternoons

when Dianysus and his train of nude fauns and bacchantes burst forth with a great clamor from thick woodlands. The torn of those times, having escaped from the Christian world, possessed such reserves of love that they could yield to their passions without haste without turning back without loss of vigor with the peaceful certitude of not to be detected. While the bacchante fauns and nymphs mount it urges its panting breath with the cry of the panthers, the earth breathes like a beast. The skies are full of low hanging clouds charged with lightning, blue vapors utter like a wail, a subterranean sap circulates through the soil, matters white foam on the surface of the brooks, and swells the black thickets where nude men and women, clasped in each other's arms, glow like red gold. But it is only with Titianeth that the human drama will respond to the horrors of the turbulent sky in tragic eloquence and purple lightning. Here space is vacuous, has whether its storms strain the nerves of men and women, the men and women are unaware of the fact that they are participating in the human symphonies in which the violence of the primitive instincts is only one note in the sound from the dark thickets, in the murmur of the fountains, in the breaths of hot air that drive along the clouds, in the distant song of the birds that downed the sloping meadows, and in the great noise of the plains that vanish in the vapor of the summer days.

The beautiful mature bodies of the Venetian courtesans were displayed before him on broad beds, wearing only a necklace about their throats, and holding a tuft of roses in the hollow of their hands, or they lay under the trees before a kneeling faun and the beautiful, mature bodies glowed with the same serenity

that he had found in the earth. They were waiting. Love was for them a thing accepted unaffectedly, filled with a tranquil intoxication, without disquietude or remorse. Their eyes were the calm eyes of animals, in



TITIAN. Paul III and his Nephews. (*Museum of Naples.*)

which swim the russet reflections of their heavy hair and of the space gathering around them which envelops them in amber. Their breasts rose and fell slowly, their bellies had waves of muscles which merge in the angle of shadow formed by the broad thighs as they come together. With his brush Titian amassed the heavy



TITAN. Doge Gritti. (Cerrini Gallery, Yurana.

atmosphere in order to blend it with the substance of the soil, the pulp of the fruits, and the sap of the oaks. And with it all be mingled that wine-like purple dipped in gold, which is like a triumphal background for the Venetian apothecaries, which weighs on the shoulders of the hospes in the penitentire flanking within the churches, which dyes the robes of the Doges, unfurls itself from the top of masts and balconies and boats behind the gondolas, which abounds on façades, stains the walls and floors in the halls of the Ducal Palace with blood as if it were rising through the pores of the stone dungeons below where the Council of Ten caused its decrees to be executed, fills the twilights, trembles in the reflections of the lanterns at the evening water-festivals, and washes the name of the ships trail over the sea.

When Titian abandoned that impulsive sensual idealism which was the dominating force of his activity, he discovered in the saffron purple lit up by golden spangles, and tempered by fire and sulphur a powerful and tragic atmosphere, enabling him to enter the human drama with the decision and vigor of which only a great spirit is capable a spirit which continued to grow up to his hundredth year. It is that bloody light shed by the flickering torches which brings out of the shadow, where the executioners torture Him, that terrible "Christ Crowned with Thorns" painted, as was the "Pieta," one of the most melancholy and human works in the history of painting, when he was more than ninety-five—a painting in which there was a personification of the genius of Rembrandt. It is this bloody light which rises with the dawn and streaks the black iron armor of Charles the Fifth as he comes forth from a black wood, his livid countenance touched by red



TITIAN. The Original Sin. (Prado.)

reflections as he bestrides a black horse caparisoned with red—a horrible symphony of murder, a painting of night and of blood.

Thus there were two directions to his nature which parted at the common center of his limitless receptivity and of his acceptance of life—to organize themselves into vast annual poems, or to scrutinize the moral world with a cruelty as impassable as his lyrism had seemed. There are no portraits, in Italy or elsewhere, which surpass his. They have that power of defining character which caused the Florentines—Donatello, Andrea del Castagno, Verrocchio, Ghirlandajo, Filippo Lippi, Botticelli at times, and even Benvenuto—to produce such terrible effigies, concentrated, nervous, frenzied, and cut out in the mold of passion. Only these are draped with decent or fulness and marched out with a tragic penetration unknown to Florence. The fever that consumed his painters no longer exists in Titian. He can paint with a severity so uncompromising that it leaves to the Cesars and to the popes their mal-formed skulls, their atrophied masks, their jaws of beasts, and their hideous and low men. He can describe those black garbed silhouettes, those muscular hands that clutch the bolts of steel, and those pale countenances with baggard eyes, all those violent men made for toil as women are made for love. It is the period in which the Condottieri hold Italy in his grasp, when Machiavelli writes *The Prince*. Titian's beasts summarize all Italy from the ferocious portraits of Antonello da Messina who had brought to Venice the oil painting of the Flemings, and from the tightly drawn faces of Giovanni Bellini to the broad, somewhat soft effigies of that fine painter Paris Bordone, and to the great figures of the Doges which

Texas Nymph and Shepherdess (Fitter).



momentarily arrested the disordered, gorgeous, and brutal vision of Tintoretto.

v

Between Tintoretto and Titian, who resemble each other so much at first view, as Veronese resembles them,



TITIAN. *Diana and Actaeon.* (Prado.)

as all the Venetians resemble one another when the eye lets itself be dazzled by those heaped-up forms now brilliant, now somber under the red sunlight of the horizons of the sea, there is, however even if their language has often the same images and the same sonorosness, almost an antagonism of soul. We see two Italians, two Venetians, of whom one might be a Greek, the

other a Hindu. With the former, despite the grandeur of his creation, simple and sober though it is, a rhythm to which his exuberance yields as a river of blood yields to the heart, the will, issuing from the same sources as

his sensibility, rises to the same plane, and without effort. With the latter, it is an orgy, a panting and torn rhythm like that of an element which has burst its dykes, the will ever straining to resist the frightful and continual assault of the most sensual nature that without doubt ever appeared in Occidental art, the will ever swept away and whirling like a straw in the wind. A torrent of sulphur and lava after the



TITIAN. Portrait of the Painter.
detail. (Prado.)

regular eruption of the autumns, the springtimes, and the summers.

He is a Michael Angelo in reverse. He had seen him, he would have liked to resemble him. "The coloring of Titian and the drawing of Michael Angelo," he said. He was never either the one or the other. He was never entirely master of himself, and the thing about him that astounds us is his perpetual defeat, even as the thing

to Michael Angelo that subjugates us in his perpetual victory. He was Tintoretto, and that is a great deal. It is something so great that one hesitates at the threshold of the work, declaring it bold and impudent through fear of entering upon it. He was one of the masters of art, simple, supremely elegant, like naked strength, and as vulgar as strength that tries to don a garment. "The most terrible brain," said Vasari, "that painting has ever possessed—a beast here."

In the history of his mind there are obscure depths. So much strength comes well up only from an abyss of torquacity and torment. His life of passion is confused. It is filled with silent or brutal tragedies resulting from his unquenchable desire. He worked by the light of lamps, moving his thin silvery crowd about in the shadow where fires are flickering. He was a musician. He surrounded his painting with the sound of agitating harmonies which the violoncello sounded in the contractions of his heart. He was swept away in the typhonic storm which arose from all of that intoxicating and triumphal painting and with which Venice mingled the voice of subordinating instruments the better to glorify life and heaven. He lived in the minister glaze of ripples of color and of mounting sensations which did not leave him a minute of repose.

With fireworks and with cannone he covered a hundred walls of churches, of palaces, of schools, and cloisters—often for nothing, merely for his own satisfaction. He was like a subterranean gulf too choked with flames, stones, and smoke, and with a mouth too small to give them an outlet. Everything issued from him in explosions, and scattered at random in ragged pieces, in a train of ashes and soil, and in sparks that mounted to the zenith. As others improvised a madrigal, he unpro-



TITIAN. Christ Crowned with Thorns. (Pinakothek, Munich.)

vised epics. As others handle physiognomies and gestures through colors and volumes, he danced the crowds, the sea, and the clouds through his light and darkness—not according to the dictates of his mind, but according to the dictates of the savage instincts imposed by his senses. The crowds, the sea, and the clouds were voices that responded to his tempests.

His forms interwoven, disjointed, combating each other or falling to pieces, clustered like grapes or loose, drawn out and shaken from one end to the other by the ideas and feelings that were swept

away in the vertigo of a mind consumed by the anguish of fecundation—these forms he had not the time to incorporate into the wall in order to form a block. Powerful in structure, made to suffer by his haste, but which he cannot carry further, being always driven onward in the delirium of his imagination, he allowed the forms to blend on the wall like the dust and sand scraped off by a hurricane. The Italian arabesque which Titan had carried into the substance of space floated in whirlwinds like a broken garland, and when he man-

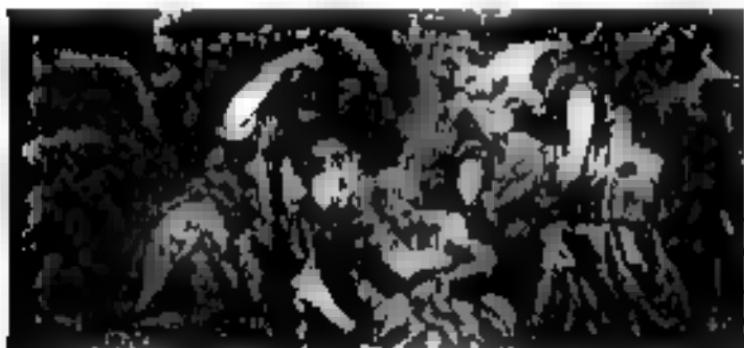


TINTORETTO. A Senator (*Pendo*,

aged to mute its power with the flame of his dreams. It dragged after it such masses of tangled forms that it disappeared under them. What does it matter? One left the arabesque in the quivering depths in the very dynamism of that tangle. The sudden gesture that strikes or cuts or imparts is an accident. It appears in the instant of the drama with such vigor that it carries with it the whole drama, which we re-enact in our minds. One might say that the painter from the visible side of the formula was given expressing to us the noise this surface which are made to converge by the lines of force in the hand, the arm, the leg, the torso, or the face in action. Like an athlete overwhelmed by the rising tide of a confused organic matter in which once the light of intelligence could distinguish differences and impose directions. Tintoretto grasped the situation in its entirety and treated with it so vigorously that it was suddenly formulated, characterized, and organized in all its elements at once. He plunged so deep into the substance of Venice that only his forehead rose above it. But with what a fiery glance he caused to rise to those bolts, those bursts from him like a flame, like a burst from the Paradise, that cohort of angels, the masterpiece of the painted triumphs, in which the subject does not appear but in which the blue, the silver, the red, the amber and the gold result in a concord, now tested now triumphant, the glory of space, of music and of the eternal rhythm under which the universe will henceforth appear to man when he has felt its presence in his heart.

When the spirit mounts in whirlwinds, one discovers where the fire is burning. Tintoretto is the most truth-revealing of all the Venetians. His vision brings to the soul Venice, the omnipotent, lives in him surely,

the theatrical and romantic Venice of the processions and the Orient, but also the trivia. Venice, the southern and Levantine port where the colors which dye the robes and draperies of the triumphs were made from the rotting rags that ferment in the humidity and the sun. The house of the father of Jesus is a carpenter-shop, the crowd that climbs to Calvary with him is the crowd of the Riva degli Schiavoni, and the tumult of the Crucifixion



TINTORETTO. *The Finding of Moses.* (Prado.)

fixion in the clamor of a mob. Workmen's tools, bread, and meat lie about in disorder with necklaces of pearls or of coral, mirrors, and golden combs. The odor of the sweating crowds and the odor of the beautiful women intoxicated him like blending poisons. The swan that caresses the splendor of Leda has come out of a chicken coop.

The history lived each day gave life even to the anachronism. The men of that time had not the leisure to ransack libraries. And then they had always the Mediterranean mind. It did not change much more than the soil and the light. The turbans, the patrician robes, the animals, and the marvelous fruits entered

into the palaces of Venice to meet Italian merchants and women with bare shoulders and the terrible Christ brought by the nations with their wars and their tales mingled beyond history with living history, pagan legend with sensual truth in the eternity of the armed which was needed by a man of genius. Tintoretto is the last man of the terrible Republic.

That which vivifies and dramatizes the whole, which links it with his spirit, is the somber Venice of the stormy days and evenings, the Venice whose pavement and black waters shine with amphorous reflectors. Here are vastas, the silver seas, and skies having the transparency of colored diamonds. Here above all are nocturnal seas when in truth the clouds are thick and vacuous like nests of birds. There are the orange and the winter coppery tones that Titian had not perceived until the end of his life when the twilight of the years was darkening like that of the sky, phosphorescent greens like the moss on the sticky soil of the markets where the mud of the laguna is poured out with the fish, and there are violet beds that turn almost black and in which the gold gleams so mote eyes as a star gleams when it is about to be extinguished.

In this mystic atmosphere the great nude bodies of the Venetian women shine in splendor. Each time that Tintoretto encountered woman, a kind of concentration of the forces which he was incessantly exchanging with the external universe took place in him. Even when he was painting the *Last Judgment*, even at the moment when he was hurling her into endless torment, he covered her with ardent caresses. The fumes of intemperance which mounted to his brain from everything that had a form, a color, a perfume, or a sound, and that caused a kind of purple mist to rise before his eyes was

suddenly dissipated. The divine substance in which it became elaborated and which transmits the human flame invaded him like a dawn. Everything was transfigured. Tintoretto sang of the flesh with such a lyric exaltation that, with a single bound, he cleared the threshold of that loftier region into which the incessant



TINTORETTO. *Susanna Bathing.* (Imperial Gallery, Vienna.)

effort of his moral idealism had not been able to gain him admission. Giorgione, Sebastiano del Piombo, and Titian had remained deeply within the orb of a calm sensuality into which descended the gold that comes at the end of day when the summer sun floods everything with its memory—the gold that comes at the end of the seasons when the vegetable world stores up in its tissue all the rays shed during the summer months. Tintoretto joins with Veronese to break through the shining gates inside of which the mind meets the light. And

when they come to celebrate the apotheosis of woman, upon whom the soul of Venice, in the sixteenth century, concentrates all its passion, both of them come forth from the bedchamber of purple where the reclining forms had been shown to the eyes of Titian a mass of blond light, they go beyond the edge of the dark forests in which the nude bodies illumine the bluish shadow they cross the lagoons only to fix upon their palettes the opal and the coral, and the opaque or translucent stones which turn with the shadows of the palaces inverted amid the ventilation of the waves. As if to compel the soul of the world to enter the great sacred bodies, the hollow of the backs, the fleshy haunches, the breasts, the arms, the thighs, the knees, and the necks of mother-of-pearl weighed down by the blond hair braided with great pearls, they mingled the amber and the foam of the waters with the glittering space showered with the ashes of stars, where the snow of the solitudes with the mire of night and the mud of the nebulous stream forth like milk. The conquerors of the sea have made the conquest of the sky.

VI

Venice had seen the hour when, especially with Titian, she had become conscious of herself, she had seen, broadening out to the very limit of space, everything that constituted her own substance, her palaces, her feasts, the water of her lagoons, the flesh of her women, the wooded pines, and the horizons of the mountains which extended to her gates. Hence, the somewhat somber harmonies—golden, red, and blue—which resounded in her skies. Tintoretto had used the drama of space, mangling them with the substance of Venice, to give expression to the dramas which burned



TINTORETTO. The Massacre of the Innocents.
(Scuola di San Rocco, Venice.)

in his heart. Veronese takes possession of space, to incorporate it with the solid and material life which spreads out its setting before his dazzled eyes. But as there is no drama in him, as his vision of life is external and formal—the most highly colored, it is true, the most luminous and the most magnificent that ever was



TINTORETTO. *Narcissus.* (Colonna Gallery, Roma.)

—he is not himself, he is under the spell of Tintoretto or Titian whenever he looks on dark seas, on tragic seas, or an atmosphere charged with lightning. For him the sea must be a dusty gray, in veiled emerald and sapphire, the skies of rose and so distant that one can see nothing like it except in the feathers on the neck of certain white birds—for him there must be the freedom of the broad sea where the wind blows the foam into a spray, and countless space filled with vibrating particles of silver.

Doubtless, Veronese, who came from the mainland, had seen that cold silver even as Moretto, the painter of Brescia—and the instructor of Moroni, the studious observer of popular figures, of workmen at their labor, of merchants, and of learned men—had perceived it in



TITIAN. *The Milky Way.* (National Gallery.)

the air, on the glaciers of the Alps, and on the white clouds which passed over the lakes. But never, without Venice, would Veronese have warmed that silver with the rays of the sun made iridescent by watery vapor; never would he have caused it to penetrate into the material of robes, into the skin, into the hair of women, into the volume of the waters and the grain of the marbles, never would he have mixed it so constantly as if to give an appearance of airy transparency

to the whole to the torrents of colors that deluged his canvases, streaming in glittering sheets, and falling in cascades, to rebound and scatter in a mist of harmonies traversed by the light.

The gesture of his figures, correct and living, is a decorative expression. He interprets the movements of the surface of the mind such as one observes at a feast when men reveal to the eyes of others only so much of themselves as will enhance their importance in the world. And that is certainly not to say that Veronese is a worldly painter. Van Dyck has not yet come unto the scene to establish the painter of the world of fashion, the man who will first translate painting and then dominate it. The world the painter is the slave of a world, whereas Veronese subjects the world to the sovereignty of a genius which moves between the almost undebatable limits of its own caprice and of its own judgment. This luxury is an object, the same as are the trees, the flowers, the fruits, the sea, the sky, a nude woman. It is an object whose splendor, tonality and power he also possesses. Veronese, who loves it for the prodigious spectacles that it affords him at every instant, as if it were the sudden and tumultuous harvest of three centuries of adventure, of glory, and of effort. He is the poet of luxury, the greatest poet of luxury, the only great poet of luxury who without doubt existed. At least I see no other, and for me he suffices.

Serious people I know well have declared him "superficial." That is their privilege. But I should like them to begin, at least, by penetrating to the complex and secret center of his period. It is true that one does not discover in these figures which pass before him, a single deep sentiment that expresses itself in an inclination of the head, a glance, a hand extending itself or drawing

VISCHER. Allegory of Summer and Autumn, detail of a frieze.
(*Die Gruppenallegorie im Maerz*).



back an embrace, a parting— all that is a permanent part of us, all that makes us strong and that makes us weak, that we hate with shame, that is sometimes humiliating and cannot rise above. When we see strange that we are under surveillance. One watches the nobles— even who pass by our seats from balconies to see the progresses of gondolas dragging red, black, or green velvet in their wake; one carries the turbulent dogs, one converses while looking elsewhere; one has the cups, one offers baskets of fruit, and one writes absent in ink— and never with the heart to move that is played during magnificient feasts amid which the sound of glass and silver is heard. But the profanity of Venetian is not there. It is in his immeasurable power to combine his sensations with the expression which he imparts to them. If we are to understand by painting the art of organising colors synthetically, there never was and there never will be a greater painter than this man whose very name, when it is pronounced, reverberates the clamor of pearls and of gold pieces. The world rises up before him like a sea of highly colored vapors so melt彼此to interplay and to interpenetrate that when they issue forth from him it is like a universe in which we had perceived only paleness and languishing and whose voices burst forth suddenly in triumphal sonority. The colors do not give separately. One cannot detect these them. They all enter one another to destroy and to recompose one another. And they are all annexed to the last degree in order to reconstruct the gestures of Venice as if they were an infinite press in which Nature reforges herself (quite unaided), in the interplay and interpenetration of the tones, the shades, the reflections, even as the light re-forms Nature every second of the day from sunrise to sunset.

That which remains, especially when one surveys those palaces with their high arcades, those bright forests of balconies and colonnades which Andrea Palladio opened upon space, when one sees those beautiful forms detaching their trembling outlines against the palpitation of the air, are the inclined profiles against the background of the sky, those great kneeling women, with dragging trains, the glory of their prostrate bodies, and those broad gestures, those obsessions, those hideous with embroidered robes, those serpents, those mutants, that overpowering splendor which remains of the vision. It is the clear and well defined memory of a mighty tumult of an orchestra in which the dressed and the half-nude, their reds, their greens, their oranges, their blacks, their junks, their yellows, and the multi-colored bagatelles, and the flowers and the fruits and the crystals spread upon the tablecloths, the skin like mother-of-pearl, the hair shot through with gold and amber and the aerial harpsicles all playing together and answering one another, abounding in rolling harmonies and waves which mount unceasingly and descend back and forth from one end of the keyboard to the other, sending forth in great waves the voices of the flesh, of the stuff, of the marble, and of the sea, and making, as it were, a great sound of festival carried to us by the wind.

Veronese is the painter of the glory of Venice. He has celebrated her strength and her wealth and her dominion over the waters. He saw the clouds tremble in her forms and in her reflections. He unfurled her flags in the light. He mounted the terraces of the palaces of the Orient to see the procession of the Doges when they went forth to cast their wedding ring into the Adriatic. On his palette he ground all the pearls of the

sea that her victorious fleets gathered in. And in the train of those fleets he followed the curve of the globe and divined the aspect of the azure seas which cradle him in the ether.

In introducing the rays which traverse space, its coolness, its murmurs, its breezes, into poems of mythology,



Veronese. *The Daughters of Lot.* Louvre.)

in which the necessity for love is affirmed with a tranquil lyricism, he joined with a chain of gold and of leaves the spirit of antiquity with the new paganism which was to flower later on in the soul of Watteau. In this sumptuous and sensual Venetian, in the trees clothed in ivy and moss from which red flowers burst forth, in the subtle forms, nude or veiled with light purples which palpitate on the waves like rose petals, one recognizes the dawn of that elusive poetry which,

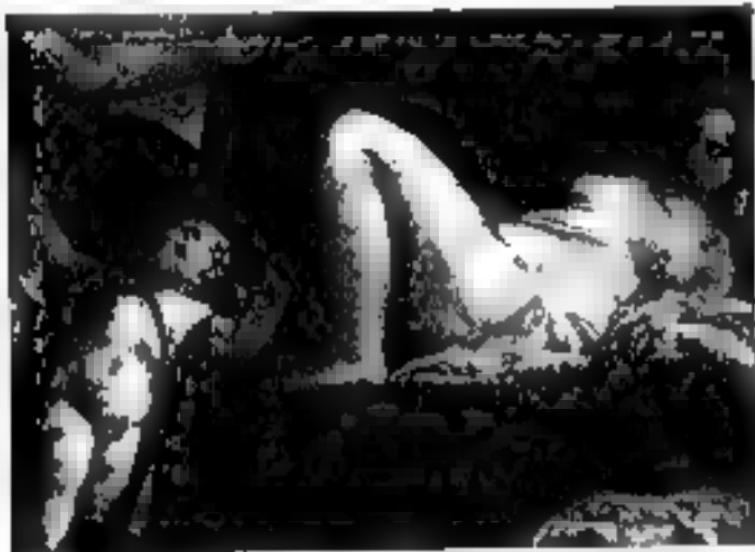
two centuries after him, was to sing the smiling and brave death of the old aristocracy.

VII

This poetic divination is all the more admirable that the century which followed was quite spent in Venice, whereas the same century, through the men of the north of Europe, through Poussin, through Claude Lorrain, and through Rubens, was preparing Watteau. Even during the time of Veronese, with Bassano, whose wine-colored reds and opaque shadows now invade the darkening backgrounds, with Titian and his declamatory landscapes, and with the abundant trivialities of Palma Giovane, the artistic life of Venice sinks into total gaiety as her sensual life is swallowed up in a low and weakening debouch. In the seventeenth century and in the eighteenth especially, Venice is the gambling house and brothel of Europe, to which she no longer offers anything more than the elegance and the amusements of the carnival, in which the buxom fantasy of Pietro Longhi, one of the last of her painters, and the verse of her musicians, Pergolesi and Cimarosa, alone supply whatever elegance of spirit there is. After having lived by her work, she lived from her income—that is to say, from the work of others. No society, no civilization can endure that.

And so the Watteau of Venice is Tiepolo. A dancer of obscenities furnishes the bait for the great melancholy post of evenings and of voluptuousness. He is the decorator, necessary to this world, which has substituted the pleasure of the rabble for the mighty exaltation of the senses. Amusing, witty and coquettish, he is the Casanova of painting, a worldly Jesuit brought forth by a rotting society. An adroit painter certainly,

with marvelous skill in arranging boudoirs and ball-rooms, he scatters his tones and his forms with the ease of a lord who spends prodigally what does not belong to him, an ingenious, spontaneous, and free colorist, but over facile and slight in his brilliance. The flesh of the Venetian women disappears under their rouge.



Venzonetti. Allegorical Group. (Rebelli).
(National Gallery.)

In the majesty of the space in which the great painters had dipped their brushes, he could find no more than a few pretty tones and shades commonplace fundamentally and appearing as if they had been washed by the rain which had at the same time cleansed the verdigris and the gold of the palettes reflected in the canals. He lost his sense of atmosphere in hesitating for a while among the last painters of Venice, impressive painters who still seize, among the old, red-brown stones, the iridescent imprint of the air pierced by the light but



Vitruvius: The Rape of Europa. detail
Ducal Palace, Venice.)

to whom the city seems so old fashioned and small that they appear to belong to another race than that of the toasters of the past. They seem to be describing other places and speaking another language. Guardi can no longer perceive space save as something that quivers over the walls, or is pressed into the narrow frames of his little canvases, attenuated and receding only with the surface of things which become poor and isolated and thin like the pictures themselves with their sounds of festivity and the silence of the heart. By they are muddied and confused, but perhaps all the more sensitive that they contain something of the most earth the mould, and are melted by the phosphorescence fermenting in the water. Canaletto sees space as something more vast, to be sure, and sucking more of the substance of the spaces of the sky and of the canals but he seizes upon it jealously and increases it and justly peradventure. One is tempted to say that he treats it as material for chamber music. He is no longer a maker of visuophonies, he is a metallist of the air. Where Titian or Tintoretto or more especially Veronese handled five hundred instruments at once to magnify the instinctive harmony spread abroad from the vault powdered with stars to the pearl and coral treasury of the sea, he takes up his violoncello in which he dormant monotonous tones, which he awakes discreetly with a restrained, veiled accent monotonous and slightly poignant, like a secret lament and the tenderest of farewells. An almost uniform light, at once reddish and silver lies peacefully upon his pictures, bathing them in its glow and seeming like the last sigh of an autumn upon which fell the ashes of stars of its last beautiful night. As with Guardi, there is nothing left but the water and the stones as with Guardi the air grows thin before it

finally dies. Inversely, the same thing occurred among them as occurred among the primitives of Venice. The late painters regret losing the sense of space even as in the early men we get our presentiment of it. It was lost which gave them the sweep, the certitude, and



CANALETTO. View of Venice. (National Gallery.)

the strength that are no longer found in this period of forgetfulness.

And it was, above all, through space that the glory of Venetian art had existed. By introducing air into painting, it had brought life into it and a continuity—no longer abstract, but active and visible—among the forms that are combined, the planes that recede, and among all the fragments of solid, liquid, or aerial matter which are determined one by the other and pass from one to the other by an infinitive number of transitions that, in his rôle, the great painter makes us feel without

unveiling their mystery. Through her sense of space, Venice is a single block in extent as she is in time, bringing about a monetary communion between the ancient spirit and the modern spirit, between the Moslem world and the Christian world, between Asiatic indifference and Occidental optimism.

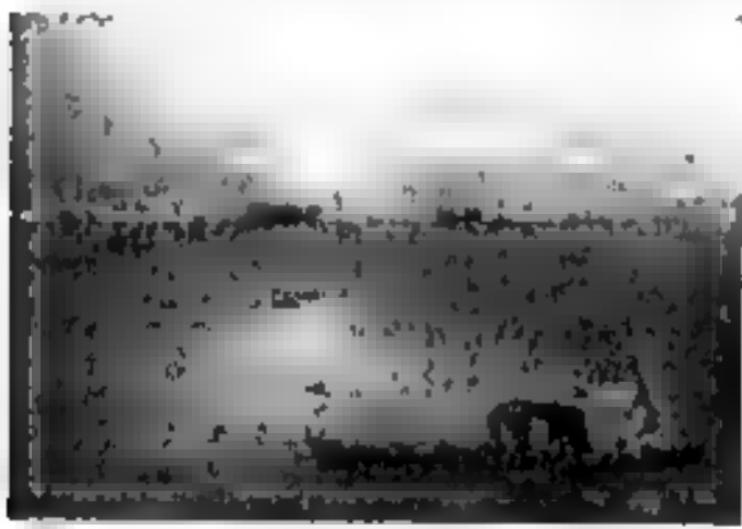
For Venice is indifferent. She accepts indifferently all the materials which the tide of the world brings within reach of her senses. And Venice is neutral because she groups these materials into new organizations, because she is forever generalizing. Her imagination is not given to inventing, but to combining images, and to revealing them in the real by describing it to us shorn of all the accidents and the details which mask its meaning for us, and it is through her imagination that Venice remains Italian and exerts, in the *Passion Play of Renaissance Italy*, the last act of the poem "To Day the life of man revealed a world close to her inner truth." She passed from one form to another to realize, in an effort of synthetic harmony, her need for a standard form in which her desire should recognize itself.

So, in her ensemble Italy, where, during the Middle Ages, the social bond existed only as an idealistic and passionate reaction in the heart of a few Francis of Assisi, Dante, and Giotto, Italy, in need of equilibrium at the time when that social bond which had escaped her was known or everywhere else, sought the means of adapting the individual through his spirit and his senses to the social and natural surroundings which were being continually changed by the evolution of man. Through Florence and Rome and Venice, by means of the intellectual arabesque and the sensuous passage, Italy gave us that which our needs demanded.



Trees. The Forest of Trees. Photo

As her rise had been very rapid and the summits she reached had been very lofty, her fall seemed all the greater, and her silence, during three centuries, seemed all the more discouraging. Broken into ten fragments by the policies of the Church, she was unable to re-create for herself the moral life which would permit her to affirm anew her power of idealism in the face of the



Giandomenico Belotti. *View of Venice*. (Palazzo Piovene Museum, Milan.)

other neighboring nations. But such a force does not die. It lives with a latent life as imperishable as the force introduced by Italy into the universe. The fragments have drawn together the same blood flows through them and knits them together as the members of the new body feel their solidarity and send back to the nerve centers the fluid which makes them move. The very conditions of modern life, reuniting hostile cities, permit Italy's individuality of purpose to rest upon a wider area, that it may define itself once more

The Italy of to-day presents the spectacle of a country in an irresistible ascent. Its renaissance is a material one, as were those of Florence and Venice at first. But we have no right to condemn the expressions of her inner life of to-day by the expressions of that inner life which formerly was hers. Art is a result, not a beginning. What will remake the Italian soul is not the professional of painting, of sculpture, of literature, or of music who is more sumptuously abundant perhaps in modern Italy than in any other place. It is the crowd that passes by the works of the present without seeing them, even as it passes before the works of the past. It seems that Italy already desires, in a hesitating Europe, to play that rôle of the heaven that produces new forms out of a contempt for habit and for the moral rules laid down by weary peoples. The country-side is cultivated, the cities are powerfully active; children swarm everywhere, and observe life and ferment bring forth its revolutionary pressure. The effort which it is making to live will once more teach this great people how bread and wine are made for our hunger and our thirst.





Bruelles

Chapter IV. THE FRANCO-FLEMISH CYCLE

I.



THE true spirit of the Renaissance was introduced into the west and the north of Europe only by means of the wars of Italy. In France and in Flanders, the fifteenth century is Gothic, the individualizing of the form of thought takes place unknown to the artists there. Architects, painters, sculptors, and workers in stained glass all retain the medieval soul, dissociated and fragmentary but perhaps intensified as well. It even seems that when we take the fifteenth century in a mass, in its ensemble, it corresponds better to the general and superficial idea of the Gothic which we make for ourselves than the centuries which preceded it. The communal spirit is conquered. The reign of the theologian begins again, but it is a theologian imprisoned by the letter of the law, and one in

whom the flame is extinguished. The people crushed again under feudal power, and no longer having any hope turn in the direction of artless parades. The magnificence in lithium of the great cathedrals is entirely destroyed. The flame runs crackling through and licking the vaults. It covers the bare skeleton which had defined for the mass of men the real meaning of the edifice, which inclines toward openwork in the stone and toward itself in vain leaps becomes breathless and involves the form in the complications of fine detail and of technical tricks. The sickly mysticism of oracles then fatigued by the effects of their will and in despair because of their failing but still not escaping from them, creeps in the forms of thought and of action. Man no longer believes in his strength, the universe is everywhere, it explodes everything, it answers every thing, nothing is expected any longer save by grace of the oracle. The only miracle of that century, Joan of Arc, who represents the common sense of the people struggling against the stupidity of the clergy, the spirit of justice rebelling against the spirit of quibbling, the awakening of pure faith after its delirium on bigotry, is first regarded as a providential event through which man is saved the trouble of acting.

The abjectness of the people before the coming of its great daughter was only too easy to explain. Never had northern France known times so hard. At the end of the sixteenth century its population was reduced by two thirds. The peasant, having taken refuge in the woods or the quarry, abandoned the fields and the roads to the armed bands. Guards, brigands, and soldiers devastated the countryside and held the towns for ransom under the banner of France, of England, of



CHINESE BRONZE. The Well of Moon, dated 1700 B.C.

Burgundy, or of Armagnac. Cold and hunger killed more people than war did. Emptied by the plague, by famine, pillage, and taxes, the ruined cities were nothing more than camps, where all industry, all traffic, and all social life were arrested. The wolves wandered about Paris in broad daylight. The people ate what they



Jean Monnot and G. de la Bonnette. *The Holy Sepulcher.*
detail. 15th Century. Hospital of Tonnerre.

could—nameless refuse, garbage, and even human flesh, dead or alive.

And so the moment was one of silence. The Ile de France, in the space of a hundred years, saw the erection of only one edifice, the Bastille, and that was a fortress. Even the enervated cathedrals grew only in those regions where, in place of hope, there were to be found vegetables, meat, bread, and money—in Rouen and in Normandy, which were held by the English.

The French, properly so called, now carved no more than tombs, and the inspiration which Gothic painting seemed to have taken for a moment under the Valois—the first known portrait in France is that of Jean le Bon by Gérard d'Orléans. The inspiration of Gothic painting, a descendant of the stained glass window, was broken. Wandering artists, it is true, followed the wane of the monarchy. Jean Fouquet, the painter of Charles the Seventh, founded the School of the Loire and kept alive, in the face of English oppression and of Burgundian and Flemish wealth, the soul of the image makers of the Ile de France and of the tellers of the ancient tales and verse. But a most ill of them went where they found action and a little security. The Gothic workshop turn is a semicircle which connects the Louvre with the valley of the Rhône by way of Burgundy, that connects the Flemish cities with the people caught at Avignon by way of the ducal court of Dijon. They flee the occupied zone even as the statues and the paintings escape from the forgotten or perverted mould of intellect.

Flanders, which for four centuries had been such a focus of life, could not help being a focus of art at the same time. From the eleventh century onward, one heard of Bruges, of Ghent, and of Ypres, a great workshop of the dye industry and of weaving. A people of poor workmen, who were however grouped into strong guilds, fermented there and rose in a mass at the call of the bells in the steeples when there was need of defending against the King of France, their municipal liberties, and even before these, the privileges and wealth of the merchants. What matter? The tide was turning. Bruges and Ghent, in the fourteenth century were able to check Phébus the Fair. And the deed was

accomplished with a tumult which revealed depths of life capable of overflowing and of engendering an irresistible moral activity when the hour at which it would be needed should come. And in this place also, art was



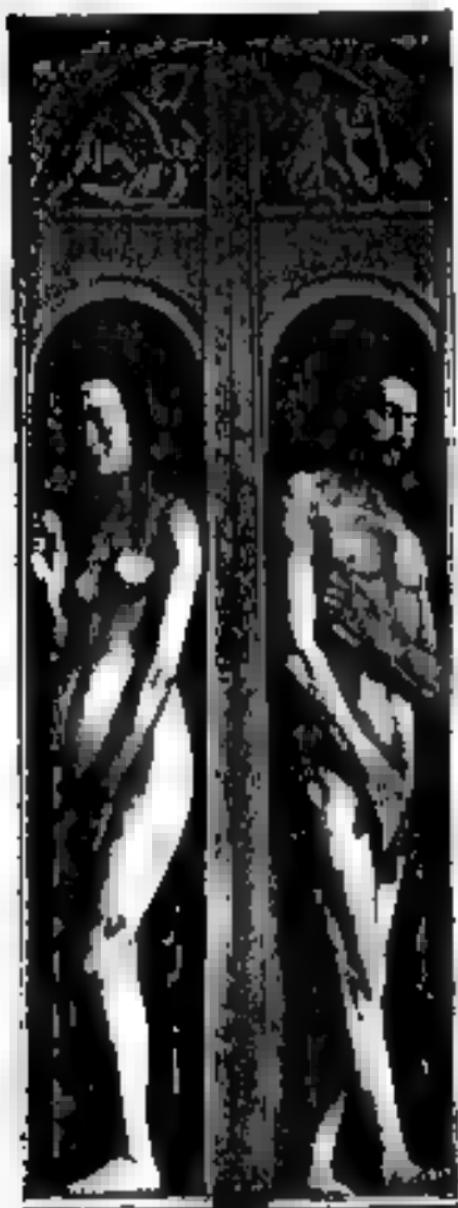
Burgundian School. Tomb of Philippe Pot. Louvre.

born of the will to affirm a new force, looking toward men and away from death.

And indeed here as everywhere else, the freeing of individual energies was to translate itself especially through the development of that plastic expression which best corresponded with them—painting. Flemish architecture of the new century abhors van a technique and in appearance is a manifestation of the middle classes—of the weavers and the brewers. It is very rich, but when analyzed it is feeble. There are too many statues on the complicated façades—statues of aldermen, of merchants, and of soldiers, a perfect orgy of officia-

efforts stretching out everywhere in line above line, and nowhere opening the leaded panes of the windows to announce the Renaissance. The upright panels, encased with gold from top to bottom, and the open work of the belfries through which the movement down their peak forms a clustered shrine which has an appearance of prettiness here, as it does in too narrow a space because of the stones which stretch out and break, but which are broken at every moment, and because the greater of the glass and the metals are interrupted and reflected a thousand times. Every time that arches fracture grows in height and loses its breadth when the empty spaces are increased, and the full portions are dissolved, when, in order to obtain effects, it forgets what belongs to the soul when it forgets its function and its art. For the point of abandoning the art that art possesses among us and of offering itself in favor of other forms of activity. As it has to abandon the search for a plastic expression of a lofty and collective character, something between the medieval power of Siena or of Perugia and the individualistic plastic expression through which Michael Angelo announces a new intellectual order, it has to abandon the hope of discovering in Flanders, between the markets of Ypres and the town of Ravers, a monument in which all the elements of the century shall march on with the exaltation that comes of strength and of harmony. But in Flanders in the fifteenth century, the social symphony is not yet quite broken up, and if the movement of dissociation which is to sever its painters to it is accentuated a little by a little, the new man will not assert himself until a hundred years after the time when he had appeared in Italy.

Moreover, the Flemish city is submissive. An ally



H. VAN EYCK. Adam and Eve.
Museum of Brussels.

of English commerce, it cannot reject the union, at first purely nominal, with the richest of the French provinces (which itself draws support from England), and yet refuse to associate itself with the ruin of the French monarchy whose many assauts it had to withstand in the hundred years preceding. Burgundy is, like the Flemish city, a very ancient center of activity. Before the appearance of the ogive, it was the chief focus of the Romanesque school of the North. French architecture in Burgundy took on a character of abundance, of luxury, and of materialism far removed from the idea of Champagne, of Paris, or

of Picardy and when the sculpture of the tombs was developed there, as in France, it was with quite a different accent. There are no longer the pure, fine, grave edges which stretch out in the almost impenetrable shadow of the dark vaults of the churches; they are made for chapels whose light is warm with the rays of stained glass and candles. The huge giants lie on their black marble and are wept over by angels, the monks are well dressed, well fed, and have comfortable incomes, and sometimes, as in the tomb of Philippe Pot, there is a faint but impudent suggestiveness in the strength of the fallen warrior, in the drapery of the black mourners whose faces are hidden, and in the depths of the robes and the golds that glow warmly in the darkness. When the dukes of Burgundy arrive at Dijon, the movement of economic and intellectual exchange between the Flemish provinces and the Burgundian provinces has become more active because of the profound affinities existing between the temperaments of the two peoples. There is the same luxuriance of life—darker perhaps in Flanders, where the atmosphere is heavy with water, where industrial life is concentrated in the cities and revolved about the trades. The people wrap themselves in its wool and in cloth, its drink is a heavy beer. Life is more eloquent and ostentatious in Burgundy, where the closely woven carpet of the grape vines extends from Beaune to Dijon over the dark gold of the bâtonnière, where the breast drinks in more of the air and sunlight in the vineyards, where the red wine inflames the faces and floods the blood with warmth. The popular festivals of the Flemings, the great heavy festivals where there is so much eating and drinking show the nature of the pleasures peculiar to the people. At the court of Dijon,



JAN VAN EYCK. Canon van de Paele. detail. Museum
of Bruges

the men and women, dressed in velvet, in brocade, and cloth of gold on the brutal feast-days, express their taste in their heaps of food, their display of coarse love-making, their picnics, drinking bouts, jousts, tournaments, and cavalcades over roads strewn with flowers, their fountains pouring forth mead and beer, and the setting they give themselves—cloths worked with escutcheons, velvet cloaks, silken standards, and brilliant impurities.

As a matter of fact, with the merchant-drapers and their dyed cloths, artists soon arrived from the Low Countries at the court of Dijon. There came Melchior



POL DE L'ESTOILE AND PIERRE DE L'ESTOILE FROM THE RICHES HEURES DU DUC DE BERRY, CHANTILLY

Broederlam, a painter of gold altar pieces, and all but already drunk with color like every good Fleming from Flanders. There came Ciriac Sister, a good theologian and a great sculptor, whose vigorous influence was to make itself felt in all France and Germany because he wrenched form from the wall of the cathedral and from the slab of the tomb and because he pushed onward in a movement of such rude and broad eloquence that Donatello and Michael Angelo themselves are shaken by it later. He was, however, the only man of the

Noth, at that moment, who was worthy of the victory through his strength as an individual and through the decision with which he characterized by an expressive figure, some essential and simple moral ideas. The others took from the tapestry weavers, from the goldsmiths, and from the innumerable miniaturists who frequented the court of the Duke more than they gave to them. The *Nano* confirmed the tradition of their family. Like Philip the Bold himself, his brothers surrounded themselves with artists. Jean Bourdichon from Bruges at the end of Charles the Fifth. The *Book of Hours* of the Due de Berry, a great collector of miniatures, had been covered with gold plates. The painter by Pol de Lumburg, the first among the Flemings to feel his fraternity with the sun that we big with the air that penetrates us and with the animals that work for us, the first to seize the poetry that is forever in all our gestures and in all objects, and of the innumerable summer and of the winter of the snow, the first to foresee that Hengholt was to come.

In the northeast of Europe, where the walls of the cathedrals, invaded by the great windows, did not as in Italy permit the development of the fresco, painting came forth from the very heart of the great Gothic book through the illuminated manuscript. Since the sixth century in Ireland, the seventh in England, the eighth and ninth in France from the Loire to the Rhine where antique and Byzantine influences had entered with Roman architecture sacred books, missals, psalters and Gospels had begun very timidly and shilly-shally at first to be covered with figures in flat lines, awkward, stiff, rendered almost by topographic maps whose rigidity was even to be accentuated by the Benedictines of the tenth century. When the school of Paris arrived, at the bout

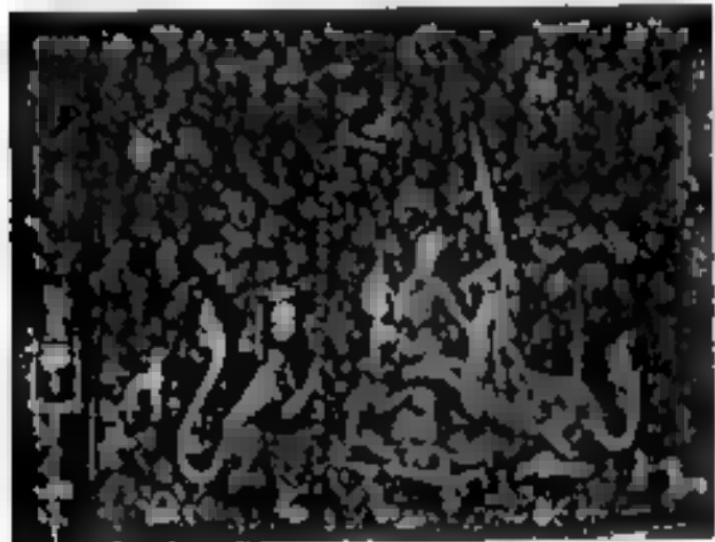
when all the territory watered by the Seine was being covered with ogives and with towers, the flood of light that invaded the nave of the cathedrals illuminated the sacred texts.

Then an immense song of joy bursts forth. The monks are no more able to retain the monopoly of painting than that of the sculptured image or of the art of building. The laymen seize upon books which, even when they are sacred works, live wholly because of their images. Formerly, the images had hardly dared to decorate the capital letters, to call attention to the text for purposes of meditation. Now they take possession of entire pages and every day they drive back the margin which they will end by suppressing. The old background of uniform gold does not always disappear—the blues, the blacks, the reds, and the greens *vibrant* against it with so much force—but the illuminator reserves the right to make use of it according to his will. It lights up with his cheerfulness. Patient because he is happy, he sometimes spends his whole lifetime in mak-



Two in Landscape. December miniature from Les Riches Heures du Duc de Berry. Chantilly.

ing the indestructible parchment flower with his wife group. When one opens those heavy volumes which from the outside seem so tiresome, there is an effusion of hymns to the light and of sudden apparitions of gardens and skies. One must look very closely to discover the gentle Christian mythology hidden under the



The Tours Tapestry—Cluny Museum

downpour of rays of light like a pale flower in the fire of summer. Everything is a pretext for putting her into the dull pages: the sea, the woods, birds, trees, the plumes in the wings of angels, the robes of male saints, the eyes of female saints, their hair, their aureoles, the open gates of heaven. In the fourteenth century, after Plautilla has grafted upon the malicious and frank observation of the French court nobility, her love for real landscape and for the real human face, both scrutinized in their smallest and their bravest details, we have



JAN VAN EYCK Flemish Merchant and his Wife. (National Gallery.)

nearly reached the synthesis from which the painting of the northwest of Europe will come forth. The illumination has invaded the page and it abides there; it lacks air, although into its too-limited space a great draught of air has entered; although the landscape has distance separate from the colors, although ship with the deep



BOSCH VAN DUSSELDORP. *The Descent from the Cross.*
(Flemish School.)

universe is already more than suspected. It is a picture, and if it is to last, it is all the more necessary that it escape from the book, because the printing press is coming to transform the book, to dethrone it from its rank as an almost inaccessible idol, and to enthrone it in the popular realm of endless diffusion and circulation.

II

But it was not the printing press that freed painting. It had emerged from the book before Gutenberg invented



ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN. *The Descent from the Cross.*
detail. (*Ecce Homo*.)

tion had disseminated books beyond the limit of universities and of convents. The two movements had the same source, and they responded to the same need. Since the people no longer built markets and churches, it was necessary that the soul of the markets and the churches should express itself in books and thus infect the souls who were to receive its hope. The van Eycks were expected. One is not astonished to find them so sure of themselves, having almost nothing of the primitive about them, and as they would be if they felt behind them a tradition already ancient. Indeed they were the flowering of Gothic art, whose expression in color had ripened little by little in the pages of the Bibles.

It was necessary for oil painting to be popularized by those whose mission it was to open those pages and to spread over the multitude the golden floods which it had gained with so much difficulty. It was by this means that they were able to incorporate with their paint the Longfellow, the transparency, the deep and gentle brilliance of the light of the North, the light of clouded skies, of plowed fields with their glow and of moist forests, the light that does not go out however pale the sun. The "Floral Lamb" of van Eyck celebrates at Cibent the triumph of the light painted exactly at the moment when the "Baptism" of Masaccio expresses the ideal of form which appears to him and which is the despair of the Florentines. The robust faith of the Flemings preserved their sensuality from the disquietude of the Italians. They remained men of the Middle Ages, with sound hearts and eyes as full of light as the glass of a cathedral window. It was quite unconsciously without suffering and without haste, that they led northern Europe into unknown paths.



ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN. Portrait of Philip the Good
(Antwerp Museum.)

The van Eycks, who came from the Meuse and thus join Flanders and France to the foothills of the Rhenish and to the school of Cologne. I did not perceive, any more than did the men of the thirteenth century, any antagonism between the paradise of the senses and the paradise of the inner life. In no way did they stand apart from the merchants of Bruges and from the manufacturers of Ghent. They were worthy men, loving their work robust as their honesty, and their minds were troubled very little. In covering their estates they were as conscientious as good weavers, good drapers and I was about to say good fyers. Paradise, for them, was a thing of regular prayer, of faithful attendance at church services, of attending to the priest and respecting him excepting in matters of business, and of painting, of accepting, he simply provided it had a good surrounding of dyed cloths and of newest wood, with money in the strong box, beer in the cellar, and an abundance of linen in the wash-tubs. It was also a matter of journeys from city to city, on heavily built horses that walked or trotted and wade past and durability gave one a chance to fit one's lungs with the odors of the meadows covered with daisies, to ride past the bushes covered with flowers, to delight one's eye with the colorful sights of green and blue expanses where all the greens and all the blues mingle with each other and follow each other, where all the plowed lands and all the trees and all the bottoms together implant in the mind imperishable harmonies which tell us clearly of the bountiful of the harvests, of the depth of the soil, and of the weight of the clouds that cross the broad sky. And all this is necessary because when a bad season comes, when the roads are broken down, when the water that has overflowed from the ditches

has drowned out the fields, one can then bring into the big rooms behind the colored glass of the windows a little of the broad splendor of these landscapes, one can break up the box of jewels that nature has furnished us and of it make dyes for furred robes, one can carve furniture decked out with lace made from the wood, and with the money earned by the sale of wool and skins, jewelry of a somewhat barbarous type is bought. In the rich gloom of the household the carpets dull all sounds. Intimacy and sumptuousness are obtained by dark oak, by the tapestry hangings, dull or resplendent, quite often even when only half seen in the weak light, they bring silent crowds into the room with their extreme and heavy richness, they afford depths of peace and comfort into which bad weather can no more enter than the echo of the unhappiness of the poor. In this unbroken luxury, deep red, gold, and blue predominate. But the reds of the robes and the carpets and the tiles are repeated in the glow of the coppers, the glow of the coppers also wanders over the dull mirrors, and



PERRIN CHAPUAS. Young Girl.
(Berlin Museum.)

so all things respond one to another—the gold and the copper, the reds and the blues—and a marvelous and heavy harmony reigns—it has a quality like that of enamel and of sparkling precious stones.

In the land of Flanders which lived from the manufacture and commerce of dyed cloths, where lace, velvets, and textiles were piled up in the houses of the citizens, where tapestries were hung from all the windows when the local processions passed in a the grandeur of their material pomp. It was imposed by law that the eyes of the painters should not be attracted continually by all these violent heavy and full harmonies. When they entered the rooms of the houses, it was as if they were sinking into great open chests in which were heaped up, more or less at random, the most magnificent products of the textile art, silk forming confused but perfect symphonies because of the color of the materials and the relationships among the tones. Of the men and the women who were there, one saw nothing but the hands and the faces, their bodies being covered by thick robes, their heads by dark bands or by simple white head-clothes that hid the hair, the forehead, and the neck. The volumes of the bodies and the harmony of the lines were concealed under the folds, the hands and the faces shone forth from the somberness and alone detained the eye of the artist with the strongly colored spots which served as a jewel cabinet. And the picture was composed spontaneously in a massive block which lodged itself intact in the memory, leaving them neither the desire nor the leisure to choose or to eliminate.

This is what places the Flemings, the van Eycks in particular, as the first among all the painters who have respected the complete aspect of men, adding nothing



Hotel de Ville of Lourdes.

therein are their power of penetration. They pursued resemblance with tenacity, the exact material resemblance even to the direction, the form, and the disposition of the wrinkles, the number of the hairs and the grain of the skin, and it is this material resemblance which through its exactitude, carries with it the moral resemblance of the individual whose needs and intentions have affected the modeled face. There are faces of merchants, rags and boost. There are faces of men assigned to their task and almost always represented as heavy with the burden of the new life. Often there are great ugly faces with long noses, broad mouths, bent jaws and the skin tightly drawn over the skeleton of the face or bone and falling in thick folds. They are heavy with their strength and their earnestness, dense like material and so nakedly truthful that one might think them carved out of the mass of the muscles, the nerves, the blood and the bones. There is never any generalization, but also there is never a lie. Each of these beings is the one who came to seek the painter, each one intent on living that moment of his life at which the painter found him, without a thought of the past or a thought of the future. But there are so many of these faces, doxies and their wives, and sons with clasped hands, officers, magistrates, and members of guilds, that finally the average type is born of the composite that forms in our memory like the average type of the faces carved in stone by the image maker of Champagne or Picardy. It is a continuation of the Middle Ages, there is the same process of patient accumulation, wherein every element seen close by retains its characteristics, and wherein the ensemble seen from a distance, forms a compact and solid whole, which it is impossible to disintegrate. Besides, these enormous

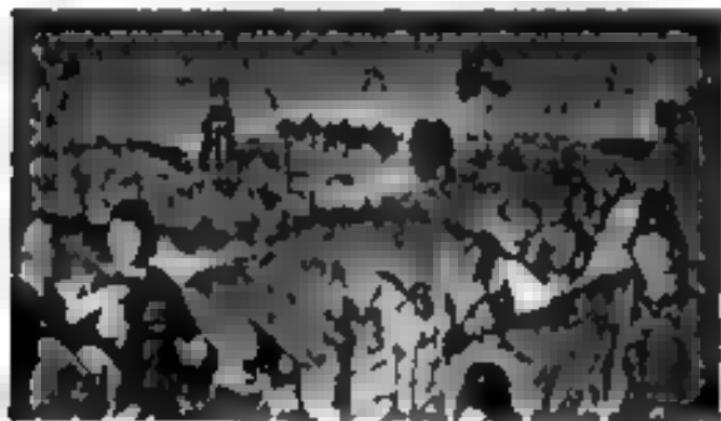
interests gave to the artists of Flanders a common moral life. They continue to belong to the corporations of the Middle Ages. When the van Eycks arrived at Ghent, a guild of painters had been in existence there for a long time which had no other duties or privileges than those of the guilds of the weavers, the blacksmiths, the dyers, or the brewers.

III

At that moment, and with men so sure of themselves, it was impossible that the influence of the Italian realistic painting of the South which, in the course of the same century made itself so strongly felt at Avignon should enter Flanders. One does not find it with the van Eycks, nor with Petrus Cristus, nor with Bouts, nor with van der Goen, or van Oostwater or their pupils. However even if we do not take into account the influence that Italy and northern Europe have for a long time been exercising upon each other by means of the architects and through the exchanges of manuscripts, we may be certain that from the end of the fourteenth century, the painters of the North knew Cimotto and his school, and that from the beginning of the fifteenth century the Italians saw the rising of the sun of the North. But if Italy never asked of Flanders other lessons than those of technique although it gave a great welcome to the Flemish artists and bought their pictures, it took a century of material and moral impoverishment before Flanders would listen to Italy, and it was not until Antwerp had risen anew that Italy could give to Flanders her strong nourishment, instead of seeing her reject the gift from the South.

Roger van der Weyden remained a Fleming quite as much as the van Eycks, but in a different way. A

hundred years before the Renaissance of this country and far better than they did—because he possessed the freedom that gives self-confidence—he had perceived what it is that gives Italian painting its power of revelation, its educational and expansive force, and its radiance. He had foreseen the consciousness that the hand of God to traces upon the walls to lead those who



Domenico Beccafumi. Abraham and Melchizedek. dated
1519. Oil on panel. Florence.

should come after him. The prophetic genius of the Tuscans finds in him its echo, a little dim, and as if modified by the mysticism of the North, but with an accent that is perhaps more human. He has an art not for powerful harmonies, for opaque splendor, and for insistence upon color but it is to dramatize life that he gives wings of fire to his angels, and spreads his windlike violet looms over the gradations of the blue in his skies. The power which his race has given him to distinguish types, to give to bodies the throbbs and the deformations resulting from misery, to express grief in faces by the violent play of their muscles, he employs

to open the gates of hell. He uses a heavy arabesque, heavy because he drags a weight of red, limbs and real bones, full of blood and of marrow and instead of achieving the effect of bringing out the abstract mean-



Hugo van der Goes. Saints Magdalene and Margaret, detail.
Florence, S. Maria Novella.

ing of the forms his arabesque serves him as a means of causing them to take on the same dramatic movement as that of his compact material and his gleaming color, again it is his arabesque that permits him to show the weight of corpses held up by taut arms, to permit us to observe the presence of shoulders and breasts under the thickness of clothing, to accentuate the despair of bowed heads under their white head-

dresses, and to twist necks and hands. Everything hangs heavily and sinks down. Knees bend, foreheads are bowed, and only the firm drawing sustains this despair amid the magnificence of life, like a profound hymn that falls and rises to console the vanquished. But there are broken accents in the voice. It is that of a mystic. Something new has passed over Flanders.



MEMLING. The Crucifixion, detail. Louvre Museum.

has troubled its luxurious peace, has upset the egotism of its merchants, has broken open their overfilled strong-boxes, and has opened to the winds the rooms of their houses which they had kept too carefully closed. The figures, which formerly knelt or sat on carpets, amid the carved wood-work or the dyed hangings, now walk or fall upon the ground in the paved churches, they are framed by the complicated flowerings of the last Christian architecture, and bell-towers and pinnacles invade the canvas to offer their lacework for its background, while the stained-glass windows shower it with their rays.

In Flanders and in France the same mystic ardor arises from the manuscripts at the same moment. Processions bearing caskets of gold unroll through the hollow of the streets, golden archangels hover over the openwork of the city with its sharp gables, its slender belfries, its aerial lacework, arrows darting mure and sunshine through the narrow windows of the churches and the houses. Every nerve in the artist's body vibrates with the vibration of the bells and is made tense by hunger, by prayer, by dreams, and by despair. Nothing can express that last

gleam cast by the illuminated manuscript at the moment when it enters upon its death struggle. One might say that all the sensual tumult of the beginning of Franco-Flemish painting, all the mystic fire of its ending had been concentrated upon the page, to leap forth from it in their bugle blast of gold and of fire. It flames like a stained-glass window. The fire of hell and the burning bush give an added red and more somber reflections to the flame of the hot twilights and to the acrid smoke



Allegory. Barbara de Vlaenderbergh.
(Brussels Museum.)



Master W.H. The Entombment, detail. (Lübeck Museum.)

that were from the war in France and from the insurrections in Flanders that were stamped out in blood.

It is because Flanders is suffering in its turn. Without being reduced to the misery of the peasants of northern France, still healthy, active and very much alive, it begins to feel the weight of the gauntlet of the Burgundians. All its gold goes to pay for ducal feasts and for the war in France while England weighs more and more heavily upon the manufacture of Ghent and the commerce of Bruges. Furthermore, Bruges and Ghent are quelling Ghent aids the duke to repress the insurrection of Bruges and the duke has the support of Bruges in stifling the revolt of Ghent. It is the beginning of the systematic and bloody exploitation of the Low Countries and of the Walloon country. Lierse and Dender will have their turn before the coming of Spain, the terrible war of the "Beggars," before the time of the stake and the massacres when four generations were ground to earth and the great edifice of their ancestors was brought to ruin and devastation.

Bruges is dying. From the end of the fifteenth century onward her port is filled up with sand. The last of the van Eycks could witness the defeat of her attempt at liberation. Roger van der Weyden works at Brussels when he is not in Italy. Simon Marmion, the animal rat from Amiens lives at Ghent at the court of Philip the Good. Dirk Bouts is at Bruges, to be sure, but he comes there from Holland. Hugo van der Goes is a Ghent man while Memling, like the van Eycks, is from the Rhine provinces. One would say that the majestic city no longer attracts the painters through the splendour of her feasts and the power of her activity but that they yield, when they come to live there to that kind of sickly dilettantism which



Indonesian Dance - Trop. jekt. deput. - Formal

enses upon others at moments of social discouragement and causes them to engrate in troops toward the beautiful things that are disappearing. It is true that they still find the things with which to fill their eager eyes, the richness of tone which the red, yellow, and green faades take on in the rain-washed atmosphere, the vacuity, the stability, and the depth of the spots which they outline against the sky, and with which they tremble in the water, and they find also the royal mantle of the cultivated land that one sees stretching out across the plain as one stands at the top of the bell tower. And it is then they go from Bruges to Ghent to witness the feasts more sumptuous than ever that are given here by the Duke of Burgundy, courts of love, processions, banquets, tournaments, and chapter of the Order of the Cloth of Flanders. Hugo van der Goes was there. He is a powerful painter, too pensive and tender not to know what France is too strongly sensual, also to forget the pomp and magnificence of the time, the savor of the sun, and the brilliant light with which space is lit. The deep moist earth, the dark splendor of the foliage, and over this confused world where life arises everywhere in dew, in sap, in vapor, and in forces of fecundation, the meditative gravity of the faces and the weight of maternity prove that under the froth great depths of water are sleeping. But Bruges is dying, and Flanders is suffering. The feasts are external things, and among the reds and blacks which with their brassy rich notes illuminate the flutter of the mantles, banners, and draperies, the eye can now see scarcely more than the colors of blood and of mourning.

The mysterious underside of Flemish life, which had been hidden by the brutal orgies of the lords and by the pomp of the merchants, mounts to the surface of

their soul. The secret and miserable Flanders of the time and of the poor people has its day. The artists have witnessed the apparition of the mystic working man, of the damned Holland, and of the visionary weaver who had escaped from the realm, terrified at the daylight pale and wan and as if drunk with fasting." (See 1 in the pictures of Dirk Bouts full of heroic fighters, sick and tragic people stretched out with their heads cut off and their blood flowing full of believe martyrs sad and gentle and of executioners with hammers fierce; no one finds also in the manuscripts of the time and in the sickly painting of Jean Matouet who came from the Low Countries to instil himself in Paris—miserable and ruined through the Anglo-French war. Hated in France and in him together with the bitter regret that he can not flee the mortal coil so as to take refuge in the country where he adores a be a good Hollander painting its meadows which are crossed by woods and by brooks its holy distances garnished with pasture land that rich countryside whose depths are covered with lush vapors and where the steeples and towers are piled up to the regulated cities.

Moving on the contrary, resolute himself his love is stronger than his resentment as the inner refuge of the content or it sager than the furious excitement of the fuscous weaver. It is the death struggle of Bruges. With his mystic sweetness he has walked along the canals which are falling asleep he has watched under these waters the flight of the pale clouds, his eye has followed the wandering hot day of summer which the wind writes over their surface, he has seen the blossoming of the givens which fall from the walls to drop lightly in the water he has taken long rambles in the

courts of the convents where the plane trees are becoming bare, where, behind the glitter of the thousand window panes of the façades, life is being extinguished.



GERARD DAVID. *The Punishment of the Wicked Judge.*
Bruges Museum.

and muffled with silence so that through the egoism of peace, it may alone for its orgy of materialism, of color, and of tumult which had been going on for so many years outside. His principal work is destined for the

hospital, and perhaps, more than the real Flemish land-
scapes, where one goes far out into the open air
walking over flat sands all surrounded by sky, he loves
the fine, precious landscapes in which shimmer the
limpid pinks and the blues of the jewelers. One would
say that he rarely comes forth from his inner life, that
he rarely sees the world save through the glass of his
windows, thereby giving his crowds the appearance of
being far away and his landscapes the appearance of
being precious, refined and spiritual. He does not him-
self experience the actualities of the world, but rather
he finds the trace of all of them in the attitudes of the
kneeling ones and to whom whom he gives asymmetri-
cally the lines that trace on their faces which he scrupu-
lously slowly noting how the suffering of several genera-
tions has been imbibed in the countenances of men who
have grown thin and anaemic and in the pale, sad and
gentle faces of the infants, sometimes showing sorrow
in the long lines and further drawn out by the man's
headress over their foreheads and temples. Where
are the strong effigies of Jan van Eyck full sanguine,
and we too? Where is Jan van Eyck himself so sure
of himself, he of the heavy substance, of the solid
mind? Meaning is a very careful, somewhat coerced
and timid man, infinitely patient and attentive, infi-
nitely an artist, sick doubtless, with a tender and clo-
istered mysticism, a lover of silence and of engravings,
of old books, of vases, and of poetry, a man who wel-
comes the humble who in humble himself and very
good. If his martyrs are pitiful, his executioners are
less repulsive than those of the others. Character loses
its form through being too minutely searched out, and
dramatic action is somewhat veiled through his delicate
examination of detail and his meticulous harmonies.

They are pure, however, and sometimes brilliant, with a liquid and limpid glow which makes the reds and the blacks comparable with those of the Japanese lacqueters, and to be found outside of Flanders during this century and the next, among the Germans, in Italy among the Sienese, and, unexpectedly enough, with Raphael.



PATINIR. The Flight into Egypt, detail. (Prado.)

one also finds them in France with Jean Malouel and among several of the anonymous little painters who precede and accompany the Clouets. These are not the only relationships between this century and Japan, and, what is more singular, with the Japan of the same period. At every moment, in the Sienese paintings of the fifteenth century one finds elongated faces with oblique eyes which, one would say, were drawn by a painter of Nippon. Pisanello and later, Dürer understand plants and animals in quite the Japanese manner,

and certain little Flemish portraits by Memling, Petrus Cristus, and Hugo van der Goes, like those of the dukes of Burgundy, dressed in black with the Golden Fleece about their neck, clean-shaven, pale and broad-faced, of discriminating and sensual men, make one think of the art of their contemporaries of the most distant Orient, because of the purity of the harmonies, the sober oppositions, and the decision of the outline. Is this chance? Perhaps not. The Portuguese had already brought to the ports of Europe lacquered boxes and pictures and perhaps even paintings by Maitrebo, Shubun, or Desabiu.

IV

The purity, the transparency of tone, the explosive magnificence emanating from the material itself so hard and translucent that it seems like a black diamond to radiate its own light are to characterize the last school of Bruges. This finds them even with Patinir, perhaps the most moving and most profound悲观ist of landscape, the powerful and concrete narrative of the labors of the countryside the ancestor of Peter Breughel. But Patinir stands alone under his skies laden with clouds, in his rich and heavy plains where the forests and the harvests alternate and succeed each other to the horizon and beyond it. The painter is no longer living the life of his time and when he looks upon it he is trying to find subjects through which to render the precious harmonies that have grown rigid in his mind. They are losing their strength and life just as everything else is. Gerard David, the pupil of Memling, no longer sees anything in the world save materials having the purity of gems and tones as deep as water. The faces, it is true, as with all the Flemings of that time, bear the stigma of the age, of the privations, of

the physical pain, and of its care, and he makes an honest attempt to make us perceive them. But before all else, he is a painter. He has no longer the heart of van Eyck, and more than a century is lacking before he can have the mind of Rubens. He paints earth and wood and steel with as much attention and exactness as he does hands and faces, and when he depicts a tortoise, that which he finds in the tone of the shadowed flesh and of the leather that is parched by blood is above all a pretext for reciting the red in which the eyes, whiskers, and claws are dressed. He is a master of harmonies as pitiful as the officer who cuts open the skin of the tortoise man.

Carrant David has no compunction about taking possession of the secrets of his irreproachable batiment and of his faience material. One sees clearly that he is the last of his line. He is accustomed to the spectacle which brought hatred and tears to the successors of van Eyck or from which they fled with averted eyes. There, as elsewhere, the fifteenth century had opened veins and torn hearts. In Italy there was the frightful contrast between intelligence in the accentuated and activity on the one side, in France chronic war and in Flanders the convulsive death struggle of liberty. But here and there the suffering is not the same. The estates have provoked the grief of van der Weyden, the wrath of Dirk Bouts, the sadness of Memling and the misery of Matsys. The torment of Matsys of Damasco and of Boltieci is the result of the effort they make to tear these souls from an exhausted ideal and to recreate the universe. In the former case it is wholly a moral drama that we see, in the latter a wholly intellectual one. The Flemings suffer because they can no longer live fully, the Italians suffer because they do not know, and when they have learned through their suffer-

ing they suffer again that they may know more, because that which dominates them is the desire for absolute forms and the imagination with which to realize them.

Hence the difference between the two parallel movements which cause the Occident to pass from a collective form of civilization to an individual form of



QUINTON MATSYS. *The Entombment.* (Antwerp Museum.)

investigation. In Italy, men are led on by passion, they go ahead because they feel the need to, in Flanders, they go ahead in spite of themselves, their old garments please them and it was because painting permitted them to take possession of intimate and real landscape, one whose especial destination was no longer, as in Florence, that of expressing abstraction, that, unknown to themselves, they play a positive and necessary rôle.

in the majority of the future. It was doubtless because their mentality was disorganized because they were unhappy and however due to an overwhelming moral depression that they were paving the way for a generation which was to be incapable of resisting Hitler's Hitlerianism, or continuing in its original and no less



BRUNELLESCHI'S MANUSCRIPT DRAWING OF A GROUP OF PEOPLE

to those who have not, through great struggle, gained the right to existence, it had to annihilate it.

During the French invasion of the peninsula, the Almohad kingdom, much like the kingdom of Aragon, set up against the moral command of Justice by their own contradictions. According to the law, as long as the book had been written in Arabic, it had to be destroyed. But the Christians, who had been dragged into the paths of the Almohads, desecrated the text, left the book. The power had deserted Burgos for Asturias, where, years and years after, he wrote



ANTONIO MANCINI The Duke of Alba. *Brussels Museum* 1

sion of Charles the Fifth, the heir to the Low Countries through the marriage of his grandfather all the activity of the Flemish cities was concentrated, and now all these artists yielded to the attractions of the southern genius. Resistance was difficult. Following the example of François the First and Charles the Fifth all the powerful men of western Europe preferred their preference for the painters from beyond the Alps, and at the beginning of the century the great symphonic school of painting had been born in Rome and in Venice. It made the Gothic ideal seem rather clumsy, very much reduced in its strength and in its necessity to minds which in the North as well as in the South felt the demand of the time for the freedom of the individual.

It was to flee from this new impersonality that Jan van Malaeus and van Orley and Gossaert, van Hemessen, Martin de Vos, and Jan Mostaert abuse their personality before that of the Italians. It made no difference that van Orley followed Rome and Florence and that Martin de Vos invaded the authority of the Venetians, the result was the same—sterile too highly idealized, too often too ideal, and mythologized too gaudily. If Jan van Malaeus had not nevertheless set his even rest on the clean-shaven and strong faces of the princes and the merchants, if van Orley, a maker of sumptuous tapestries had not retained in his puffed-up forms some trace of the dramatic sentiment with which Roger van der Weyden had inspired the beginning of the great painting of Flanders, and if above all, Rubens had not in his youth had his mind haunted by the clamy poems of a crowd of artists who talked of nothing but Italy and who advised the young men to go and study the masters there before taking a brush in their hands, we should have forgotten all those who

turned toward Rome. Not one of them was able to turn toward Antwerp; its great past and its own present life not above all to deserve in himself the name of the prince in life when the contact with such a force of activity might have and would have brought about



Pieter Brueghel. Children's games. Imperial Library, Vienna.

Perhaps it was because Quentin Matsys was back in Antwerp, because he had always lived there, and because he laid down his brush only to go back to his blacksmith's hammer again, that he was the only one to catch a glimpse of the new sources which the growing life of Antwerp was about to open. At the news of the grand to be sure, there was talk about Italy, and the pictures which the courtauld showed to one another, the great may not less in the sacred landscapes where the gods lead their bairns down the slopes to the mead, only increased the temptation that beset him to fall in love with fashion and to abandon the new forces which,

as a man of the people, he was obliged to respect. But he was beginning to understand the lesson of the Latin artists, and to some extent he mastered the urge of an instinct which was retreating step by step. He has less empty spaces in his works than have the great Flemish primitives, the organization of his pictures is less confused, and something one finds in them—as in the *Entombment*—is well defined and well sustained effort toward the continuity of line and the balance of volumes which must be the passage between the great dramatic sentiment of Roger van der Weyden and the formidable stateliness to whose tumultuous incident as the seasons turn, we forgotten in their rhythm Rubens will bring in all the forms of life. No matter, he is more a Fleming than the others, direct, compact, and with flashes of a strange charm in his landscapes that vanish in transparent distances. As he was a worker in iron, his material is a little hard and dry, as he had not had the time to look at the Scheelt, the fat lands which I water, and the sky, his color is a trifle pale, but he gives full-blooded flesh, good living, and good weather. In germ, he has in him all of Antwerp, from the proungous Rubens to the mestiere Tervueren.

One cannot, especially after having understood Quentin Matsys, deny the necessity and the importance of the part to be played by the artists who turn toward Rome. The Gothic idea in Flanders, as in France and in Germany had exhausted its resources. The time had come when the artist of the North must die or enter upon the permanent research which the artist of the South was proposing to him. He accepted reluctantly. Erasmus is of the same age as Jan de Mabuse and Quentin Matsys—and from this spirited submersion there came

forth Shakespeare, Rubens, and Rembrandt as later on. Newton, Lamarck, and Beethoven were to follow.

v

Now, in Flanders, the first man whom this research revealed to himself was a peasant type whose unexpected manner of speech, whose bizarre and powerful



Peter Brueghel. II. Parade of the Blind Men
(Naples Museum).

humor have caused him to be looked on too often as merely a comic primitive, perhaps a trifle ridiculous. He was a man of free and bold mind, of great and radiant soul, whose name was Peter Brueghel. He had made the trip to Italy without undue haste I imagine, not oversupplied with money on foot, very likely, loitering, retracing his steps, going roundabout ways in order to walk through the villages nestling among the hills which he discovered off his road, stopping to draw a clump of trees, a herd, a group of workmen in the fields, the gesture of a cloud, or the form of a sky. He must have understood Italy. Instead of bringing

Pine Porcupine. (Author's Collection, Florida.)



back from it calligraphic formulas and worn-out generalizations, he returned to Flanders to consider the image apart from all traditional customs, from every preoccupation of a symbolic or religious nature. From a desire to relate his vision to the great concrete and confused ideal which was living little by little among the masses of people—an image very true and pure but well thought out, very human, entirely personal, which Rubens had re-planted in his heart.

He discovered that at many of the landscape towns which the parties of Flanders had been tending since the time of Pieter Brueghel but to which not one of them, save Pieter Brueghel himself, van der Gheen, and Patijn had really penetrated—also Jerome Bosch whose clownish humor barely masks a profound and sane sense of the good present soil, of harvests, hay-making, seed-time, and plowing. The van Eycks, indeed, had shown how the plain needed behind the promenades and the cavalades which defiled before their eyes, and Dirk Bouts and Memling had perceived to be sure that the undulations of the sand slope lose themselves in blue mist the farther away they appear in the distance. But not one among these artists, not even Jan van Eyck, had dared really to confess to himself that the cavaliers, the soldiers, and the prophets were scarcely more than a pretext for them and that the trees and the skies made a stronger appeal to them. And perhaps they cared too much for the heavy draperies, the tapestries, and the robes of green or black velvet or of red cloth ready to sweep out in the countryside attracted toward it as they were, any thing else but harmonies corresponding with their subject—a sumptuous and statuary accompaniment for the scenes in the foreground.

With Brueghel, everything changes, or rather everything matures. He places himself in the center of the plains, and it is the plain itself that lives—the man remaining. It does not live with a life any different from its own—he shares in all its changes and as to shapes he has its habits, its deities, and its breeds. With equal interest the painter demands of men and trees that they commune with him. They are his friends by the same right as the others, he reaps the confidences which he has received from inanimate and animate nature with the same simple frankness, spontaneous, but patient, and perhaps a bit melancholy. Or rather nothing among all earthly things is inaccurate for him—nothing, not even the soil—not even the chips of lead wood, not even objects manufactured by the hand of man, nor even the little stones along the road. All of that speaks to him at the same time, and seems to be chattering with him, whispering to him all about its little personal life, modest, but determined to lose none of its rights.

How is it that from this accumulation of little facts so powerful a life comes forth? Whether he is walking through the street or the square of a village, or whether he happens to be standing alone amid the trees, he sees everything, even to the least things, and he pictures them all suffusing the whole with such an emotion that the universal poetry of the crowd and of the earth flows over one like a strong snow wave. How is it that one can count the hundreds of children whom he shows at play, darting in their little toys, take part in their games, how is it that one can listen to the straggling and gossiping of the housewives gathered into groups or wiping the noses of their children or sweeping the front of their door. how is it that with a sympathetic glance our eye follows the poor people who come and

go with their carts and their tools and that at the same time one can grasp the main idea of the scene, the disordered swarming of all this humble humanity and recognise, in the confused murmur laughing and weeping all the cries, all the calls, and all the whispered tales? How can he perceive all the leaves of the trees, all their slender branches against the white sky, all the blades of grass, distinguish all the birds that flutter and that hop, describe one after another all the windows of the houses and yet without give to the whole of nature that collective life in which nothing is isolated, but which envelope and covers all things with the same air and the same sky? How is it that he does not forget when he tells some little story in all its petty details, that he is a painter and that he is to sustain, from one end of the canvas to the other the subtlest, the deepest, the most discreet harmonies, making the tones work together with a minute science to which his tenderness gives a quality as moving as a singing voice?

His world is a living being that remains living whether seen from near by or from afar, living in the superior and improving harmony of all its accumulated elements, living in each one of the atoms whose obscure functioning assures that harmony. He bears that life in himself, one would say that he was independent of the meticulous poet who envelope his observation with so much mystery, submitting simply to the rhythm of the seasons and to the irregular flight of the winds and the clouds, and who yields himself with the earth and the sky, the vegetation, the crops, the beasts and the men, to the most imperceptible tremor of the immense universe. There is not a blade of grass but is affected when the air and the water are affected by the darkening of the sky, not a wave of the river but knows

that it is to strike against a projection of the head and turn from its course, not a cutting tool but changes its expression when the stump of tree on which it lies is covered with leaves or is stripped of them, not a man and a dog, that walks with the same step on snow.



*Franco-Flamish Cycle. The Museum of the University,
Brown University.*

covered ground, on the mostly ground of spring and autumn, and on the ground that is carpeted in summer with warm grass, there is not a tree which does not cut clear and black against the great white landscape of the silent winter, of which does not bring through the vaporous foliage which it has in August, to the vapors that rise from the earth, spring quarts and mirths. Tropel summer has dancing of bay and of sweet, autumn is heavy with all the heads that bear their heads with its overladen trees, its full houses, its swelling breasts. And now comes the wind, the



branches are stripped and man hastens to repair his dwelling. And in the clear air of winter or the darkened air of winter, the sleeping earth no longer moves, and one hears no other sound than that given forth by the vibration of water and ice. Into the almost dead harmonies of the seasons, when everything is wet by the rain caught in the grip of the cold space absorbs the pure or blurred buts whose walls are rubbed down with earth and whose roofs are brushed by the sky that they may have their share in the all-embracing splendor of the world. When the winter is violent and black, it is harder to bear, with its frost and that crackles to the tips of the branches, than when the snow has covered its bare carcass and dulled all its sounds, save the voices of men who are climbing a hillside, astonished to find themselves alone.

The great painter who has shown us all that is a man of good heart. That is why he is willing to share the secret misery or the secret happiness of the water, the earth, the foliage, the beasts, the soil, and the air. Like Jerome Bosch, who influenced him greatly, he certainly knew the pain of his century. But he quickly abandoned the exaggerated, unreal and bizarre symbolism of Bosch, his head swarming with composite monsters and all the grotesque nightmares of his weird and fantastic mind, as the younger his , Breughel could foresee the approach of the horrible drama which was to drown the kind earth in blood and veil with smoke the great sky of the Netherlands. Beginning about 1540, the ideas of the Reformation had entered Flanders, and since Spain was master there, the books are being burned, the apostles tortured and the stake is always ready for its victims. Perhaps Breughel knew Antonio Moro, an impious soul with the savage eyes of a

Fleming completely dominated by Spain, such a man as could give us the atrocious effigy of the Duke of Alba, that executioner whose diseased mind was to express itself through boiling or crucifying the "Beggars" or breaking them upon the wheel. Brueghel suffers at the sight of all of this, but as he has intimated



Pieter Brueghel. Autumn detail
Imperial Gallery, Vienna

the sweetness of the countryside, he says nothing, but contents himself with paraphrasing for the future the old legends of the Bible. Always a lover of little children, he has portrayed in the details and in the whole of his pictures—with the torrential verve of his contemporary, Rabelais—all their games: leapfrog, skipping-ponds, rounders, marbles, tops, stilts, "straight-oak" and playing at grown-ups. With tender irony he has described their busy and serious little life, from the older ones who play at war to the little ones who make

mud pies or who gravely take their own excrement, here are all the games of the little children who play at aafe. Always a lover of the poor little children grotesquely decked out with patched trowsers that are too long for them, with coarse shoes, with skirts that are too big and that make them look bulky, and with



PETER BRUEGHEL, or School of. — The Harvest.
(Lille Museum.)

women's handkerchiefs so large that only their little numb fingers stick out from under them. he painted the "Massacre of the Innocents" in a poor village. under the snow, there are ten cottages surrounding a church spire. the pond and the brook are frozen and a squadron of men card n iron shut off escape with their ruined lances. The soldiers do their work the mothers struggle with pitiful gestures. poor people surrounding the indifferent captains implore their mercy the little

men, knowing nothing and thinking perhaps that it is a game, allow themselves be killed without even looking at the executioners. There are some dogs playing about, a bird, some blood on the ground, a little body stretched out. And that is all. Before his death he saw the passing of the iconoclasts; he may have seen them breaking the statues and shattering the images which he loved. There is no difference between those who break the idol and those who have unlearned how it must be adored. He already knew that perfectly well. He has spoken his thought in the "Parable of the Blind Men" with its antithetical landscape and the weak chain of men, the empty eye-sockets in their faces upturned toward the sky as they utter naught in the absolute darkness of destroy and of reason.

The Gothic men had introduced nature into the cathedral, but in fragments as decorative elements. The cathedral, from top to bottom, was a symbol, but a symbol based by dogma, accepted by the crowd as a revelation of truth. If the Flemings, at the end of the sixteenth century, have definitely consented to enter the modern world whose program had just been outlined by da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian, it is with Peter Brueghel and through Peter Brueghel, who has revealed to the soul of the North the entire body of nature and who has brought eternal symbolism back to the appreciation of the spirit.



FONTAINEBLEAU

Chapter V FONTAINEBLEAU, THE LOIRE, AND THE VALOIS

I

N the fifteenth century the art of the Gothic image maker was not entirely extinct, but outside of the conquered provinces it could not survive unless it abandoned the disrupted architectural symphony never to return. As the Commune was finished, as the monarchy had neither the time nor the leisure nor the resources to complete the cathedrals, sculpture took refuge in the only place near which war passed without entering. Rather than disappear, it peopled the silent naves and the darkness of the burial vaults with great recumbent figures which, with their symbolism the more moving because it was involuntary, participated both in the death struggle of that dream of a social order which had arisen in the mind of the crowd that had vanished two centuries before, and in the crisis of that dream of the monarchy which was

threatening to miscarry. The French sculptors who had covered their country with workmen, with peasants, with animals, with leaves, and with flowers of stone now made nothing except tombs, and tombs of kings. They stretched out man and woman side by side, strong and grave, and not doubting in death any more than they



TOMB OF JEANNE DE MONTFERRAND Detail

had in life; in them they formulated their own strength, their own gravity, and the hope of consolation which they no longer expected upon earth. Technical questions increase rapidly, it is true, in the admirable clasped hands, in the beautiful, pure faces with the closed eyes, in the head-dresses, the draperies, the robes, the escutcheons, and the armor. But although its faith becomes less strong each day, although it is besieged by the increasing influence of Italy, the tradition of the Gothic image maker still guides the sculptor



JEAN MALOUEL (?) The Virgin and Child. (*Private Collection.*)

of the tombs down to the time of Barthélémy Prieur, passing through André Beauneveu, Guillaume Regnaut, and Germain Pilon himself. It was along an imperceptible slope that he glided from the profound sentiment for righteousness and for death to the anatomical



Jean Mareschal (?) - Pieta (Louvre.)

science which led Germain Pilon to stretch out his queen and his king nude upon the slab of the tomb.

The art of the tombs is the connecting link between the French artist and the French monarchy. There is no more communal frankness, there are no longer any well-defined provinces, there is no longer a national territory in formation. The great vassals divide up the lands which are not occupied by the English. Hence-

sorth. France is the king, until the time when monarchical centralization shall through the king, have remade France. Where the king goes the artist goes, and the fate and the life of the king will decide, if not



PLATE IV.—*Palace of the popes, Avignon.*

the nature of the artist, at least his pretext for manifesting it.

Outside the limits of the English invasion, in Burgundy and in Flanders, one gets the lofty, maternalistic, and exultant art of the industrial cities of well-filled barns and generous stores of wine. In the occupied provinces we see the flamboyant, leath strangled of the churches, the miserable image maker seeking his mystic paradise, and Jean Marouet, the artist who remained faithful to the Paris which was ruined by the great wars, weeping with the mothers over their little ones, seeing nothing more than a sick people adoring the martyrs, and hating the executioners. All the health of France, a precarious and tottering health, to tell the truth,

threatened at every moment, clings to the uncertain fortune of the Valois. It is an art of poverty, thin and threadbare like themselves, but it is alive and that is the essential thing. Despite everything, the hope of the people sustains and accompanies the wandering princes. Jean Fouquet is of the same age as Jean of Arc, and the French idea perpetuates itself in the pages of the missals which he illuminates for King Charles the Seventh, even as it was affirmed under the walls of Orléans, at Patay, at Rheims, and at Rouen. The voice is weak because it is isolated, but it is pure. Before Charles the Seventh, Jean le Bon had heard that of



SCHOOL OF PROVENCE, 1480.

Adoration, detail

Museo Caley, Arignon.

Gérard d'Orléans. After him Louis XI will hear that of Villon, Francis I will hear that of Rabelais, Henri II, that of Jean Goujon, and Charles the Ninth that of Ronsard. This race, in its decomposition and the weakness of its spirit still managed to entwine the royal lily grown blue with poison and the laurel steeped in blood with the oak leaves which the wind of national or civil



SCHOOL OF AVIGNON. The life of Saint Mitre, detail.
(Cathedral of Aix.)

wars tore from the Gothic forest. Half Italian they never entirely misread the meaning of French thought.

Our old painting, in that peaceful Touraine where the kings, driven from the basin of the Seine, had taken refuge, came forth, as in other places, from the Books of Hours which had grown too narrow to contain it. But the flames of hell and the burning parades did not



SCHOOL OF AUTUN. *Pieta.* (Louvre.)

attract it very strongly. It had the good sense of our men of central France, their purity of accent, and their wisdom with its hint of ratiociny. It came from the country of the good Agnès Sorel, of the broad and healthy Rabelais, of the methodical Descartes, and of Honoré de Balzac who says such rich things in such bare language. It was happy to be alive, and in its thought there was no fatigue. No one was more capable than Fouquet of combining great lines on a background of gold, of quietly building up portraits of sick and ungainly kings, of solid chancellors, of charming



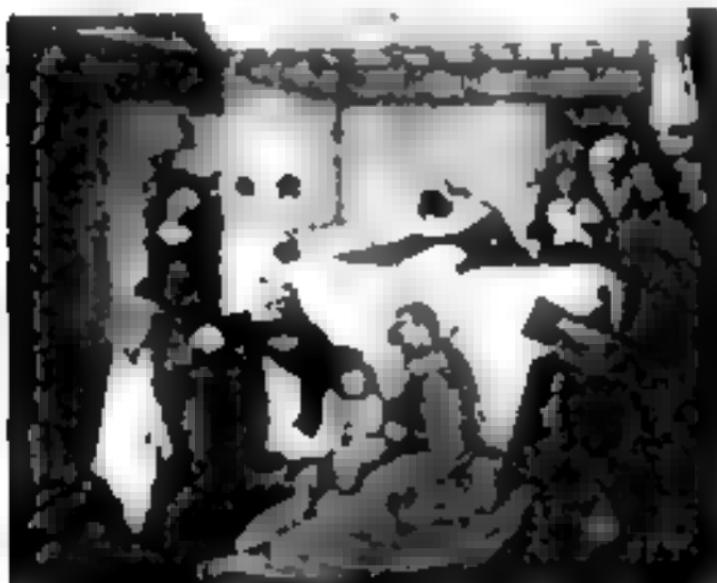
FROMENT D'AVIGNON. The Burning Bush detail. Portrait of
Jeanne de Laval. (Cathedral of Aix-en-Provence.)

young women with bare breast and eyes lowered under their veils an inexpressible spirit of tenderness and intelligence floating around them, in the direct and naturalized harmony of a painting as liquid as a spring morning. Father and master of French painting he had, to the highest degree, its structural virtues, a little bit dry they say because the charm of the color is lacking or reverse, but just a little bit like water like a spring that flows among the grasses instead of rushing forth like a torrent. They are powerful virtues, the common property of all our arts—literature, the theater, sculpture, painting, drawing and music—and they carry along without interrupting our rigid costumes of architecture in their definite order, their measured renderance their sensibility which is contained within the outlines of the framework, their depth without shadows and their emotion without shrieking. Father and master of the great sober portrait, in its purity in its fulness as of a hawk, never was he more at his ease however, than when quite forgetting the magnificent scenes of Flanders which he knew through the manuscripts, and the various idealism of the Italians whom he studied during a journey to the peninsula in the time of his youth, he set himself to tell, with secret tenderness, of the intimate and peaceful poetry of the Bretons, the familiar detail of domestic life, and of the quiet and active labor of the householders of Bourgogne attending to their fires, straightening their bed covers, arranging their mantles, and watching their soup and their fires. He had a feeling for nature surely to be found outside of a people of hunchback men, and which is peculiarly French. His subjects are those of peasants he spoke as one familiar with the breeds that belong to them and the workers of the soil. All things accepted the life that



JEAN FOUCQUET (?). The man with the glass of wine. (*Luttrell*.)

was there. There had to be a rapid trend toward amateurcy before painting could follow the hard, permed, and prophetic style of the Italian artists and give to French art its brief spurt toward a lyrical interpretation of form which was to be realized far a moment in Jean Goujon. Fouquet had neither the desire nor the fresh



Jean Fouquet. Birth of John the Baptist. Book of Hours of E. Charnier. — See page 990.

ing for drama, and when it passed before him he took more interest in its psychological structure than in the passing magnificence of it. Always always, he was more attentive than enthusiastic and more interested than moved; or rather he never allowed his emotion to overstep the bounds of his irreproachable sense of measure. A man witty and tender, with a lot of rugged gregariousness even though ingenuous, and much pleased with

his own ingenuousness. When he paints the circles of azure and of fire which protect his paradise, he knows full well that they can be of no other red and no other blue than the trees of Judea and the cornflowers of his Touraine. And the acid greens of the meadows and the vinous pinks of the chestnut flowers invariably



Jean Foucault. St. Margaret, Book of Hours of
E. Chevalier. (Louvre.)

appear under the impalpable bloom of gold which gives the event of daily life its religious significance.

We shall scarcely find this conscious simplicity, this precise vigor, and this malicious candor again in our history until two or three centuries after Foucquet, with La Fontaine, with Molière, with Chardin. They are clearly of this country and of this period, in places they prolong the diminishing murmur of the crowd.

Oftentimes they are still anonymous, as if France were trying to resist as long as she could that tempting individualism in which Italy is instructing her. In these beautiful hands so easily posed in these amused faces, tender eyes, and much evous mouths, the old image makers and the psychological story tellers continue their art, just as they will find themselves again by way

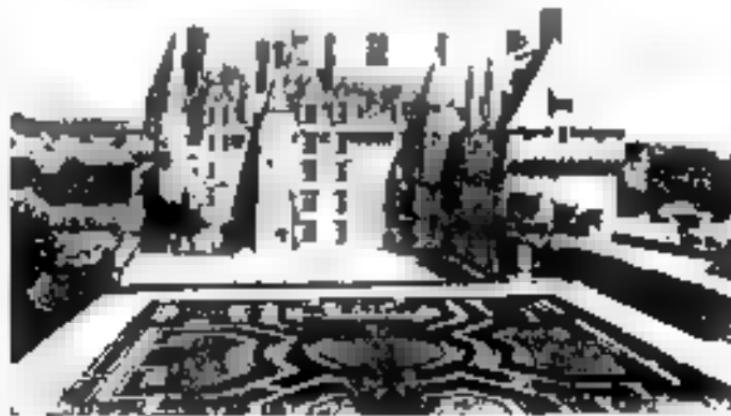


SENTRY OF ST. GERMAIN AND PROTAIS. TAPESTRY—XVth CENTURY.
(Cathedral of Avignon)

of the moralists and so teach the short stories of Voltaire. It is certain that through the mingling of ingenuousness, mischieffulness, and the power of penetration, French portraiture reaches its proudest moment here, and it is first among all the schools of portraiture by reason of its value as psychology. During these two centuries of suffering, of observation, and of conquest, from Malouel to Lagnau, with Poucquet, Coim d'Amiens, the painter of Avignon, Perréal the Clouets, Cornelle de Lyon, and a dozen unknown men, the

which presents a most striking without weakness. But in the being fluid of [the] air, these voices are unheard by their contemporaries. In his rich portraits, the master of Montrésor, whose name perhaps was Jean Perréal, recognises his favorite French form, the pure features of which, then also his state's gentleness which he gives both with discretion as if it might offend the taste of the court and the new fashions. As for the *Cavorts*, it is in vain that they possess the almost exclusive privilege of reproducing the movements of the king, the queen, the princes, and the great vassals; their importance at the court of the last King is already a slight one. Their subjects paint but briefly before them as of before a lens; where goes the money is to be shown to a few intimates only. Their purity, their observation, and their penetration are such, it is true, that in a few lines, a few signs, and a few shadows barely indicated, there is forever in their sketches, so devoid of all pomp and even of may, the profound spirit which each fleeting moment reveals to him who can seize it. Their portraits seem almost to be traced directly from the contours of the face, the set of the eyelids, the network of the veins as they appear on the surface and each separate hair. They above us had and wills form the mass of broken shives, chlamys and the festered ears that belong to the poisoned race of [these] bugs. D'Aigle, more passionate but less cruel, must have got the feeling of these effigies even as Brantôme must have known the six faces and the quaint grace of Louis de Lamoignon, one of the best qualified of his time to notice the pertinacious and the full tenacity of life and to seize its spirit in the light of the eyes and the smile of the mouth. Copper le de Lamoignon, setting his people against blue or green backgrounds,

follows the same processes as the writers. These artists are historians above all. We have not known how to use their talent for minuteness, the continuing curves, the pure ovals, the enamel and jewels of their carefully and closely worked pigment, and their hard and tense harmonies. The princes whom they painted with wasp-like waists stand before impid backgrounds



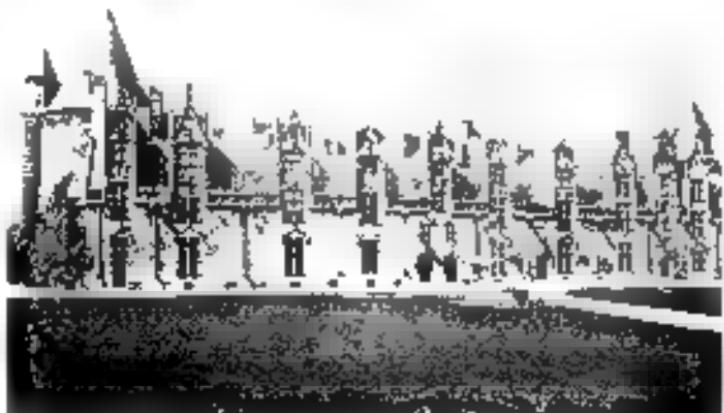
CHATEAU DE LANGEAIS.

and their horses caparisoned with purple bear the kings to the fields of the cloth of gold, they make us forget the ugliness of their masters by investing them most elaborately in jewel boxes of crystalline fire

II

How does the soil which nourishes the sculptors of the cathedrals, which nourishes Foucquet, which nourishes a Fontaine, and which nourishes the brothers Le Nain, which imposed upon the Clouets, though they were of Flemish stock, the precision and the sobriety of

its aspects, after having expressed itself completely in an explosion of love that united a thousand voices of the most homogeneous crowd, the one, perhaps, that is closest to the earth of all that have ever existed—how does it happen that this soil was prevented from reappearing with its own savor, save rarely, during the centuries that followed and in the work of a few isolated



CHÂTEAU DE JOSELLIN.

men? Its lack of accent, especially in this region of the Loire, is precisely what gives it a charm which was to envelop and hold those who are born and who live there. Nowhere do the hills follow one another so gently as in France, nowhere are things bathed in a calmer light, as distinct from the crudity of the South as it is from the profound brilliance of the North, nowhere are the waters clearer or the air and the soil lighter. The artists are born there in large numbers; few of them recall their surroundings. Too many men



SCHOOL OF JEAN FOUCAULT Agnes Sorel. (*Private Collection.*)

are crossing France, situated at the crossroads of the modern world, between Spain, Italy, Germany, the Low Countries, and England, and bathed by the two seas which bring to her the East and the West. Never is she entirely herself, and she is constantly renewing herself. Therein is her weakness—and her strength. There is no hero to take her entirely into his soul, but instead a diffused intelligence which is constantly reborn from her ashes to teach the nations that they all participated in her formation and that she does not cease to act upon their development. It is a people born to be happy, peacefully to live by its own harvests and its own vintages, but condemned to eternal martyrdom because it does not give others time to understand it and because the others do not give it time to realize itself. That is the reason why it was in such haste to build the cathedral. It foresaw that it would no longer, perhaps, be able to bequeath its true image to the future.

Italy breathed into it a flame which was new, at least,



COIN DU ANCIEN. LOUIS XI.

(Private Collection.)



Portrait of an Unknown Woman. (London.)

and, in its declining strength, it had but little more resistance to offer. But the spirit of Burgundy and of Flanders which, in the past, it had awakened, now imprest it in turn. We see Michel Colombe leave the great nave to enter the colored shadow of a chapel and bend over the great theatrical tomb of the Burgundian princes. His desire was to equal its pompous luxury, but that was impossible. Something thin and enervated, a kind of fiery tension toward the idea of the beauty of form, announces the invasion of Italian idealism and, unhappily, of its formulas as well. The façades of a hundred manors, of a hundred churches, the rood lofts, the pulpits, the pews, the grating of the choirs, the stained-glass windows, the carved wood, the forged iron, and the ceramics of the period all bear the same imprint. Seduced by so much grace, France is about to surrender herself.

For a long time Avignon had arrested the transalpine spirit in its course, which preferred to mount through the valley of the Rhône to mingle with Burgundy and with Flanders and so avoid the territories that had



MICHEL COLOMBE. Tomb of Francis II of Brittany detail.
Cathedral of Nantes

been ruined by war. Beginning with the first half of the fourteenth century, with the popes. Italy had made the moral conquest of Provence, already well prepared to receive her through the ancient Greco-Latin memories of the land and the tradition of love that had never ceased to reign there. Giotto barely missed coming to Avignon. In that city Petrarch had demanded the portrait of Laura from the great Simone Martini, who had come to cover with noble frescoes the halls of



MAGDALENE. (*Tomb of the Abbaye of Solignac.*)

the palace of the popes. Unknown Frenchmen work there with him and after him. Within the majestic fortress the walls disappeared under the painted forests that were traversed by huntsmen, that were peopled with birds, and tapestried with fresh moss in which one

feels the quiver of the springs of living water. Even after the departure of the pontifical court, the city remained the meeting place for the elevation of the South and the exaltation of the North. The proximity of the court of Avranches gave King René himself an opportunity surrounded himself with image makers with painters with troubadours and minstrels could not do otherwise than quicken the heart of ancient culture which a century of peaceful activity had created there. Nicolas Froment working there with him in the construction of the cloisters and of the heavy castles of the vanquished Avignon because of his grave faults which he disclosed and which gave too exposure to some of the South who became afraid of him. It is curious which even in the cloisters of light and in which the orange trees grow also many Burgundian artists who had not their employment upon the arrival of the French left Lyon (or the sides of the Rhône Provençal) Chastillon sought to find favor with the prince and the color which he got from both of the painters, the clear workmanship, and the birth of the men of Châlons-en-Champagne. Here then was the clear evidence of Italian taste in which the tracery and the density of the painting of the North came to strange make itself with the subtleties of abstraction and the subtleties of the French. In the night and the light of the former to rest and its green that remained in black shadows and ate against the austral background as of gold with lizards red and copper in the tragic warning of the great waves that bend over the bare crosses in this superb shell pure and carved out like an idea. The great Port of Avignon is one of the symbols of the harmony of Italy and of France where everything of that hour was nothing

like an orchestra in the great silence of France, it is now like the sound of a violoncello arising alone above the tombs.

Whatever the misery of France in the fifteenth century, the hearth from which that work came could not



The MASTER OF MOULINS. *The Nativity*. Episcopal Palace of Amiens.

fail to cast some gleams onto the imaginations of the artists from its provinces of the North. Even before the Gothic period moreover, Italy had reacted upon them and the Romanesque was only an application of the essential principle of Roman architecture mingling with Eastern and Northern influences. The image makers, the master builders, and the glass makers of France were traveling about. There was an exchange of manuscripts, of furniture, of armor, and of wrought

iron and copper. But these were surface influences and the powerful life of the people assimilated them without knowing it. It needed the great military expedition of the end of the fifteenth century entirely to burst the dike formed by Avignon. Charles VIII brought back Italy in the train of his armies.

III

The French monarchy could not refuse an ardent sympathy to Italian art. Ruined by a hundred years of wars, the guide of men whom that terrible period had caused to forget their own civilization, the monarchy was all the more dazzled by the treasures heaped up in the Lombard or Tuscan cities because Italian art, at this time, was beginning to become exterior to apply itself more and more to the decoration of the palaces of a middle class that had grown rich, and of the chapels of the restored papacy. Money was coming back into the coffers of the French kings, peace was returning to the countryside, coming back to his France, and finding it benumbed, with its old springs dried up and its new springs not yet above ground, it was very natural that the king in order to restore his castles, to build and decorate them, should think of bringing back with him some of those artists whose fecundity, whose facility, and whose nervous and abundant animation enchant him. Fra Giordano, the architect, follows Louis XII to France. Francis I summons da Vinci, Benvenuto, Andrea del Sarto, and later Rosso and Primaticcio. Michael Angelo is foreshadowed.

The Louvre, which the Valois had not yet abandoned after the fifty years in which they had grown accustomed to the life there, was to be the first halting place of these artists in their northward march. During the



Plants Reactions to a Fungicide - 2
Journal of M. L. Brown

whole war, it had been considered by the English and the French as the key to the territory. The lands which it waters are the face of France. In its course it unites the valley of the Rhône and the Central Plateau with Brittany, while the tributaries of its right bank connect it with the basin of the Seine and the tributaries of its left bank with the basin of the Garonne. One might say that all these long rivers bring to it in their waters the fat lands of the North, the thin lands of the South, and the great rain clouds which have been mirrored in their sources. The oak, the chestnut, the poplar, the willow, the grasslands, and the reeds all meet here. The "garden of France" is born and reborn continually among these great tranquil waters, their soft curves between the banks of sand and the leafy shores, and the flooded fields from which clumps of trees emerge. The French princes chose these great landscapes, abundant and pleasant, as places where they might forget the sufferings they had undergone in the preceding century and flee the responsibility for the



JEANNE DE CLEVES A daughter
of Francis I (?)
(Private Collection.)



JEAN CLOUET Guillaume de Montmorency (*Lyon Museum*)

suffings of their own century. The château built for pleasure succeeded the stronghold. It was still surrounded by great sleepy moats, it was sometimes built on rivers, but that was rather to have the murmur and the rustling of the water than to protect it against the enemy from within or without. In the beginning, the new world indicates its character but slightly by the windows which open in the stone of the bare façades among the great pepper box towers and which open upon the gardens. We have not yet seen the end of the austerity of the military edifices whose loopholes and battlements, through which bowing or had flowed, animated the contour of the wall. Behind their thick masonry was the wealth accumulated by five generations of feudal lords, the deep cellars, the chests, the high backed chairs, the settees whose wood is carved into flames, and the enormous profusion of flowers woven in the tapestries that are flecked with blacks and reds, but have the sober and powerful arrangement which Beauvais reserves for the seigneur, this confused mass of embroideries, goldwork, and carving will have to feel at fled and in need of room within the walls and men will have to feel the desire to parade the vanity that comes with the acquisition of fortune before the façades break into flower, before the windows frame themselves with ornaments and cap themselves with pinnacled corners, before the new architecture of the nobility shall appear in the space of a few years.

What is called French Renaissance architecture, that impure mixture of styles which, despite all, becomes a style, develops out of the multiple influences of the military construction, of the feudal centuries, of Gothic ornamentation, and of the counterfeit Greco-Roman art.

devised by the Italians—the whole being erected at the edge of waters or in the vicinity of woods. In this style the essential architectural principle which the men of the twelfth century had seized in a flash, and which is

to think first of the destination of the building, is absent, or at least the destination of the château is so secondary in importance, so temporary and superficial a matter, that it quite masks this architectural principle. The necessity for adapting the organ to the function demanded of it had compelled the master builders to use the simple forms which caused harmony to burst forth from the interior of the body of the edifice itself and to flood the exterior. Even during the death struggle of Gothic construction, the ornament is so much a part of the building that it is the building itself turning little by little, into a bare skeleton, hollowed out, even to its bones, to permit the entrance of the light. The Renaissance, on the contrary thinks

first of charming through the surface, of covering, with a gorgeous mantle, the body devoid of its skeleton, its muscles and its blood. And all modern architecture has resulted from this error which will be perpetuated until the day when new social needs will call for other organs.

The ornamentation is of a time when analysis has



Jeanne. (Cont.)



Jeanne d'Albret. (Private Collection.)

begin, when the glass makes the windows and the painter no work for themselves when a thousand tell them what the art and taste must be. We learn a bright man like a despotic Mussolini, whereas three

centuries before an ignorant multitude acted like a single man. When fallen Italy has completely subdued the spirit of the builders, they so far abandon themselves to the decorative orgy that they turn even toward the Gothic artists, against whom they had intended to react, that they may ~~with~~ ~~and~~ learn from them. And when these façades are not complicated by colonnades, by loggias, tribunes, galleries of arcades, and all the com-



A fine piece of
decorative art
from the Louvre.

plexed devices of the new Italian decoration, the plain roofs, the great sweeping roofs that we saw in the best churches are made under a wearisome forest of galleries, of loggias, of terraces, of curves, of angles, and of more angles than bows. There is a stronger style, also, especially in a portion of the Louvre, the designs of foliage that was on top of the pinnacles and the



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odors of the earth there is an infinitely varied but infinitely monotonous combination of ceiling stems, vases, shedwork, animals, flowers, and human forms which try to hide their misery through their abundance, and lose their breath in so doing. The last flicker of the Gothic passion has become a cold, exhausting and forced dance, like a disappointing chase after a lost illusion: the saddest thing in the world, a great love that is dying and that is unwilling to admit it to itself. However, after fifty years of that French criticism, which alone was capable of recreating in the better minds a kind of intellectual enthusiasm which almost repudiated instead, the energy of Pierre Lescot and of Philibert Delorme will assure to the edifices which they construct a powerful skeleton. It arises from amid the accumulation of the materials with which they have to deal and which maintains its balance behind the stiff and sumptuous shells of the round or flat columns and of the Corinthian efflorescences, of the great corniced windows, of the bas-reliefs, and of the statues which frame them. And since the giving way of the too lofty vaults of Beauvais, French art was to know, in the Louvre, its first moment of hope.



In it there already awakens the need for an architectural system—it comes with force but a force surrounded by that proud grace and by that sense of a nature made aristocratic with which the artists of that time delighted the feudal lords who had lost the coarseness of former times. The architectural system needed is one which shall tend to anticipate that agreement with the commands of the monarchical dogma, an agreement which is to be realized a century later.

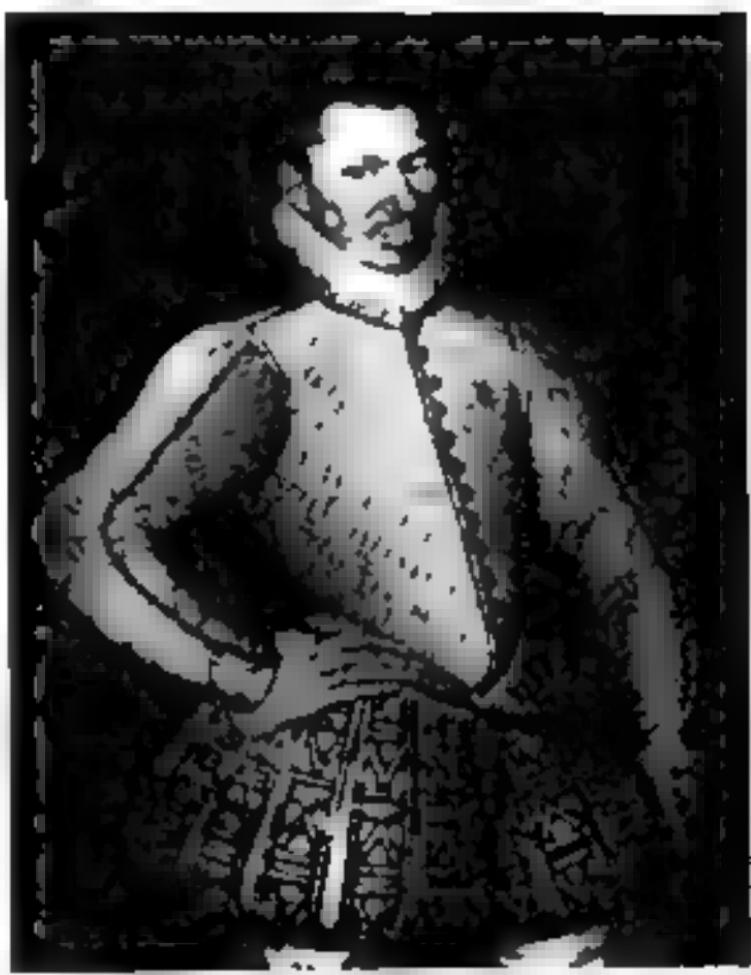
In Paris, Catherine reigns and Diane is forgotten. The architect restrains his fantasy and concentrates it upon erecting, in the center of the city, the house symbolic of the autocracy. He is no longer in the heart of the woods, he has no longer to build the great hunting



LIGIER RICHIER. Fragment of a monument. (*Louvre.*)

castle where the king, amid the gallantry of his court, comes to rest from war by hunting the stag and the boar, where he and the beautiful women about him direct the course of religion and diplomacy. The architect no longer follows Francis I, going from the verdant parks of the Loire, where the abundance of tranquil waters soothes the fatigue of his flesh, to the deep forests of the Île de France, where his gross, carnal sensuality appeases itself in bloodshed. In these animated solitudes, if the architect had lost the sense of the need

of the people which makes great addition to the painter and the sculptor left the time in between two of creative elements, the latter of which over the pagan work had known. When we consider the engine of the greatest work a cause which stretch away beneath the sun's tree when one seems to be round of just one note to the eye the grape and the figs under the bunches growing faint in the distance when under the shade of an oak one notes the animals of Romuald painted with bearded and with laurel. It seems as if further addition of hair beneath and hairless were abounding behind of the present water scenes. The black and white swans. Preparation after Heron had brought from Mantua to create Fontainebleau the exceptional and abundant knowledge of his master Leon Battista who had been teacher in the fortress and in whom the adage of grace of Raphael was of living under the best as we much that has been known and under which the day of the sixteenth century suddenly founded, after the profligacy of the time had made these voices heard. Both artists had met the masters of the French Forest. Heron in order to recover them despatched the three favorites who like them have a crest in their brown hair. Prime were married them in disorder into the great basin and guided bats and wings extended their long batlike forms about the golden frames of the pictures and set great bunches beside the immovable fireplaces and the windows with the fluttering bunches the fur bushes, and the moving tips of the arms to be grouped fruits, wheat, grapes and vegetables which were brought from the far to see the tools for the table of the king. A woman (Dionysus) seated herself at the edge of the motteaux pool which at times, in



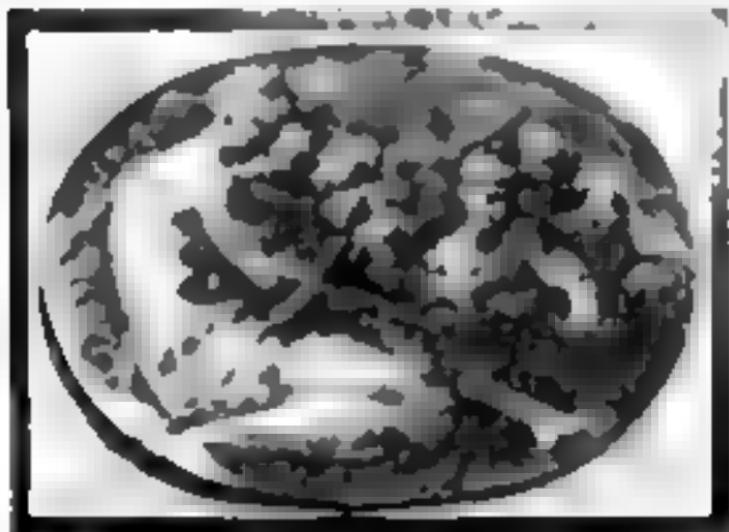
George de Forest - Portrait of an unknown man - Louvre

the evenings when the hunting and mounted, were purposed to take place in town.

It is into this atmosphere, brash with sensuality and with the open air that all the artists were to enter when over the retreating glory of the mastership had swept them. At its start, Aesop said of them one feels Ronsard again, the son of the house, the brook that flows from one's eyes, a numerous running water, and the to be washed in which he part of the gardens now here, it also has been exchanged to grapevines. It was only from their fine century that these artists appear apart from the more like squat from his needs, its sufferings and the ought he stated it. Nowhere do we find Montaigne save at times with the flocks. Nowhere do we find Rabelais never in the vacant and sunny hours of the good master Pierre Bourges. There is no trace of the author of *Argan* who is brother of the fugitive that born flesh and bones. The Protestant artists however have not lost the power of Casy in *Peter Pan*, even so is there not a threadbare stalk halberd in the torso of *Bartholemew Prout*? And devotion it is his true sign and his anguish that Luther Ritter is bringing back when he sets up on a pedestal a become passing corpse offering to heart to heaven of whom he asserted when the dead I bear a bairn and thin group of weeping women and of the men who bear the bairns. But Jean Fouquet the greatest of them all has not set foot in the country. He is a Huguenot and more pale and more gentle than master he wanders from the *Lure* to *Bontemps* never venturing his eyes from the wheatfields and the waters that are silvered by the breath of the wind.

There is nothing more French among us than this man who yet has nothing of our easy good nature nor

our hunting companion, who writes to the *Review* has written me an article and when I have a copy of it will adduce it more at length. It is clear that the author does not know what he means by "the great French literary school." He is of course ignorant of French literature.



PONTAIGNE. Drawing. Enamel.

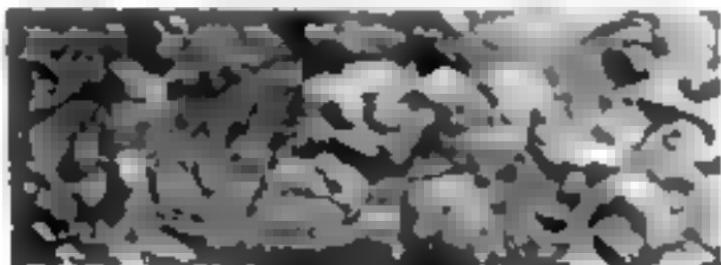
comes a year after. In other flax areas as well as Latin America, we have seen a long, long lag period. However, in periods of scarcity from one end of the world to the other, textile fiber becomes and the greater with the wind. Whether or not the market is favorable, because of market value of fibers, can be reckoned or forecasted by keeping at work the processes of painting up to the highest of the interest points, but a point which is not of painting, but even of power that agitates fluid which moves with the wind, the



CORNÉILLE DE LYON. Portrait. (Chantilly.)

perfume and the numerous streams through the air. The silence and the waters take his bark he carries the whole of that off and substitutes in its place that most noisy and disturbed forest; and even when the new stars begin to appear about it there is nothing but the silence and waters.

Have you ever been up at dawn or dusk in a forest and seen a hare start like a young squirrel take up all the



Deer leaping from an island of the forest—Lyon

space made by a hand or arm? Have you seen the way that takes himt here and there hand and feet the high estate of the age, the long thoughts of the slender minnows that take pleasure of even the great horns that are made for leaping in the forest in pursuit of the best of its game like a bounding lion when the young Chapman comes to path? Then there comes forth another of water more a breath of the damp forest. There he is far gone arms which flow from the shoulders when some one is running from an arm those horns that open the bushes with the flowers of the lily that stand on a ridge where surmounting them return to the same instant. These deer were started by the deer of Lyon, now as though on the surface of the water. There is a sound of sighs and of fountain, of



Jean Grisolia - Charity - Children of God

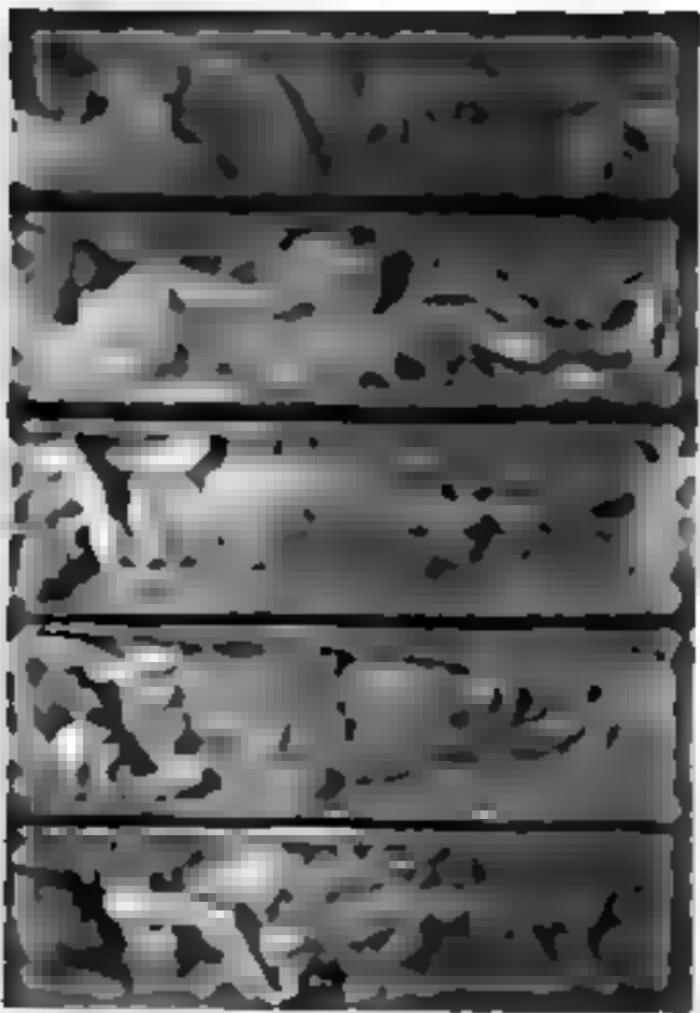
the bare induction of the winds of the murmur of the saplings— one sees the long curves of the rivers of France and the silver gleam they make among the reeds and the water plants.

In v. from Rousseau and from Primatissin to Jean Goujon and especially with Guigot, there was in this



Jean Goujon, or School of. *Diane the Huntress.* Cluny Museum.

art of the glades of the ponds and of the forests this art of statues and of columns had seen behind a wall of branches a most admirable sentiment of the female in the body amid nature. This sentiment was to decay very quickly in the measure that monarchical absolutism increased but it could not fail to assert itself with the passionate vigor of a spring in both on the morrow of the famous refugee lived through by the people of France and in the hope of a resurrection held out to the people by the young and beauty loving royal family that fled from the devastated cities to take possession of itself. The art of an aristocracy, the art of a caste



even, but superior to its function because it sprang like a young shoot from an old tree and because, in a language different from that spoken by the men who lived in the fever of the time Rabotin, d'Aubigné, the reformers, the painters, the book-sellers, and the inventors, it affirmed the invincible vitality of a race that had been crushed to earth by more than a hundred years of sorrow and misery. If the violent fervency of belief in the future, the characteristic of this century, is not felt in the work of Jean Goujon, be more than any of the others, possesses its humanity, its profound and sweet tenderness for everything that represents the forces of to-morrow. Have we sufficiently noted that these poets of woman were also the poets of childhood? Have we sufficiently noted that the three men, in the strength and in the banalities of their life, had felt but little of the glory of the child which sprang from the mother's womb as a manifestation of their vigor too fierce and too frequent for them to think of representing it? Have we sufficiently noted that their love gives out to the woman as a mother, that it is the hand, one higher than the other and her arm weakened by the weight that it carries, which arouses their tenderness rather than the child itself which is almost always inexpensive and commonplace as it rests upon that arm?

The Italians alone, from the time of their old masters, from Giovanni Pisano, Jacopo della Querata, and especially Donatello and the de la Robbia, had bent attentively over childhood. The idealistic peoples are too much attached to the beauty perceived through the senses not to desire it wherever it is to be found. They are so thoughtfully concerned with the future that they cannot fail to perceive it in the being who bears its

and the first to do so. It was a moment of either
theatrical genius or blunder, and the press for
generations afterwards was to call the actress
"Madame the Actress." But Jean Renoir had



Jeanne Moreau. *Tout ce que j'aime*. 1957.

decided to make the best of it and went ahead
to make and produce his own film from the second
script he had written earlier. In such circumstances, except
for the few persons by the actress he trusted, none of
them knew the final portrait of Jeanne or of nothing
but several features which he could not yet tell his
beautiful Jeanne, how and how little the creation of a

childish face with a great swelling curve of the forehead, the exaggerated smallness of the nose, the exaggerated protrusion of the lips and cheeks, the devious hesitation that makes all the features so unprecise; and Ligier Richier himself sees from his visions of hell and death as soon as there is a chance to model a skull as round as a bowl and the fat, trembling mass, divine and fragile, of the flesh of a child swelling with blood and with milk. And thus we catch a glimpse of one of the faces of this time when the hope in the life of the world was sprouting amid the bruised flesh and the deadly vapors.



LIGIER RICHIER. A prelate drawing.
(*École des Beaux-Arts*.)

The end of the Italian wars, the end of the civil wars, and the definitive triumph of the monarchy which had been active and fighting constantly despite its moral decomposition and its luxury, were to take away the especial accent of French art which had been revived by Roman influence and by contact with the woods and

the rivers. The king retains himself in the Louvre of Pierre Lescot and of Chambiges. The artist who follows him thither reads Machete instead of Ronsard, the streets of Paris and the courts of Rabelais seem very coarse to him after having seen the palaces of Rome and of Venice, the Sistine of Michael Angelo, and the Staircase of Raphael. The fall will be as rapid as the rise was stupendous, and the art of life will mark the passage from the free exuberance of Italian genius to the impounding dogmatism of the century of Louis XIV may rather be called witnesses of that passage than factors in it. Bernard Palissy and Jean Cousin are mere workmen in art. That which impresses us with the first man is that he has that in man's faith which made his creature so powerful in western Europe. The second painter, snifter glass blower and geometricalist, is merely more than the caricature of the universal Italian, which the time demanded. Frequent the official art of a Michael Angelo of the mountebanks' stage; his work is muddled with bales, covered with bumps, and full of mud. The soul of the people is mute. A terrible silence reigns over the work of the enormous challers of literature and painting who, during a third of a century, will number the law under the shadow of the throne.

No matter. All that was to be. The Italian Renaissance could not fail to react strongly upon us. Isolation holds. Peoples, however, cannot live within themselves eternally. They have to penetrate one another in order to seek solutions which their contacts with unknown imaginations and structures will reveal. After these correlations there is almost always a partial retarding, but a profound work is going on, an invisible march toward further realizations which will be the more vast

and complex the greater the number of elements which have come to take part in them. Whether we will it or not, we must, in our battle for the ideas of the future, rely on the spirit that Renaissance Italy brought into us quite as much as on the popular strength which, in the Middle Ages, brought forth a thousand naves and two thousand towers.



PORTRAIT OF FOUCQUET, enamel. Louvre.



NUREMBERG

Chapter VI GERMANY AND THE REFORMATION

1



If the Renaissance defines the manner of understanding and of expressing life for which the Italian artists gave the formula, it is even more difficult in Germany than in Flanders to connect with it the movement which, beginning at the end of the fourteenth century, carries all minds along with it. If the Renaissance is the affirmation of a new ideal, which demands the submission of those conquests of intuition and of faith now compromised to the double test of experience and of reason, we must recognize it in the North as well as in the South. And also, everywhere—except in France where the creative originality of the people had manifested itself two centuries earlier—there is the victorious revival of the national temperament opposing

its tendencies and its methods to the attempt of the church to reduce things to a single level. The German workman, taught by the mason and the image maker of France, dazzled by the painter of the Low Countries, and conquered by the Italian draftsman and fresco painter, arrives by degrees at a consciousness of his gifts and of the needs of his race at about the same time that Flanders and Italy are defining their qualities and their desires. Each one seizes the tool that suits his hand.

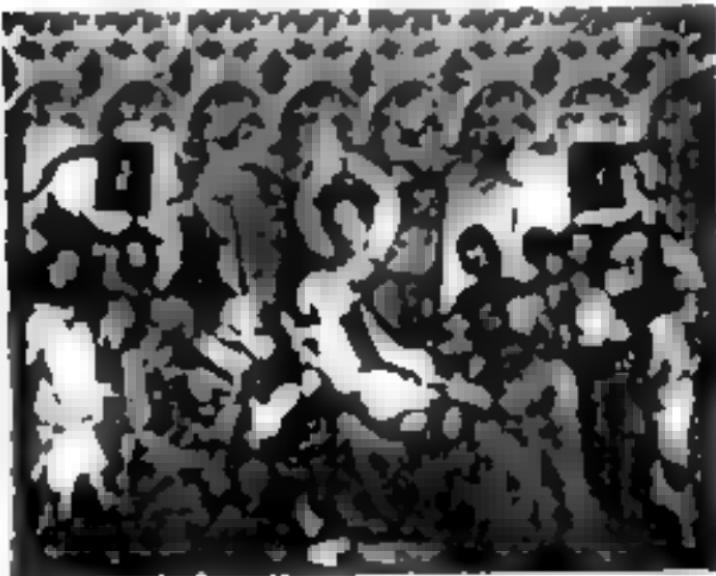
The Gothic art which France was forgetting, which Italy was rejecting, and which Flanders was slowly transforming

MARY MAGDALENE. Wood. detail.
(XVth century (Cluny Museum))

so that she might attempt, with Breughel as later she would with Rubens, to find her accord with the thought of the South, continued to live much longer in Germany than anywhere else. In the seventeenth century it had not disappeared from Hildesheim. It was the Germans alone who developed its most important features, continuing to work in its ruins with an assiduity which prevented them from perceiving the enormous advance made by the adventurous mind of



the Italians and the French. It is not astonishing that for so long a time it was believed that Gothic art was of German stock. The architects, painters, and sculptors of Germany had little by little taken possession of everything which, in the universal treasury of forms



GERMAN ENGRAVING.—*Dedication of the Organ*
—*Sanger Cathedral*

and ideas are imitated by the French artists in less than two centuries could develop and flatten their nature. They have lost sight of the profound principle of organic architecture. And as it was very complex in its apparent simplicity, as it was very rich in ideas but destined to produce an effect of even far more rich in ornaments to express or to accentuate the thousand organs which were necessary to its general function,

they strove to complicate these lines and to multiply these ornaments, thus following the tendency toward imitation which is a characteristic of their mind. The new architectural forms which came from France and Italy toward the end of the fifteenth century could not fail with their false decorations to confuse still further the population of the towns on the right bank of the Rhine. There came a pause even in this time, that while many Italians and Frenchmen were journeying north to disseminate taste and the arts of representation and were expressing themselves directly through sculpture and painting, the majority of the Germans obstinately persisted in placing together in inextricable disorder all the separate articles of the customs of the people whose houses had been scattered by the French hosts of the thirteenth century over the Rhine (as well as to the very gates of Asia).

The art of the sculptured and painted altar screens with which since the fourteenth century Germany had been encumbering her churches, was developed in this confusion. These crude works, which display with a patience which nothing could disturb the scenes of the Passion in an array of awkward forms, of contorted attitudes, of grimacing faces, of crosses, spears, spades, crowns of thorns, hair, and hair tufts, further obtrude against the timberwork for the popular industry of wood-carving which has always been carried on by the peasants of Brandenburg, the Black Forest, the Alps, Franconia, and all the German mountains and ravines where the larch and the pine grow. These woods yield a soft material in which the little work easily grows back over its grooves, spreading them out in every direction, making deep hollows under bark or fur, under the folds of cloths and under curling jerks, and working

and the veins of hands and the wrinkles of faces, and no man's features were so strong, none that had the features of long malice, forged the mouth of the heretic, and the surface an example of the world, who the mouth of the saint, who was born to get his place.



Captivity of Ignatius by Max. Pöppel. Berlin, 1715.
Engraving. Church of St. Ignatius, Regensburg.

Another took half a dozen of foxes and an owl. When the rest of the mountaineers had got ready up-staircase they came down to see the others, following the road which agreed for them. He was also absent in the crowded streets which are overflowing. One thing and another vented itself in the publick roads and through the town, where the mountaineer made himself clear to the general, where the mountaineer, who had been armed the mounted guard, the soldiers, the stockade posts, and the warmth of gods, infusing the

inscriptions on their pennants. He will dip up his water from gaudily painted fountains, whose open-work pyramids are encircled with sentimental or grotesque statues and with unexpected mechanisms. And when, in the workshop or in the booth, he comes upon the



Mantegna: *The Birth of the Virgin*.
Alte Pinakothek, Munich.

careful production of the good workmen in ivory and in metal, or the ironworkers, or the goldsmiths who lead over their dark benches, he will not rest until he himself has brought some complicated thing in which will live again, in an never difficult to justify and impossible to define, the disorderly sensations that he has collected in his brain. The churches, already overburdened with altar screens, pulpits, rood softs, tombs erected against the walls, and red and blue coats of arms weighted

down under plumed helmets, will see their oak pews perforated like sponges under the chisel of the wood carver, while enormous tabernacles obstruct the perspectives and add to the unfortunate effect of the sup-

plementary ribbing through the tangled lines of their spindles and their points. The Tyrolean Michel Pacher and old Syrlin at Ulm open the road. They will give birth to legions of artisans, skillful at cutting wood into long, slender colonnades, in embroidering it, in turning it into guipure, in combining real faces illustrative of the Scriptures with the minutely crossed bars of rail-



MARTIN SCHONGAUER. Mater Dolorosa, sketch. (Louvre.)

ings, of spirals, of crowns of thorns, and tufts of thistles. The houses of the guilds, the breweries, and the city halls painted within and without with red, gold, and blue, arise at the same time from the pavement of the commercial cities, amid the hovels with their framework of brown wood, to give to the joiners, to the blacksmiths, to the image makers, and the glassworkers of Germany the opportunity to exercise their slow, near-sighted, tireless, and specialized industry. A swarming legion of dwarfs, of gnomes, and of kobolds take by

gauze the beams and the carved furniture. The picturesque cities will be a museum of painted wood, in which not one bare edition, not one straight line or pure curve, not one spot indicative of clearness and simplicity will break the monotony. The alchemist who handles his retorts of unrois his parchments behind the green windowpanes set in leaden hexagons, will find again, upon crossing his threshold, all their tortured forms and the color of their mutations in the frescoes which among the Gothic ornaments, cover the facades of the Hattens. It is an old open book, corroded by the humidity of the street. In it one sees the unrolling of the cloths, of the banners, and of the pavilions; one sees the useless vaults and the obtrusion of the profuse, encroaching details which make of German engraving so rich and so patiently worked, the least authentic of works of art in the most accomplished of the works of science, in their conscientiousness and their labor.

II

In reality, German painting will never extricate itself from the original crafts which the artisans of the Middle Ages practiced side by side in the same workshops. The work in copper and bronze and the wood carvings are to be found again in the loftiest creations of Durer and even of Holbein. There never was a better engraver on copper than Durer or a better engraver on wood than Holbein, and Holbein, though he is the only one of the German artists who did not remain a workman, never abandoned his wood block. In Germany, probably at the same time as in the Low Countries—at the beginning of the fifteenth century—engraving on wood appeared. The Florentine Fiognomi did no more than



House at Kusunoki.

in elevation, somewhat later the German invention of engraving on metal. Leibnitz who in the eighteenth century was already engraving in colour, was of German descent and hence let the inventor of lithography was a Bavarian. Printing, watch making, horology, and painting all come out of the same basic ensemble into which the industrial or wind of Germany was casting pennell and incisive tools. The raw material of the industries it found immediately necessary. With the German, the tool transmutes over the artist who follows it. With the Frenchmen or the Italian, the painter always longs with to give time for the tool to labor over them. It is France and in Italy the scientists are united with the artists in the same tendency toward generalization and abstraction. It is in the process of the craft and in opposition to their tasks that they join each other here.

The work is like that of a swarm of ants. It is the same with all the crafts and in art. The cities and thus universal and diffuse character of German painting renders its development difficult to follow and obscures its strength. Unlike that of other countries, it does not follow a logically and regularly ascending line to reach a summit and then descend. It is haphazard. It advances by breaking stems in broken ones that cross one another, losing itself in meanderings meanderings and meanderings like a zig-zag back way. and when it seems ready to become conscious of itself, it suddenly stops forever. Its confused character corresponds with the confusion of mind with the confusion of history and the confused and chaotic partitioning of the German and. Internally no centers light up everywhere only to be extinguished by the breath of a war or a revolt or even with out any reason, in many cases. There are none of those

broad movements which do not halt until their powerful avidity has exhausted the life that they contained. Prague, in the fourteenth century, has its school which will be completely ruined by the atrocious war of the Hussites. Ulm, the prettiest city in Germany with its painted houses, its colored shutters, its appetizing freshness, and its Rathaus, brilliant with paintings, has its school with Syrlin, with Multscher, and with Zeithlomm, until its activity is absorbed by the growth of Nuremberg. Hobern the Elder will found, at Augsburg, the school which his son will transport to Basel and which his pupil, Burgkmair, will carry on painfully until his death. Riemen Schneider, the sculptor, will work at Würzburg, while Cranach the painter, will be the Saxon school all by himself. Hamburg had its local artists, which the decrepitude of the Hanse was very soon to discourage. Conrad Witz, a delicate landscapist, works at Constance. Colmar is contained entire in Martin Schoengauer. If Cologne continues longer, if indeed it



Meister Witzelius. The Virgin and Child. Cologne Museum.



MASTER OF ST. SEVERIN. Portrait
(Palais Collection, Cologne.)

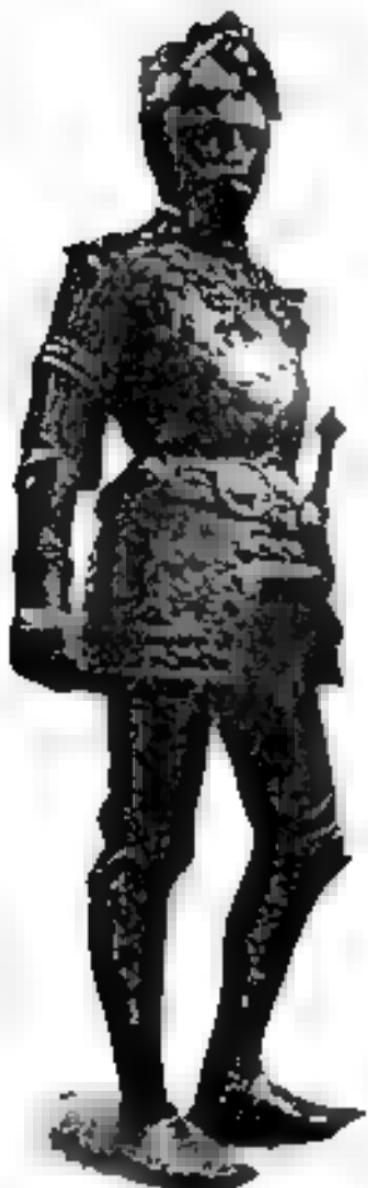
has the fortune to bring to Flanders—to Bruges in particular—a very large part of its initiation into plastics, a singular destiny will that the city shall not escape from the narrowest provincialism save when it receives from Bruges itself such counsels as will cause the ruin and death of its precocious activity.

At no other place, not in Egypt nor in the France or the Italy of the Middle Ages, did the theologians and



RENAISSANCE. St. Catherine. (Berlin Museum.)

the doctors have a greater influence on the painters. Everywhere else the same profound power arising out of the highest needs of human nature impelled the philosopher and the artist with the same movement and in the same direction. Here, on the contrary, in the land of the abacists, in the heart of the devout and stupidly pedantic city which tried to plant Catholicism in the North, the artist is only a timid, obedient, and ignorant auxiliary of the abominator of quintessences who binds him by the skin of the neck. From Wilhelm



PETER VASCHEN.
King Arthur, brocade.
(Cathedral of Innsbruck)

von Erle to Stephan Lochner the anonymous artists of the fourteenth century are more like bigoted wulmen than brepious men. Never does one discover in them even a tendency to express those passionate aspirations toward an increasingly ardent communion with the universal spirit which gives to the masters of Siena, for example, a strength so mysterious, so feverish, and wit so marked an accent. Instead we see poor men riveted to the letter of the law, dull brains fed on complicated stories. When Lochner appears, about the time when van Eyck and van der Weyden in Flanders, de la Querra, Masuccio, Donatello, Angelico, and Bellini in Italy, and the painters of Avignon in France were affirming with so much energy the right of the individual to maintain his own activity little of the theological right seems to be disputed for a time. In spite of the waxy quality of his paint, Stephan Lochner knows

how to detach from his golden heaven the pretty figures of the virgins with the long hands and the clear skin, a pious and gentle company which is bored by the complicated speculations and which decides decisively to enjoy the bourgeois comfort that the song-continued activity of the city begins to assure to it. His hell is only comic and his paradise a promise. When the pupils of the great Roger van der Weyden come, toward the end of the fifteenth century, bringing with them the bursting power and the full, heavy order of the painters of Bruges, Cologne will be too saturated and woe-begone to resist them. The candid soul of the Master of St. Severin and the delicate timidity and the attenuated color of the Master of the Life of Mary will disappear from the pictures of the last painters of the city as their ashen landscapes are effaced from the memory. Bartolomäus Bruyn, after Joos von Cleve, will indeed try in the full tide of the sixteenth century, with cold attention, with irreproachable care, and with closely applied science to imagine a compromise, tugged with Italianism, between the primitive expression of Flanders and



HOLBEIN THE ELDER. Young
girl, drawing (London)

of the Rhine. Exposed for so long a time on that great river to the influences of France and of the Low Countries, influences that had been too swift, numberless and too suffusedly baneful, the strength of Germany withdrew more to the east and to the south, toward the interior of the continent where it was touch the old Germanic soil and to acquire once more the consciousness of its true significance.

Nuremberg was well situated for gathering up the currents necessary to the awakening of new desires. It served as a point of contact between the Hanseatic cities, Venice, the Rhine and the Low Countries. All of Germany with Burgundy, Hungary and by way of the Adriatic and the Danube, the Orient gravitated toward her. A working population filled her markets, her counters and her banks; rode through her narrow streets, rose from her black stalls with the strong voices of Hans Sachs and his friends and gave to the guilds of her craftsmen that sweeping power which two centuries before had made a chorus of poets of the French regions. Through the anise that united into a single block all who worked at the same work, and through the ferocious customs that tormented everyone of them, the spirit of the Middle Ages and the spirit of the Renaissance burned together in a confused ensemble. All the workers in art of southern Germany left their wooden villages, where the torrents leap between the houses with the flattery of fate, to come to Nuremberg and amid the sound of the hammers and the hammering of the forges, they cast the images of brass, cast the type of the pictures, chased copper and silver, worked in wood, painted the vases, and polished and polished the steel of the scabbars. There we find the meeting place of men like Adam Kraft, the stone cutter

who showed the very character of the German workman when he made his rude and good effigy kneel so that it might bear upon its shoulders a carved pyramid sixty feet in height, and Veit Stoss, the wood carver who, with his sentimental compunctions and his meticulous insistence, expressed the character of the German soul with its heavy good-naturedness. They found themselves in the company of the painters of the altar screens who had emigrated from the Rhine cities, and together they stood before the churches decorated by statue makers who owed their education to the artists of the old French images.

III

Let us picture to ourselves the youthful Albrecht Dürer amid these surroundings of intense work and complicated activity, in which his old teacher, Wolgemuth, who in Cologne had been deeply impressed with Roger van der Weyden, points out to him, as an example, Pleydenwurff, the man who introduced Flemish painting into Nuremberg. Again let us watch him listening passionately to the tales of the comrades who have come back from Italy, to which he is carried again by the pictures, even when mediocre, of Jacopo de' Barbari, who had come to stay in Nuremberg at about that time. Let us accompany him to the workshop of his father, the goldsmith, where he eagerly studies the engravings of Martin Schoengauer, the master of Colmar, the austere engravings in which we are not spared the spectacle of the wounds of Christ and of the faces of the executioners, scenes whose dramatic force is increased by the ugliness and the misery of the models, by all the bitterness of the wave which represents the Middle Ages as they reach their



Connie Driscoll Younger, Berlin Museum

end. Let us imagine with what fever that passionate nature, always in love with poetry, tragic and clattering, impelled in itself warlike forms, like the clouds, how it caught gimmers of dark power where water spattered glide on a wave all spangled with gold—how all the land of Germany was swarming with spirits when, with the murmur of the street, there rose to a window the chorus of the *Misletsänger*. Let us observe how this ardent and meditative sensibility tends back upon itself so that it may take possession of the abstractive forces which the ancient nobility of the city, the sap which has accumulated in its old deposit in the young blood and is impelling with them the wild reverie of the nomads of the Hungarian steppes, that comes to burn w^t the blood of our father. And then we can explain why in this race and at this time there was this fusion of mind which the honored man before the poets and the musicians of Germany was to express, in a language more oblique than its infinite complexity, solid, realistic and sentimental, musing, lovelorn and vague, infantile and apocalyptic—it's soul which reflects with uncompromising precision all the images that wander before it and which yet is impossible to seize.

The first among all the Germans, he was an expression complete and very lofty of the life and the soul of Germans. In no other place, not in France, not in Flanders, not in Italy itself, is it possible to find a more typical representative of the erudite artist of those times, curious about all things, approaching the study of all things at the same time, and, with unrestrained ardor bearing up in the same space the results of his researches. His art shows us the confluence and the eddy of two powerfully characterized moments of

activity. He has the faith of the Middle Ages, its confused strength and its rich and obscure enthusiasm; he has the restlessness of the Renaissance, its sense of the infinite perspectives which open before supine minds,



ALBRECHT DÜRER. *Report of Anomalous, Unnatural, and Inconceivable Phenomena*

the salvation of the world in an intense study of its aspects.

Never and least of all in the engravings which he cut into the copper with the hand of a workman, the heart of a poet, and the brain of a philosopher, never did he arrange nature. He considered it "the only master" and everything in it interested him to the same degree. In the greatest confusion he saw the Christian myths enacted with German costumes in German houses and

and its indefatigable will to knowledge. Like no man, whom we reads in so many of his phases, but whose attempt to build up a method was a more lucid one, an ardent curiosity makes him one of those subversive, baneful, and yet bizarre geniuses before whom all the roads of thought present themselves at the same time. He is a kind of Christ turned scientist who seeks

streets, amid the landscape around Nuremberg, near the waters that flow in the Danube, under roofs of strange form, at the threshold of wooden houses with sloping roofs. In giving form to the concentrated and profound reveries which was later through his quiet life, he never placed them outside of the robust prints



ALBRECHT DÜRER. *The Miles*, drawing. *Bibliothèque Nationale*

of southern Germany. away from the hills covered with larches, away from the pasture lands, the brooks, the ponds, and the swaying bridges, never outside the scenes which he had traversed on his journeys to Italy and to Flanders, the banks of the Rhine striped with rows of vines, the forests, the rivers and the torrents of the Black Forest and Tyrol. With the legends which he gathered up everywhere there was mingled the Orient which he encountered in Venice. There are dragons, chimeras, lions, and camels. There are figures of Turks in Nuremberg households, and knights passing in front

of dungeons all bristling with sentry boxes and towers—death and the devil following close on their heels. With the unwearying patience, if not the rapidity and the schematic decision of the Japanese, with whom he so often betrays an affinity whenever his needle follows the capricious but clear line of his scrupulous landscapes, he pursues to the end a slow and wide research, the result of which he confined impartially to the dull splendor of the copper, to the savory grain of the wood, and to the dry glitter of his painted canvases. The massive horses of Germany, its muscular hunting dogs, its deer, its hares, its cows, its pigs groveling in the mud of the villages, all its insects and all its birds par-



ALBRECHT DÜRER. *The Knight
and Death*. engraving

icipated, almost always, in the adventures of love, of the family of the middle classes, and of war, which the hard point of his engraving tool seized on with the force and the grueness of a sensibly accessible to all spectators. Everything aroused his passion and restlessness—the form of the grasses, of the tiny beasts, the moss on the rocks which are split by the patient growth of the roots, human or animal monstrosities, living



◀ →



things and over things, the heaviest of forged iron, the strongest, the heaviest with their helmets and the heaviest with the coats of arms. He elevated decorative designs for government, institutions, churches, cathedrals, palaces and fortresses. He wrote character treatises. His universal sympathy neglected nothing of what it is good convenient to the perfecting of his craft and of his mind; whether a bit of lead and iron, a lump of stone, nor the fact it is man's art which the boundaries of a field were fixed in place with stones which was not harder than any to the great trouble of the sky, the evening forests, the night of woods brach with shield, or by the mysterious humidity of earth and air.

If humanly interests him as strength as a half-gloved and bare it less and attract his power. If he has signed portraits all powerful in their hand and chest modeling, if he has ever passing beat him in singularities of irregular ugly features, but of a severe elegance, and women with fat necks round and full of love, whose heavy hair falls in ripples over fields in the back of a tree, the stem of a grape vine or on a herb that sticks out of a clump of grasses, the same beauty signs the same care in relating the totality and the density of life, the same indifference spent. There are none of those sentiments native to which the Italians connect one form with another, and a host of these subtle passages by which the Flemings or the Flemings make over the permanent penetration of all the elements of the world. Everything is of equal importance and is separated by demarcations without perceptible reliefs. But every thing is so worked out as to its form, so compactly grouped in itself male air, such detail as no deeper felt to its permanent substance, its imperceptible and mysterious characteristics, that the whole treatment and

murmurs, and an animation, general and vague, brings movement into this precise world. One might say that nature is recreated haphazardly, in the order, or rather in the absence of order, in which she presents herself.



ALBRECHT DÜRER. *Portrait of a Man.*
(Alte Pinakothek, Munich.)

to us, that man has not intervened to bring Nature to the human plane and through her to express the ideas which she had just revealed to him, but that he demands that nature sing unaided—with all her innumerable voices, among which the voice of man counts neither more nor less than the others—the confused poem that

the never interrupted. Already we have reached German pantheism. Seemingly it is not the result of an absorption of the body of the universe into the substance of man then sprouting forth therefrom with the powerful,

and rhythmic intoxication which makes a living poem of the Hindu temples or the French cathedrals. It seems to express the impotence of a being who cannot separate that part of the world which he should accept from that part which he should reject, because he is too heavily armed for analysis, to study without preconception, in all their aspects, and without order the objects which present themselves to his view. Instead of absorbing nature, the man is wholly absorbed in nature.

The impossibility of choosing in the objective world those elements which could yield a logically and plastically harmonious construction forms the stumbling-block of German art. If we consider it as the general realization of a collective idea, expressing the race and hurried it toward a clearly defined goal. With the

T. BRUNNENFIGUR.
Saint-Bertin, 1460
Savoyard Museum

German artist everything in Nature is on the same plane. He will be capable of studying each one of the elements which make us love her with a patience, a science and a conscientiousness superior to those displayed by the Italian, the Frenchman, the Dutchman, and the Fleming if not the Japanese and the Chinese, and with a sensitivity equal to theirs. He will not



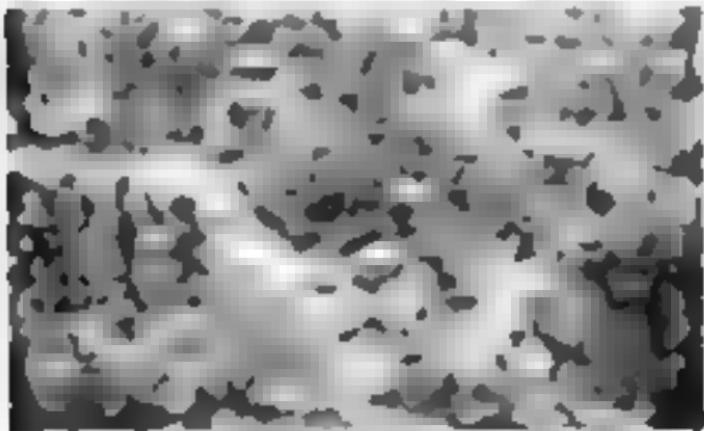


MATTHIAS GRÜNEWALD — Christ on the Cross.
(Cassel Museum.)

know as they do how to give to each thing in nature the importance that it has in our world; but he will not know how to exhibit in plastic representation the general interaction or mutual relations which nature will yield him. Among two or three of the German artists we shall find a great one. If we had been able to define truth and reality as it other countries did, it would bring into the foreground of painting a vigorous life to join other strong or graceful forms so that together they may constitute a true spiritual expression, forming a trust against the forces of the past and sharp, striking for the men of the future that much was thought and felt by a people of that moment. It is here where history, These powers of man on his border, up for him with a formidable heap of aspects, in all their variety, matches the gathering of the great masters. But neither Germans nor did find the law of gravitation. After their philosophers, a few mathematicians, had worked out by me in the schools of the French and the Scotch, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and Helvetius, it was not the Germans who discovered transformation which Lavoisier formulated about the moment when Hogenberg showing himself prepared to decide for himself. Not one of the great discoveries that for a hundred years have been stirring the reservoirs of knowledge came out of their laboratories. Those experiments upon stars and atoms are the most primitive the world, and those stupendous discoveries did not deserve a single one of the great implements of exchange and of transportation which have made the modern world. They never go by the straightest road to the one that alone is essential and need signal. Detail always marks the character. There is nothing so confused, but made up of juxtaposed fragments. One end

• HUMAN & THE INFORMATION •

the first time in history that the people of the United States have been asked to make a choice between two political parties, each of which has a distinct and well-defined program, and each of which has a definite and well-defined policy.



profound, but at times so obscure that it seems not to understand itself; this art, despite the concentrated splendor of its vital power and its vast sensuality, exhales the definitive sadness of the man who cannot come to a decision. Everywhere the hour-glass measures the flight of time while the idyll smiles or the drama calls forth its tears, and often death traverses a peaceful landscape made charming by a love story. In the "Melancholia," which seems to summarize his whole work, one sees the genius of humanity borne down by lassitude, with all its conquests about it, because, despite its great wings, it has learned nothing of the essentials. Like Faust, Albrecht Dürer has ranged through all the worlds, in pursuit of the illusion which he has never been able to seize.

IV

Without doubt, man suffers whatever he is and in whatever period he lives. But it is only the faculty or the need for analysis that leads him to look upon life from the angle of pessimism, no longer to see any other direction in it than death, to doubt that his painful effort can serve the men who are to come, or at least to give them happiness and joylessay and contrary to his heart. This philosophic discouragement, the more surprising when we contrast it with the courage shown by the Germans in the working of the material and in the examination of the world, is common to almost all their thinkers and almost all their artists. The misfortunes of their century do not suffice to explain it. The countries of Germany, in the fifteenth century and at the beginning of the sixteenth, were as prosperous as Flanders or as Italy and infinitely happier than France, which was torn to pieces, ruined, and bled white by a



LUCAS CRANACH. *Venus*. (Frankfurt Museum.)

hundred years of war. And yet there is hardly a German engraving, almost no German picture or bas-relief without the haunting presence of death. The hour-glass is almost always there or some broken bones. And it is especially in Germany that the "Dance of Death" creaks and shivers among the leaves of the old books of images or on the painted beams of the wooden bridges which the torrents, passing through the old cities, shake upon their piles. Death takes part in all the events of life. A strolling skeleton assists at an accouchement, he joins in the games of the little ones, he chants the nuptial march as he walks before the couple, he helps the miser to count his gold, he urges on the horses of the plowman, he cuts the string by which the blind man leads the dog that leads him, he grasps the bow of the musician, at the abounding of the Emperors he carries the crown or the miter, he stares at his image in the mirror of the coquette, and to the woman in love he plays the final serenade. Everywhere he bears witness to the world of the disasters that can strike a race, he bears witness to intellectual despair.

And how, indeed, should the German find encouragement in the outer world, how should he manage to inscribe in harmonious form the meeting of a universe and a mind harmonious in their organizations? The appearances of the air and of the earth leave floating images in the memory. Now we see mountains unexpected, jagged, romantic depths with verdure and rocks, now pine woods toward which sloping meadows ascend, following each other and repeating each other with discouraging monotony. Always ill-defined profiles of landscape, a green and red countenance, of a somber green and a sober red—dead colors without

transparence, to which the mist with its excessive dullness lends no splendor. Nature is robust, but mournful, varied, but lacking in those masses which unite without effort. It has none of that luminous atmosphere which transforms everything which it envelops. The very



LUCAS CRANACH. *Johann Friedrich der Großmüthige and Sybil of Cleves.* (Weimar Museum.)

flowers that garnish from top to bottom the windows of the poorest homes seem dulled and without perfume.

When the sky is cloudless, nothing attracts or holds one in this picturesque uniformity and nothing leads the eye from one place to another place. When the tattered mists drag along, now masking a forest of which only the phantom of a tree remains visible, now covering the whole river in which one gets glimpses of a fleeting light on the crest of a wave, or again conceal-

ing an enormous layer of granite so that a castle seems hung in space, now disarranging the planes, now drowning and dislocating the lines—the eye perceives only what is fragmentary and diffused in the life of nature. If one examines one of those foggy landscapes, whose forms become only too precise when one looks at them from too near by, it takes possession of one's being like

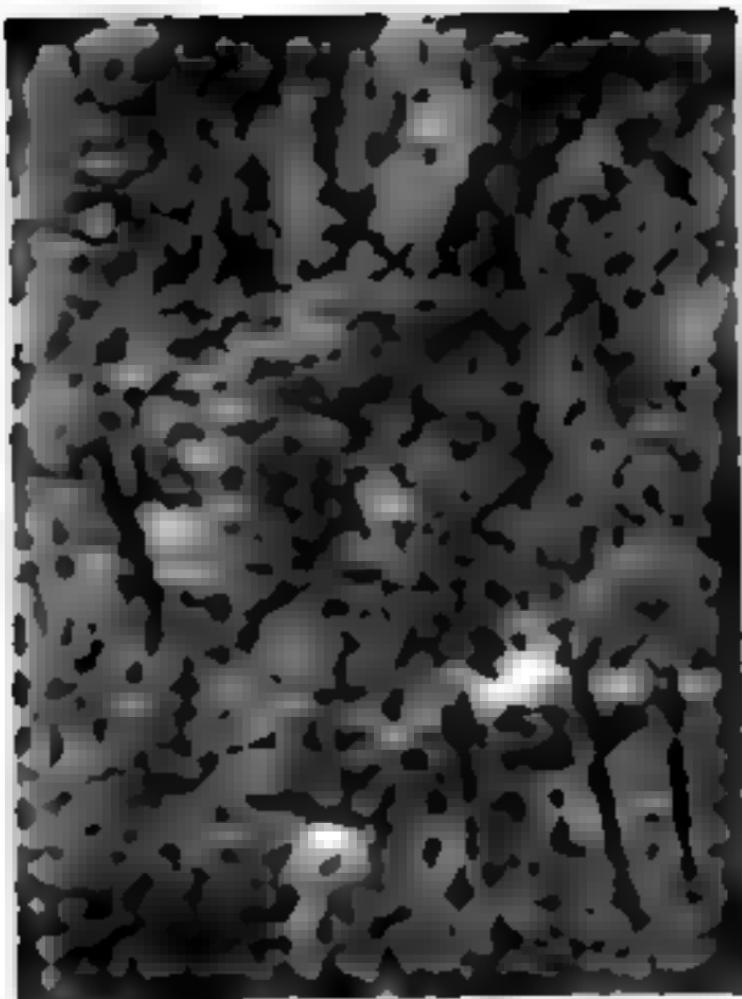


LUCAS CRANACH. *Paradise.* (Imperial Gallery, Vienna.)

an ensemble of sounds rather than an ensemble of objects—a murmur breaks forth, fades away, and is reborn only to die. It is the torrents or the fountains in their vibrant motion, it is the ducks and the geese snuffling about, it is the lowing of beasts, the crack of a whip, the cock crowing with a voice of iron, the hour falling from a bell, dead leaves swept along, the creak of a wheel, the beating of a wing. These are no longer images which have been determined, but the

indistinct outlines of dreams, obscure enigmas which run in the brain. When it is no longer possible for the soul to choose the visible elements of a harmony of form, its need for consolation and for a refuge causes it to turn back upon itself and in itself to seek the scattered elements of a harmony of sentiment. And thenceforward, without taking the precaution to subject the sentiment which carries them over to the control of the outer world to ill-defined for them to see, it is within themselves that men make their choice and they turn to singing. I have seen young Germans singing as they landed at Venice. They were singing Schubert, turning their backs on the palaces where they had not yet looked at. Going down the Rhine, I have seen German girls singing. They sang the song of Heine at the moment when they were passing the Lorelei to which they did not give a glance.

The primitive art of the Germanic peoples and of the Scandinavians, descending from the fjords and the forests of the North, was to remain and must remain the form of their more activity. Music alone escapes the dangers of analysis and gives the illusion of the absolute in its expression of the vaguest ideas in mathematical form. The turbulent and dreamy nature of the Germans is at ease in it, because it offers them at once the most precise of means and the most impulsive of ends. Energetically symbolic, it expresses through a great soul, the aspiration in which a whole people merges, and it does so with added power because it has nothing to define and because it makes use of an immense treasury of floating forms, of merging colors, and of the diffused atmosphere accumulated during centuries in the poetic instinct of this people throughout the course of its unconscious and repeated contacts with



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the work. From the *Nibelungen* to Goethe, a dull torrent of intricate images runs through the German mind from century to century. It was in this torrent that Dürer bathed. He is a musician, though unaware of it. Despite the finish of his pictures and of his engravings, despite his insistence upon making each detail stand out, and despite his pedagogic technique, the ensemble does not appear as a distinct form but as an evocation, as a suggestion of the atmosphere of sentiment. It is a moral sentiment that dominates; every thing contributes a little toward arousing it. It is impossible for the German artist-workman to extract a single general idea from the object which he studies, and the more pure he is the less he succeeds. The general idea exists before the work, and wanders confusedly.

When Martin Luther decided upon music as a means of influence at the hour when Dürer was attaining the highest summit of his art, he was therefore setting upon the language best fitted to reveal the unknown powers which the German people had been accumulating in itself, without thought of their existence, ever since its various cities, from the Rhine to Saxony and from Franconia to the Baltic, had revealed their power. The dissipation, which was taking place in Rome, tormented the conscience of the Germans, incapable as they were of perceiving that in the heart of Italy itself from Bratto to Angelico and from Masaccio to Michael Angelo the artists were voicing the protest of the spirit against the abjectness common to all the powers of society which no longer considered themselves in danger. The serious beauty of that protest, which the Germans lack of the plastic sense prevented them from understanding, concealed its

moral beauty from them. And in Germany the Reformation took on a character of cynical antagonism toward the Renaissance.

Besides it had good reason. A people can make use only of the weapons fitted it by its soil and by its heart. In Italy the movement toward hope has interpreted itself through form and color. Here it was to express itself through sounds and words. The Reformation, from John Huss to Luther, strives for the expansion of man, in another long age and under another protest, but with the same courage and the same faith as that of the great Italians. Luther has in him the seething life of the north. He was one of those tumultuous beings in whom, as in a sea vibrated with subterranean forces, the burning lava of the heart sweeps everything along with it in a state of joy, of enthusiasm, and of power. With beer and the love of sports, and possessing an intense desire to make the flame of the spirit burn from his person. The violent mind of the Renaissance was in him. And it was evident and that the Renaissance, the great research carried on with chaste-purifying passion by all the peoples of western Europe together, should take on, in the North, the form that he gave it.

But let us be on our guard. If the crowds, swept along by his words, sang while they followed him, it was born of a deep not yet awake in them; it was that they entered in spirit into a exalted church which their apostolic genius had been unable to give them for three centuries and which their cultural genius exerted spontaneously. They were obeying that vague and powerful hope which takes possession of the multitudes when a strong man addresses his self to them to lead them forth to better. Whereas the theologians

believed that they were lifting up the conscience; they were lifting up needs—legitimate and sacred—for liberation and for happiness. The drama, and consequently the revelation of conscience, has for its theater the heart of the heroine. The hearts of the crowds are aroused by the words fallen from the lips of the heroes, recog-



THE FOUR EVANGELISTS. CRANACH. (Berlin Museum.)

nizes less abstract motives, to which the heroes must give the highest expression. In the mass of the German people, there was no question of returning to the teachings of the apostles, but of freeing themselves from the powers in society which were threatening to crush its spirit.

If, in appearance, Germany was prosperous, if the lower middle class of its art sans was slow in bringing up the uncouth but innumerable products of its works at like industry, the country people were suffering. The

clergy held a third of the soil. Economically Germany was under the domination of Rome. And Luther perceived that he had been mistaken as to the meaning which the crowd attached to his activity, on the day when, having consented to recognise the authority of the military lords of feudalism because he needed their aid in his struggle against the ecclesiastical lords of feudalism, he had been obliged to aid the Protestant nobility in crushing the miserable people who had been rendered fanatical by his words. The frightful war of the peasants gave to the Reformation its real significance. One class was replacing another in the possession of the soil, it was to stifle the moral life of Germany which for two centuries had been able to manifest itself with almost complete freedom, thanks to the antagonism of interests which set the two classes one against the other. The triumph of Protestantism coincided, through all Germany with the abdication of its original thought. Nuremberg was extinguished.

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Leaving Holbein aside, Holbein, who was touched also by the ruin of the German cities, since it was because of his misery that he was forced to leave Basel at the age of forty years and repair to the court of Henry VIII, the great German painters, Cranach among others, are of the same time as Durer. His two pupils, even are as really younger than he, Hans von Kulenbach who, with dry application, continues his work as best he can, and Altdorfer who forgets the sorrows of the century in the self-conscious and glittering landscapes in which his somewhat weak dilettantism seeks in the German forest the shelter of its founge and warms himself at the fire of the romantic twilights.



BARTOLOMÄUS BRUYN Portrait. (Cologne Museum.)

The books of the German roofs, the uppermost arches and cornices bear the last traces of this reflection of Gothic red and green almost black, yet the early work of Huguenot masters, showing the school of Augsburg which with Christopher Ancker, is held no lower than an other author, was the first pure of the great school of Holbein. Mattheson afterwards, the master of a sacre hangs the horrible bows of the Cross upon the chalice by the two arms which are almost torn from their sockets. Break the two feet with a bow, by now the body shall stand erect. Mattheson's Holbein is still ever a master and his sacrifice a precursor to Luther.

Holbein and his school of Einsiedel. He always had to give to his wife the reward of the station, how could he have married before her? He was taught as he said, in the school of Strassburg, and he also went to Strassburg where he studied under Colijn and Stevens, members of the school of the Masters, and he may have spent some time in the beginning of all the making of the book of Hours in a kind of open room in the walls of the tower under an exaggerated roof of the school hall, a gallery or room in presence of it from out with four windows we may note in passing that comes from the Flemish country. We find in Einsiedel Holbein is the great inventor of it is drawn in wood mettaceous and one in its count and set made up of pieces and of fragments. One becomes not the start to his project. But in England where houses are elongated, rounded, and new rooms in consequence with the addition of the English painters destined to become his equals, he does not transact the secret of his painting, thick, vulgar but penetrating wholly into matter and space in a manner which nothing in Germany had given any perception of, and what is to displease one picture with him. After Holbein, Germany was close but even



Mary McLean - The cigarette holder - Berlin Museum

in order to listen more attentively to the roar within her of the insinuation of death which was burst forth over the earth as an overwhelming call — love forever penetrating itself in joys and pains with them human calm and triumph on the day when Beethoven will bear the symphonies from his heart.

Now is it the struggle of the emperor and the popes that kind German art or is it the decrease of energy of which German art had been the superior manifestation, that permitted the struggle of the emperor and popes? Was not creative power exhausted by the emperors? Two thousand fifty years earlier the German nation could not have used their hands upon the movement of the Reformation. It is when the first form is exhausted that the external forces you control other men and the material action of a people begins to mark the ending of the twentieth faith which terminated at the time the last the German artists of the beginning of the sixteenth century annunciate Luther and coannunciate the Augsburg and at the same time the beginning of the decline of the affirmations which he brings. Since the time of the cathedral masters who dominated German masters which were a sort of omnipotence to choose its external nature had never attained the beauty of means and of the substance of love which resolve the moral problem with all the others, by establishing in the soul that feeling for piety and for charity to which the call harmonic. One can imagine Maxima of Michael Angelo struggling unceasingly against the excesses of his passionate nature in order to take his character to the level of high thought spirit and refined emotion [Never failing any other than a less than the life without irreparable damage and remaining always a good workman a good son brother

GERMANY AND THE REFORMATION 31

Protestant Lutheranism. He had a large family. His wife, Katharina von Bora, was a widow when she married him. They had six children. Their son, Martin, became a monk and a reformer. Their daughter, Anna, became a nun. Their son, Philip, became a Lutheran pastor. Their son, John, became a Lutheran pastor. Their daughter, Katharina, became a nun.



Martin Luther. Engraving by Lucas Cranach the Elder.

The Reformation spread from the Rhine valley to the rest of Germany. It spread westward through France and southward through the Alpine countries. It was eventually adopted by the French King, Louis XI, in 1499. It was adopted by the German Emperor, Maximilian I, in 1519. It was adopted by the Duke of Saxony, Frederick III, in 1525. It was adopted by the Duke of Württemberg, Ulrich V, in 1525.

the shadow of asceticism, was seeking to carry over the lean elegance of Florence into his images of women with delicate hands, with heavy dresses, with astonished and canine faces, and pure bodies under their too complicated robes. And at this moment, Peter Moser was demanding of his infantile morality the secret of clear panes and well-refined volumes. Whether he cast armor in metal and made his figures live within it—those warriors as straight and sure as conscience, or whether he set up, round a tomb, his uncompromising apostles, one would say that in returning with the theorists of the Reformation to primitive Christianity the very system that condemned the Renaissance, he was unconsciously bringing himself into agreement with the Renaissance in its summons to men to hope, even if Donatello gave a different name to that hope than he did.

With Dürer perhaps even before Dürer he is the spirit most clearly cognizant of the forces which were urging the Reformer to action. The majority of the other artists went to him instinctively because they always turned to the thing that brilliantly sets the powers of life above the powers of death. In his violence and his joy were focused all the dispersed efforts in the direction of the light which each one of the workers of Germany was making in his obscure sphere. When Lucas Cranach traced the portrait of Melanchthon or that of Luther with the respect and the emotion inspired by a thing that one understands but little and that one yet feels profoundly when, at seventy-five years of age, he became the prisoner of the Empire at Mühlberg, he was certainly not expressing the desire to see the triumph of those principles in the name of which organized Protestantism was later to

drive the images from the temples, destroy the power of the masses, condemn the affirmation of life, substitute the holiness of a single book for the holiness of all books affirmed by the Renaissance, and to complete, everywhere in Germany, the quenching of the fire of inspiration of which Durer and Luther had been the greatest lights. It was with the joy of a child that he had loved the fighting and courageous monk whose rare words, trembling, vibrant and daughter-enchanted him. His confused wood engravings, broad, shining and of a charming rusticity, were a means of propaganda among the people. In them one sees the Passion hastening along a strange procession of men in dashed capuchins, in shoes with turned up points, and with trapunto hems with braided macramé and with enormous tufts of plumes. The whole quiver of itself in uniform fashion. He translated into good German images the old poem of humanity which his friend translated into good German prose. He could have contented less than anyone else in order to assure the domination of a class, under pretext of religion or of morality, to set free the simple world received to him by the landscape of springtime, locality and flowers which he saw in his Saxon country-side. And less than anyone else because he had retained and was to retain until his death that freshness of sentiment in the German soul which Luther scarcely knew. German peasants can never gain any hold on his heart because in contrast with all the other masters of his race he knew how to choose and to choose spontaneously far less like a scientist than like an artist. That is not to say that he was capable of owing to those powerful generalizations which are expressed by bare and rhythmic compositions through which the demons of art become within the architecture

and the movement of the form the scattered sensations which teach them little by little that the world is continuous. In the full tide of the sixteenth century, he is



Hans Holbein: Luther's Wife (Galleria Corsini, Rome)

still a primitive, but this primitive, in his togetherness, is the first colorist after Grünewald and the most sensitive of all the German painters to the beauty of form.

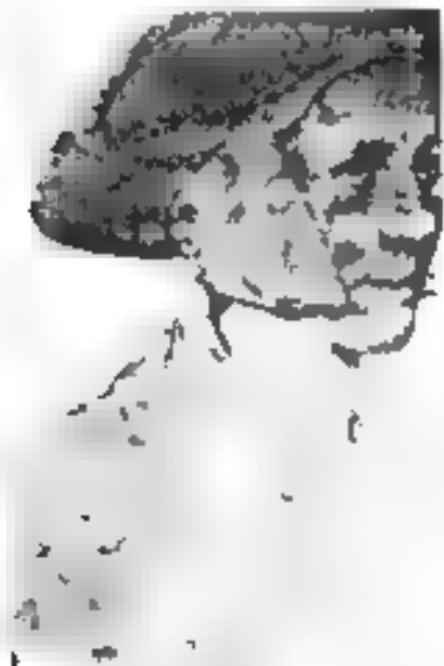
He has not, certainly, the sense of the ridiculous. It is often the best means of confessing one's true nature. He paints nude women who have kept on their hats, very awkward women with thin legs, big flat feet, and big knees. But their faces are of an extreme charm, quite round, smiling, with a little impudent look. Their lovely blond tresses. Almost always he surprises them in the first hour of their womanhood. They have a firm, little belly, a prettily undulation of the bust and the hips, budding breasts, and altogether the appearance of a flower beginning to open. He cannot restrain his directs his imagination into gardens and trembling with the flowers scattered about where my theological nudes, imperfect and delightful in form, assure us that the Reformer and his friends must not be made responsible for the unhealthy puerile passions which characterize the activity of the Protestant sects deriving from Calvin and the English Puritans. Despite the fact that heavy Teutonic knights are found in his pictures, the freshness of the female figures of Holbein, and as everything is enveloped in a divine space into which the naked girls bring a transparent vapor one has not the courage to reproach him with lack of shame. This rustic reveals to us an exquisite sense which, in eighty years of active life, could not exhaust his innocence.

VI

At first sight there is no relationship between this awkward sensibility and the ever-victorious will which permitted the last of the Freethinkers, dead at the age of forty-six, to include within the sustained undulation of a line as sober as Laton's *Integritate*, the complexity of the German soul. Upon closer study, however, the race is the same. Hans Holbein scrutinized

the drawings of Michael Angelo, of da Vinci, and of Raphael he studied the frescoes of Venice, of Mantua, of Padua, and of Florence, perhaps where he was to go after leaving Basel, in search of education from the

Italian masters to assist him in extracting from the complex work of Cranach, of Dürer, of Grünewald, and of Martin Schongauer the elements of a clearer and more plastic definition of the effort of Germany. A line impossible to break connects the clear, gentle, and wild portraits of Cranach, the linear and compact portraits of Dürer, all the portraits of all the Germans, from Albrecht Dürer to Baldung Grien, and from Bartolomius Bruyn to Christoph Amberger with the matchless images of the master of Basel



HANS HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER. Portrait, red chalk.
London, Tudor.

as incandescent as the light that plays over the surface of flesh and as decisive as a bony projection, giving the sensation of the trust of a living face, of the mind and the muscles, of the bone, and the blood, and of the soul that hovers concentrated over all.

He has already inherited from his father, the old man-



HANS HOLBEIN. The Wife of Burgomaster Meyer.
drawing. (Bretz Museum.)

ter of Augsburg, that line, afterward in appearance, which so faithfully defines the contour of the face, neglecting none of the accidents; that line which with a terrible consciousness restores to the face the irregular hollows and projections giving it its special accent, through the manner in which the eye is set in the socket, the chin and cheekbones are cut out, the nose is flat (noses or profiles), the forehead, or temples, broad or broken. The Itisans did not succeed him to insist it little more here, a little less there, in order to keep the face always at the height of its expression. They had shown, in the way to fill a frame, how to stop at the proper moment, how to establish a defined volume in space. They certainly did no more for him than that. If he chooses as they do, it is not to generalize, it is to individualize. Instead of attempting to arrive through synthesis at a universal truth, he arrives through analysis a particular truth. The instrument which he receives from the Itisans is employed, the more to search within him and around him for the Germancy which he is to define more accurately. When he leaves Basle for London, it is still as a German that he speaks of the English. It is as a German that, in the great severe portraits less finished, perhaps, despite their grandeur, nobleness than his pictures in profile, he arranges on the walls, the tables, and the shelves of the furniture, a hundred objects as precise as the face itself—terra-cotta globes, manuscript squares, compasses, magnifying glasses, and parchments which, with their steel points, their copper edges, their lenses, and their ligine characters, one after another convince us of the exactitude as to the place where we are and the identity of the being before whom we find ourselves.

This great artist appears at first as a great scrofulous



Max Houska. His wife and children. *Great Masters*

One would say that as a good German he had made it his mission to test one after another the truth which the Italians or the Flemings had, intact very conquered. By dint of war power by dint of slaves he came to understand why two or three associated when arousing in us the sense of the original unity of things sweeping through us with an irresistible sentiment of sadness and panting happiness. Teach us more and more the things and about ourselves than a century of researches accumulated insurmountable. Like the German thinkers of the eighteenth century and the German scientists of the nineteenth, it was through the patient decomposition and the methodical reconstitution of all elements that he found the harmonies which other have sense upon in a single stroke.

But how far whence elevates him, as soon as he grasps it. Those harmonies, juxtaposed and no longer placed side by side in that stale atmosphere which prevails to the Venetians and to the painters of the Low Countries, the universal movement of life are like a pale mass of intangible reality sustained by everything that is our return image. His robes are warmer and his blocks do not seem to be rubbed upon his sunburnt green, but to be driven into the material itself, leaving a rich substance as if ground to a powder, and everything contributes to it, the clothing, the metal and the glass of the implements and the jewels, the wool of the fur picture, the skin of the hands and the faces, and the opaque whites of the eyes. A due splendor which does not irritate, but which seems, on the contrary, to sink into the center of the work, gives to all these things a quasi profundity, a depth under which other depths are dissolved like a pure water to the bottom of which we cannot see. In this sense his canvases surpass those

of the primitives of Bruges, whose red and black are like blood and no change into translucent stones.

The sun, space, and the song of the dead all alternate compactly together until they attain at the extreme point of molecular condensation, the density of the diamond.

One understands how this man, so ready to penetrate to the central core of things, should have been, among all the men of his time who made the attempt, the one who succeeded best in giving through his images, an eternal life to the most impetuous spirit of his century. The man of almost complete wisdom who, amid the fierce tumult of appetites and concussions into which men were hurried by the struggle between the reformers and the Church, retained entire freedom of judgment. As well as Erasmus, he had certainly seen the fire fight about the stake, the process opening in the depth of Langenselk, the torch in the hands of the people and the steel in the hands of the executioners. But his impulsive eye sought in the brutal torrent of the passions let loose the forces and movements capable of expressing the passion which led him to search for higher realities. Through his art we have seen the spear pass by the pikes flying and the horses on the executioners, and the executioners putting forth their strength—but the violence is stilled, a thousand hatreds of antiquity, such as in an unbroken chain states to enlighten him about more. The nervous elegancy of the forms in action and the full of the muscles under the leather garb appear in sober lucidity. It was as if the steel of the sword were glowing in the arteries and were vibrating in the tendons so as to compel life even in its bloodiest quarts. To follow the inveterate mind of an artist who, when he seeks to write the forgetfulness of his personal

curves, seems trying to cut off from himself everything that is not the image which his eye imprints upon his mind. The curves and volutes of the German masters, who, before him, twisted even the limbs of human beings like vine branches, are concentrated and stylized in the vigorous frame of fruits, leaves, and naked children with which his engravings and his drawings are surrounded.

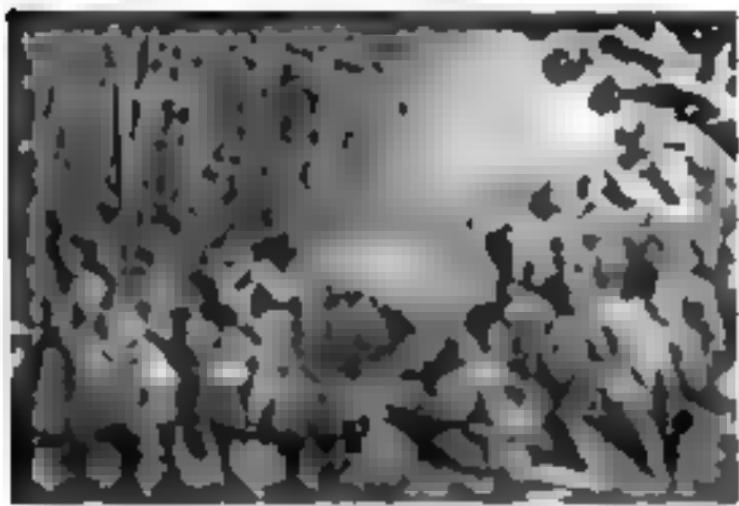


CLOTHES OF ALBRECHT DÜRER.
CHARLES V
LIMA MUSEUM.

Through the force of his will, he compelled order to continue in the German soul during his lifetime. He imposed impartiality upon his creative power. The faces which he has left—those great Teutonic faces, at once bony and soft, under the shadow of

the hats—are in the realm of painting certainly those which have transmuted to us most scrupulously—and at the same time the most soberly—the whole truths about the beings who passed before him. Never eye more patient—and consequently more enamored of that which survives the illusion of sight brought about in us by our indifference toward ourselves and toward others—never eye more patient than

The one he chose was not New Testament, but the Old. The question of the validity of the New was not the question of the validity of the old. The old was valid, the new was not. That was the difference between the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation. The old was valid, the new was not.



*Enthusiastic capture of Leibnitz, now and then
Bismarck's headquarters*

the mass of soldiers who had been sent back to Berlin of the horses which were being held at Leibnitz. He then went on to say that the soldiers had all given up hope and were the greatest example of the kind of a mass of dead men you could find in the world. He then asked if anyone had any objection to his going. Bismarck said no, and so he started off again. He reached the station at 10 o'clock at night. He eventually got to the temporary headquarters of the army at Leibnitz, and on the frontier he saw some guns and

heavy with humanity of a woman who holds two children between her arms.

Although German sentiment seems inevitable in him, and darkness because of that, Holbein represents the highest effort of German masters. Very German in his general expression, his power of analysis and representation being the only one of the Germans who knew how to know the man who acted never confused what he knew with what strange, what is essential with what a mere what is produced by what is overproduced. He can see what ought to emerge from detail and from detail in a truth complete in itself and outside of all narration. The secret logic of that reason. He is the man who sees but remains silent, and who forms but makes through form an exorcization of sentiment. An ardent, ardent ardor of melancholy, which keeps us in the art without pleasure or sorrow. Those who have duty to open their hearts to feel the secret of the great death master. In natures that he shows, represent at once the end of German painting and the exception which proves its halting of progress to give to the people with the archaic forces, meaning. In spite of birth and apart from him, German writing remains a great confuse language, a living water-tight life. It is the German mass-man, with eyes of elevation and with the steep feature of a mountain on the point of self-destruction, when the last curse upon the species dragged the painters of their majority had let fall.



CRANACH. Luther's Wife. (Berlin Museum.)



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SYNOPTIC TABLES

SIGNS AND ABBREVIATIONS

Employed in the Synoptic Tables

M.	Mohammedan Art	
P.	Persian Art	
T.	Turkish Art	
A.	Arabic Art	
R.	Russian Art	
B.	Byzantine Art	
S.	Sienese Art	
U.	Umbrian Art	a. Architect
L.	Lombard Art	s. Sculptor
F.	Ferrarese Art	p. Painter
Bo.	Bolognese Art	e. Engraver
G.	Ghent	d. Draftsman
Br.	Bruges	m. Musician
Pl.	Portugal	
C.	Cologne	
N.	Nuremberg	
H.	Holland	

Date	India	China
		Bronze (in progress)
		The Porcelain Tower of Nanking
16th century, 1st half	M. Great Mosque of Ahmedabad (1424) M. Mosque of Myrapur M. Mosque of Shah Jami at Ahmedabad (1431)	Temple of Heaven, at Peking (1420)
		Liu-Pai-pu.
	Town of Victory at Chittor (1430)	
	Sculptured rocks of Gwalior	
1	M. Mosque of Khans II at Ahora-dated (1440)	Tomb of the Kings

DATE	JAPAN	BRIEF HISTORY AND RELATED
	<p>Palace of Kinkakuji</p> <p>Zennōki, D. (infiltrated from China)</p>	<p>P. Hazari mosque in Turkestan (1404)</p> <p>P. Mohamed, Persian s. of the Shahzadah of Tabriz was beheaded (1405)</p> <p>T. Great Mosque of Sivas (1410)</p>
14th century. 1st half	<p>Miyakawa, gardener</p>	<p>R. Byzantine architecture</p> <p>B. Architecture of Byzantium, p.</p>
	<p>Kanō school, artist</p>	<p>F. Blue Mosque of Teophi (1453)</p>
		<p>R. Kanōs of Kanō</p>

ITALY

DATE	Florence Tuscany—Lombardy	Umbria—Naples—Casua
	Umbria—Naples—Casua	
	Lorenzo di Bicci (1369-1417), p. Taddeo Gaddi (1360-1427), s.	
	Nanni di Banco (1373-1421), s.	Giovanni da Pistoia (1370-1435), p. U.
	Jacopo della Quercia (1371-1438), s. B.	Civitella, Nelli (1444), p. U.
	Foundling Hospital, Florence (1419-'5)	
	Congress of Architects, Florence (1420)	
	Filippo Brunelleschi (1377-1446) s. of the Cathedral of Florence (1421-'31)	
	Mino da Fiesole (1386-1440), p.	
	Marsiglio (1401-1430), p.	
	Odoardo's work—Trionfetti	
14th century, 1st half	Lorenzo Ghiberti (1378-1455), s.	
	Riccardo Palma (1430)	
	Fra Angelico (1387-1455), p.	
	Andrea del Castagno (1420-1457), p.	Villafranca Palace at Corato (1447)
	Domenico Veneziano (1415-1461), s.	
	Pitti Palace (1440)	
	Domenico Veneziano (1415-1461), p.	
	Pisano (1446), s.	
	Malatesta Niccolini (1394-1472), s.	Bernardo Rossellino (1409-1469), s.
	Filippo Lippi (1406-1469), p.	
	L. B. Alberti (1404-1472), s., p. s.	

Dated	Venice Venetian Schools	French
		Jacques de Belliis, Illuminator
		Jean Malouel, p.
		Notre Dame de l'Épine (1420-30)
	Charles du Bouc, s. of the Palace of the Doge (1426-35) Ca d'Oro (1424-30) Tintoretto Palaces	Ecole des Limoges Tapisseries Church of Caudebec-en-Caux (1436) Jacques Belliis, p.
1446-1460 1st half	Pisanello (1420-1460), p. d. a.	Château of Cormeilles (15th and 16th centuries) Château of Caenfleur de Beaufort Château of Drissé (1439) Alice de Berthelet, s. of the Church of St. Macou at Rouen (1437)
	Jacques Belliis (1430-64), p.	
	Giorgio di Matteo, s. of the Cathedral of Safedios (1440)	Hospital of Brouges (1440) House of J. Coquer at Bourges (1440-1451)
	Mantegna Palazzo del Grimani (1448) Castle of Tacchiarolo (1448-50)	Giovanni Bellini, p.
	Sperandio (1397-1474), p. of Padua	Jean Michot, Georges de la Somme, s. n. of Tonnerre

DATE	EXPLANATION	FLAMMERS AND THE NETHERLANDS
		J. van Wichen, a. of the City Hall of Brussels (1402-'54) Hubert van Eyck (1340-1426), p. Br.
		Painting in oil Engraving on wood
		The Brothers de Limbourg, p.p. Br.
		Jak van Eyck (1387-1440), p. Br.
15th century, 1st half		
	All Souls College, Oxford (1447)	
	Kings College, Cambridge (1440-'48- 1513)	
	Divinity School, Oxford (1445-'50)	Rogier van der Weyden (1400-1464), p. Br. Albert van Ouwater, p. Br.
		Petrus Christus (1395-1475), p. Br. Maerten de Lenes, a. of the City Hall of Louvain (1447-'63)
		Engraving on metal

DATA	GERMANY AND SCANDINAVIA	SPANISH TAPESTRIES
	City Hall of Bremen (1455-1612) Koenigshofen, p. of the Roemer at Frankfurt (1406)	Cathedral of Seville (1402-1506) The brothers Diaz, p. n. Lewis Holman, p. Engraving on wood Reconstruction of the Alcazar of Bag- via (1410)
	Castle of Marienberg Church of Esslingen	Cathedral of Palencia (1440-1540 con- tinued)
	Meissner Prandst. p. of Bamberg House with stiles ("1410") n.	Segura, n. of the Lovers of Palma (1420- 65)
15th century, Im Hall	Stephan Loeser (fl-1480), p. C. Lucas Mayer, Basilius, p.	Castle of Coca Leonor Suarez de Figueroa, n. of the Altar of Zafra (1430)
	House von Baren, n. of the Gremiob at Cologne (1461-72)	Juan de Coloma, n. of the Cartuja of Miraflores (1461)
	Burgtheater at Linz (1444)	Pedro Lopez de Ayala, n. of the Castle of Guadix (1444-54)
	Casper Tannenbaum (fl-1446), p.	Pl. Portuguese tapestries
	Conrad Witz (1400-71) p. of Constance Hans Multscher (fl-1457), p. The Mastering of Augsburg	Pyre John de Terracon, n. Palace of Zarzus

A

DATE	NAME
	The Imitation of Jesus Christ (T) Mahmud (1363-1442), Arab Historian
14th century, 1st half	The Arabian Nights War of the Huzaras (1419-1420) Jugurtha (1419-1421)
	Copiale de Meister (1494-1495) Illustrations of Beatus (1494) Gutenberg discover printing (1495)

DATE	Florence Tuscany—Lombardy	Italy Umbria—Naples—Greece
		Rome Umbria—Naples—Greece
14th century		
13th-14th centuries		
15th century		
16th century		
17th century		
18th century		
19th century		
20th century		
21st century		

DATES	VENICE	FRENCH
	Venetian - Emilia	
	Castello Foscari (1400-1403), p. T. Castello di Malcesine ac Cesena (1430) Francesco Casma (1474), p. F.	Schloss of Antequera Emperors of Charlemagne, p.
	Boroviana, glass-making	Jing-Rai (1409-1410), p. Pierre Villard, p. Nicolas Flamel (1414-1482), p.
	Ducal Palace of Urbino (1483)	Julian Foweyroux (1411-1490), p.
	A. and B. Visconti, p. p.	Chateau of Langres (1400) Chateau of Tréguier (1401-1407)
	Boccio Roberti (1414-1426), p. P.	Cathedral of Alençon Château of Saumur Château of Vitré
	R. Andrea da Biandolo (1472-1496)	Château of Pierrefonds-Bessancourt (1487) Château of Jonzac
15th century. 2d half	Amanio Riva (1480-1495) n. n.	"Place" of Villeneuve-lès-Avignon Château of Tarascon
	Lodgia of Verona (1476) Cividale (1440-1441), p.	A. Le Moalhier (1425-1477), n.
	Antonello da Messina (1440-1490) Oil-painting in Italy	Tapestries Embellishments of Leonardo
	Girolamo Bellini (1426-1507), p.	Ducal Palace of Nevers (1476-16th century)
	Mantegna (1431-1506), p. of Padua	Mathieu Regnault, s. of the Cathedrals of Lescar (1470), and Auch (1470)
	Giovanni Bellini (1429-1507), p.	
	Pao (Naples) (1435-1510), n. Lazzaro Schifani (1449-1512), p.	Château of Ussé Jean Beaufort, D.
		Michel Colombe (1430-1511), s.
		Hôtel de Chisy (1485) Hôtel du Brûlé-Berroual at Bourg (1485)
		Church of Abberville (1488-1510)
		Château of Josselin
		Ambroise Chabot, n.
	Liberale da Verona (1451-1518), p.	
	Francesca (1450-1517), p. Bo.	
	Cima da Conegliano (1452-1517), p.	Robert Ardo, s. of the Palais de Justice of Rouen (1489)

DATE	COUNTRY	PERIOD AND THE NARRATOR
		<p>Jacques Dorval (<i>les Mots de Flavalle</i>), p. 29.</p> <p>Dirk Bouw (1410-78), p. Br.</p> <p>Hans von der Gheg (1420-50), p. G.</p>
16th century, 2d half	B. Mary Magdalene College of Oxford (1474-51)	<p>Mephisto (1430-74), p. Br.</p> <p>City Hall of Ghent (1482-1518-30) Ghent; Sint-Jans, p. H.</p>
		<p>can der Maen (1480-1512), p. Br Brugge tapestry</p> <p>Jerome Bosch (1450-1516), p. H.</p> <p>Giovanni David (?)-1534), p. Br.</p>

DATES	GERMANY AND SCANDINAVIA	SPANISH LITERATURE
	Castle of Hohenzollern Castle of Hohenstaufen (1434) The Master of Lübeck, p.	
	Jörg Syrlin (fl. 1440), s. of Ulm. Niklaus von Legend (fl. 1493), s. of Strasbourg Martin Schongauer (1443-91), p. o.	Cathedral of Mérida Juan and Bartomeo Gómez, s. n. of the Palace of Guadalupe (1460) Juan Briscote, p.
	Michael Pacher (1430-98), s. Master of the Altarpiece of the Virgin of Mary (fl. 1470)	Paintings of the Alhambra (1470)
15th century, 3d half	Master of the Altarpiece of the Virgin of Mary (fl. 1470) Master of the Lübeck (fl. 1470)	See Juan de los Reyes at Toledo (1470)
	Master of the Death of Mary, p. C. Master of the Virgin of the Rosary (fl. 1480-1500)	Pedro Ferrández (fl. 1480); p. Pedro González, s. (?) of the Lord of Valladolid (1490)
	Michael Wohlgemut (1434-1519), p. Adam Kraft (1450-1507), s. József da Bergamo (fl. 1510), p., Italian at Nuremberg Zehnmeister of Ulm (1450-1517), p.	Antonio del Castillo (1440-1500), p. Pédro González, p. Colón de San Gregorio of Valladolid (1480-1500) Padre García de Esquivel, s. of the Tower of Belém Gómez de Soto, s.
	The Master of St. Seurin, p. C. Hans Jost (1460-1510), s.	Juan Sanchez de Castro (1450-1510), p.

DATE	HISTORY
	<p>Inception of Great War (1914)</p> <p>The Turks capture Baghdad (1918)</p> <p>The English driven from France (1920)</p>
19th century, 2d half	<p>Prague Fire (1419)</p> <p>The Arabian Nights</p> <p>Marseille Plague (1423-24)</p>
	<p>Louis XI (1461-77), Unity of France</p> <p>Isabella d'Este Medici (1470-1539)</p> <p>Capture of Granada (1492), Unity of Spain</p> <p>Christopher Columbus (1492-1506) discovers America</p> <p>(1492)</p> <p>Alfonso II of Aragon (1492-1516)</p> <p>Florence tornados Italy (1494)</p> <p>First watches at Nuremberg</p> <p>Execution of St. Catherine (1495)</p> <p>Yours de Gante goes to the ladies (1496)</p>

DYNASTY	INDIA	CHINA
	Expansion of Champa kingdom. King Tridhara founded the port cities of Vihong and	
16th century: 1st half	Temple of Mathura Mithra at Shodasa built. Jewels, Goldsmith's work, Industrial arts.	Three Chennais, p. Painting of the Afghans
	Tower of Visoba at Bijapur (1529)	Open-shape-painting (1480-1500). P.
	Indo-Tibetan temples of Bihar (?) M. Magadha of Goleconda. Goldfin Temple of Asuripat	

DATUM	JAZA'R	Erläuterung und Lisan
		A. <i>Julius der Reg. erwacht</i>
	<i>Umdenkt-Repatri. 1558-1637</i> , p.	
		B. <i>Reisen</i> , p.
	<i>Großdeutsche Schaus. im Großen Saale Japen</i>	
		B. <i>Teilung der Mosk. Alten</i>
		P. <i>Cosmico-Judaic-Circeis</i>
		B. <i>Mosk. Passabim</i> (T), p.
	<i>Kunst-Meisterbuch 1473-1540</i> , p.	
	<i>Franz Millesende T-14860</i> , p.	
		A. <i>Siegerpartie of Jerusalem</i> (1537)
		T. <i>Sheath, s. of the Solimanibis moron</i> at <i>Constantinople</i> (1540)
	<i>Ramparts of Odessa</i>	
		P. <i>Odessa</i> , p.

ITALY

DATER	Florence Tuscany - Lombardy	Italy Umbria - Naples - Genoa
	Andrea Salario p. L. Piero di Cosimo (1462-1521), p. Borghesio (1-1523), p. L. Fr. Salari (7-1525) n. L.	Coradino (1443-1537), goldsmith Francesco di Lorenzo (1473-1520), p. D Justus II (1503-1522) calls the artist to ■■■■■
	Fra Bartolomeo (1473-1517) p.	
	Terragni (1472-1528), n. Sampoli the Elder (1455-1534), n. Giovanni della Robbia (1469-1528), n. Lorenzo di Credi (1459-1537), p.	G. de Marchi (1487-1529), glass-worker Bartolomeo Ferrer (1483-1528), n. of the Ferrarini (1390-1511)
	Bernardino Luini (1475-1532), p. L. Maurizio (1510-1534), p. B.	Raphael Sanzio (1483-1520), p.
	Andrea del Sarto (1486-1531), p.	
	New Beccaria of Florence (1490-1541) Gaudenzio Ferrer (1473-1540), p. L. Sampoli the Younger (1483-1540), n.	Cornacchio (1494-1534). Bagnacavallo (1484-1522), p.
16th century, (1st half)	Sodoma (1477-1549), p. B.	Sebastiano del Piombo Giulio Romano (1499-
	Zanobi (1480-1560), n. T.	
	Michael Angelo Buonarroti (1475-1564), n. p. n.	
	Apenni of the art of majolica	Palazzo Pandone (1330-1397) Pietro del Pollai (1499-1547), p.
	Rinaldo Ghirlandaio (1483-1541), p. Pantormo (1494-1557), p.	
	Rocco Bandinelli (1486-1545), n. Vasari (1511-1574), publisher book "Lives" (1542).	Giovanni da Udine (1487-1564) Villa Medici (1540)
	Bonifacio Cellini (1500-1570), n. and goldsmith	Domenico da Volterra (1509-1566), p.
	Francesco (1502-1527) p.	Filippo (1507-1535), n. of the Castle of Capriolo (1547-1550)
	Trivulzio (1487-1560) designs the Boboli Gardens (c. 1580)	Pietro Ligorio (7-1583), n. of the Villa d'Este (1549)

DATES	VENICE Verona-Eastern	FRANCE
	<i>Leopardi</i> (1-1822), p. <i>Carpaccio</i> (1460-1520), p. <i>Giangioco</i> (1477-1510), p. <i>Zucchi</i> (1480-1520), p.	<i>The Master of Mantua (from Ferrara)</i> (1450-1520), p. <i>Giovanni Baglione</i> (1530-1600), p.
	<i>Alessandro D'Este</i> in Italy (1500)	
	<i>Lorenzo Costa</i> (1480-1535), p. F V. d. Biagio (Cortona) (14- -1631), p. Andrea Mantegna (1431-1506) s. of Padua Francesco Francia (1450-1527), p. of Venetian <i>M. A. Raimondi</i> (1475-1530), p. <i>Costanzo</i> (1486-1530), p. <i>The Lombardus</i> (1485-1530), s. n.	
	<i>Palma Vecchio</i> (1485-1528), p. <i>Pordenone</i> (1483-1539), p. <i>Bonifacio</i> (1-1540), p.	
	Portraits of the Deloppius p. of Ferrara.	
	<i>Lorenzo Lotto</i> (1480-1546), p.	
16th century. In half.	<i>Parmigianino</i> (1504-40), p. of Parma (1485-1547), p. 1546), p. of Ferrara.	<i>Hotel de Ville of Compiègne</i> <i>Château of La Rochebeaucourt</i> (1528-38) <i>Château of Fontainebleau</i> (1538-1600)
	<i>Calder</i> (1490-1540), p.	
	<i>Palazzo Foscari at Verona</i> (1530) <i>Giovale</i> (1481-1530), p. F <i>Michel Sannazaro</i> (1486-1540), p.	<i>Rena</i> (1494-1537), p. of Florence in <i>François</i> (1530) (School of Fontaine- <i>bleau</i>)
	<i>Dante Danti</i> (1479-1540), p. F <i>Morillo</i> (1490-1555) p. of Ferrara.	
	<i>J. Sanguineti</i> (1498-1570), s. and n. of the Library of Venice (1550)	
	<i>Thibaut</i> (1477-1570), p.	
	<i>Porta Romana</i> (1500-70), p.	
	Basilius of Vicenza (1540) <i>Venetian pottery</i>	<i>Château of Dauphiné</i> (1530) <i>Château of Etouze</i> (1535) <i>Château de Chambord</i> (1530)
		<i>Jacques d'Étampes</i> , s. of the Château of Valençay (1540). <i>Château of Me- niat</i> (1540-60) <i>Pierre Lescot</i> (1510-71), s. of the <i>Louvre</i> (1547-66-78-1624)
		<i>Ligier Richier</i> (1500-70), s. <i>Jean Cousin</i> (1-1560), s. <i>François Clouet</i> (1500-70), p. <i>Primaticcio</i> (1504-70) (School of Fou- talquier)
		<i>Conseil de Lyon</i> (1500-70), p. <i>Château of Blois</i> <i>Fort Carré of Antibes</i> (1530-17th cen- tury)

DATE	DESCRIPTION	PLATEFORM AND THE NETHERLANDS
		<p>J. Pannier d' (1524), p. <i>Platte van Alde. Taboutry maaker</i></p> <p>Keldermans the Younger, n. of the City Hall of Middelburg (1507-13)</p> <p>Palais de Justice of Liège (1306-90)</p>
St. John's College, Cambridge (1511)		
St. John's College, Oxford (1516)		<p>Church of St. Jacques of Liège (1513-18) <i>Quynon Meuse (1495-1500), p.</i> <i>J. Cornelissen (1480-1523), p. II.</i></p> <p>J. Gossard (de Malmedy) (1470-1542), p.</p>
Hampton Court Palace 16th century 1st hall		<p>Bernard van Orley (1490-1542), p.</p> <p><i>van de Peerd, n. of the City Hall of Oudenaarde (1525-30)</i> <i>Taroppeles</i></p> <p><i>Jan van Leyden (1494-1533), p. and</i> <i>+ H.</i> <i>Jan Mostert (1474-1536), p. II.</i></p>
	Holbein in England (1531)	<p>Charles Finissier (1500-50), p. II.</p>
St. James' Palace, London		<p>Lambert Lombard (1495-1561), p.</p> <p>Jan Schenck (1493-1563), p. II.</p>
Trinity College, Cambridge (1510)		<p>Esquemlin Blaeu (1505-1561), p.</p> <p>City Hall of Kampen (1542) <i>van Nijmegen (1500-50), p.</i></p>

Date(s)	Historical Event
	<p>Danton (1487-1529)</p> <p>Bayard (1475-1524)</p> <p>Voyages of Alfonso de Albuquerque (1510-1515)</p> <p>Muchamed (1469-1531)</p> <p>Ulrich von Hutten (1480-1523)</p> <p>The Portuguese in China (1510)</p> <p>Ariosto (1474-1533)</p> <p>The Turks conquer Egypt (1517)</p> <p>Leo X (1513-1521)</p> <p>Luther (1483-1546) preaches the Reformation (1517-1523)</p> <p>Martin Luther's trials around the world (1520-1521)</p> <p>Quiccozinho (1483-1540)</p> <p>Copernicus (1473-1543)</p>
15th century, 1st half	<p>Persian Wars (1493-1511)</p> <p>The Indian Empire of the Great Mogul (1526)</p> <p>Sack of Rome (1527)</p> <p>Hans V of Burgundy (1509-1547)</p> <p>The College de France (1530)</p> <p>Taking of Florence by the Imperialists (1530), p.</p> <p>The Insurrection of the Peasants in Germany (1524-1525)</p> <p>Pizarro and Cortes conquer America (1530-1542)</p> <p>England separates from Rome (1533)</p> <p>Ignatius Loyola founds the Society of the Jesuits (1534)</p> <p>Rabbi Yeshua (1493-1553)</p> <p>Francis I (1515-1547)</p>
	<p>Michael Servetus (1509-1553)</p>
	<p>The Portuguese in Japan (1543)</p> <p>André Vélez (1514-1547)</p>
	<p>Council of Trent (1545-1563)</p> <p>Calvin (1509-1564)</p> <p>Charles V (1519-1558) defeats the Protestants at Mühlberg (1547)</p>

D

Days

Even

M. Mosquées of Humayun at Delhi
(1565)

M. Great mosque of Agra (1565)

M. Great mosque of Bijapur (1570)

M. Citadel of Bijapur

M. Mosque of Fathipore (1569)

M. Palace of Agra (1586)

Tower of Sidi Bashir at Buland (1570)

M. Fortres of Agra (1571)

16th century
2d half

Aurangzeb's lake and palace of Odeypour
(1660)

Pagoda of Kambalakonda (1600)

Date	Other	Subject
18th century 2d half	Painting of the Kings	Tukokunus (T-1880), p.
		Kane Shōrin (1543-90), p. Temple of Nishi Honganji (1573)
		Nara, potter
		The Nakagyo
		Priests

D

DATE	DESCRIPTION AND ITEM#	PROVENANCE Tuscany—Lombardy
	T. Sartori (1815-7), p.	
	P. Malaspina (1515-7), p.	
	H. Pisanor Costellato, p.	Lotto Lanza (1500-92), s. mod. s.
	T. Giambonita amongst n. Andriano (1571)	
■ sephory	P. Baldassari, p.	
	P. Caccia—Corpi	
	P. D'Adda, p.	Giacomo da Bologna (1524-1606), Fresco a. al Fornace
	P. Mead, p.	Aless. Alloro (1534-1607), p.
	P. Matteo I, Duke of Egmont	Flanders (1543-1607) s. L.
	P. Thonet, p.	Philippe Palatine (I-1614), s.

Date	ITALY	
	Rome Umbria-Naples-Genoa	Venice Verona-Emilia
O. Altieri (1513-72), s. of Giacomo		
Marcantonio (1520-78), p. of Bindo		
		Andrea Palladio (1513-80), n.
		Schiamone (1628-32), p.
		Bassano (1510-90), p.
Lorenzo Costabili (1527-90), p. of Cesare		Tintoretto (1518-94), p.
Palma prima (1524-34), m.		St. George in Venice
16th century 2d half		Veneziano (1525-90), p.
		Venetian palaces
Academia di San Luca (1577)		
Cappella (1550-1600), m.		
Borromeo (1530-1612), p.		Andrea da Ponte, n. of the Bridge of the Rialto (1589-91)
Agnolo Carracci Luigi Carracci (1535-1609), p. Annibale Carracci	(1560-1601), p. Bo. (1560-1609), p. Bo. (1560-1609), p. Bo.	
M. L. Caravaggio (1569-1609), p. of Naples		Giovanni (1552-1610), n.
		Palma Giovane (1548-1628), p.

D

Domine	Venance	Refectoire
	Pétridier Dalmat (1615-1700), a. of the Château of Arcet (1640)	
	Goudimel (1580-1622), vr. Edward Estreiche (1605-77), organiste Jean-Baptiste (1512-72), R.	
	Jean Craske (1600-70) a. sed p.	
	Bernard Palley (1610-90), organiste	
	Giovanni Poggi (1680-90), a.	
16th century 2nd half		
	Château of Malbrouck	
	Château of Ambérieu (1590)	
	Hôtel de Ville of La Rochele (1604- 1607)	
		Frans Oller (1620-1677), p.

DATE	FRANCE AND THE NETHERLANDS	GERMANY AND SCANDINAVIA
1610-1620	Anne, Mrs (1612-1708), p. II. (lived in Spain) Pieter Brueghel (1525-76), p.	Hofdréba et castelrock (1558-76) Heidelberg Castle (1590-1601-07)
1610-1620	Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640), p. II.	
1610-1620	City Hall of the Hague (1665)	
1610-1620	Colonel de Lassus (1590-1640), Wallcoverings	City Hall of Lübeck (1579-1624)
1610-1620	Tapestries	Castles of Kronborg in Denmark (1574-90)
1610-1620	Martin de Vos (1531-1603), p.	Colins (of Medina) (1526-1593), n.
1610-1620	Couture (1646-1707), p.	
1610-1620	Frans Francken (1542-1618), p.	
1610-1620	City Hall of Leyden	

Date	Geographic Scope	Historical Period
		 <i>New Delhi</i> <i>LIBRARY</i>
		<i>Casper Sacra (1520-70), p.</i> <i>Pedro Carranza (1503-20), p.</i> <i>Morales (1500-36) p.</i> <i>Juan de Herrera (1500-88), a. of the Escorial (1562)</i> <i>J. P. Narváez (1536-79), p.</i> <i>Sanchez Coello (1-1600), p.</i> <i>Pompeo Leoni (1-1610), Tuscan a. works at the Escorial</i> <i>Alonso de Ercilla (1533-90)</i> <i>Philip II (1553-98)</i> <i>Franco (1544-90)</i>
16th century 2d half		<i>Palace and gardens of Aranjuez (1675)</i> <i>Pabla de Corpas (1538-1600), p.</i> <i>Vélez (1540-1600), m.</i> <i>Panalfa de la Cruz (1551-1600), p.</i> <i>Theatrum Galilaeum (1580-1600), p.</i>
		<i>Athen, Grand bingui (1555-1600)</i> <i>Tycho Brahe (1546-1601)</i> <i>Gardens Brune (1600-1600)</i> <i>Elizabeth (1558-1603)</i> <i>The Arroenda (1560)</i> <i>Zacharias Janssen discovers the microscope (1600)</i> <i>Cervantes (1547-1606)</i> <i>Shakespeare (1564-1600)</i> <i>Hans JF (1580-1610)</i> <i>The Edict of Nantes (1598)</i>



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